

SHAKESPEARE'S LIBRARY.

PART II—VOL I



THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

KING RICHARD III

KING JOHN

KING HENRY V

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

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Shakespeare's Library

A COLLECTION OF THE

PLAYS ROMANCES NOVELS POEMS
AND HISTORIES

EMPLOYED BY

H A K E S P E A R E

IN THE COMPOSITION OF HIS WORKS

With Introductions and Notes

SECOND EDITION

CAREFULLY REVISED AND GREATLY ENLARGED

The Text now first formed
from a New Collation of the Original Copies

VOLUME THE FIFTH

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PREFACE

THE Fifth and Sixth Volumes of "Shakespeare's Library," forming the second and concluding division of the present publication, contain eleven dramas, from which Shakespeare is supposed, with good reason, to have derived assistance, in greater or smaller measure, in the preparation of his own plays on the same subject

These foundation-dramas stand, however, on a very unequal footing; for, as elsewhere explained, the poet, in some cases, merely revised the existing texts; in others, his obligation was scarcely more than nominal; and in the rest, with one exception, the original piece supplied nothing beyond the outline and general suggestion

The "Merry Wives of Windsor," as here reprinted from the 4to of 1602, exhibits, on the contrary, Shakespeare's own first sketch, afterwards completed and matured by himself, as we find it in the folio of 1623, and in the modern editions

Almost all the dramatic compositions which are assembled in these two volumes are of the highest rarity, but such is especially the case with the "Famous Victories of Henry V, 1598," "The Troublesome

Reign of King John, 1591," "The First Part of the Contention, 1594," the "True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York, 1595," and the "True Tragedy of Richard III, 1594," all of which, with the exception of the last, are supposed to be *unique*. But three or four copies at most exist of any of them.

To bring them all together, therefore, in a convenient shape for reference appeared to be desirable. Of the whole number, four have never been collected before, and as regards three of the others, the "Taming of a Shrew," the "Famous Victories," and "King John," the editions employed in "Six Old Plays, 1779," were late reprints, instead of the *editiones principes*, which are generally purer, and (in inquiries of this kind) always more satisfactory and authoritative. But where the Editor of 1779, professing not to "depart from the original copies," chose the right texts, he failed altogether to observe that accuracy which in such cases is indispensable.

W C H.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

EDITION

Menæmz A pleasant and fine concerted Comædie, taken out of
the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus Chosen purposely from
out the rest, as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull Written
in English, by W W London, Printed by Tho Creede, and
are to be sold by William Bailey, at his shop in Gratiuous streete
1595. 4^o

THE PRINTER TO THE READERS



THE writer hereof (loving Readers) having diverse of this Poettes Comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus owne words are not able to understand them I have prevailed so far with him as to let this one go farther abroad, for a publike recreation and delight to all those, that affect the diverse sorts of bookes compiled in this kind, wherof (in my judgment) in harmelesse mirth and quicknesse of fine conceit, the most of them come far short of this And although I found him very loath and unwilling to hazard this to the curious view of envious detraction, (being as he tels mee) neither so exactly written, as it may carry any name of a Translation, nor such libertie therein used, as that he would notoriously varie from the Poets owne order yet sith it is onely a matter of meritment, and the litle alteration therof, can breede no detriment of importance, I have over-rulde him so farre, as to let this be offred to your curteous acceptance, and if you shall applaude his litle labour heerein, I doubt not but he will endeavour to gratifie you with some of the rest better laboured, and more curiously polished

Farewell.

* *Where you finde this marke, the Poets conceit is somewhat altered, by occasion either of the time, the country, or the phrase.*

THE ARGUMENT.



Two Twinborne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other
The first his Father lost a litle Lad,
The Grandsire namde the latter like his brother
This (giowne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
His Brother, and to Epidamnum came,
Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
That Citizens there take him for the same
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
Much pleasant error, ere they meete togethe



A PLEASANT AND FINE CONCEITED
C O M Æ D I E,
CALLED
M E N E C H M U S,
TAKEN OUT OF THE MOST EXCELLENT
P O E T P L A U T U S

ACT I SCENE I

Enter PENICULUS, *a Parasite*

PENICULUS was given mee for my name when I was yong, bicause like a broome I swept all cleane away, where so ere I become Namely all the vittels which are set before mee Now in my judgement, men that clap iron bolts on such captives as they would keepe safe, and tie those servants in chaines who they thinke will run away, they commit an exceeding great folly my reason is, these poore wretches enduring one miserie upon an other, never cease devising how by wrenching asunder their gives, or by some subtiltie or other they may escape such cursed bands If then ye would keep a man without

all suspition of running away from ye, the suiest way is to tie him with meate, drinke and ease Let him ever be idle, eate his belly full, and carouse while his skin will hold, and he shall never, I warrant ye, stir a foote These strings to tie one by the teeth, passe all the bands of iron, steele, or what metall so ever, for the more slack and easie ye make them, the faster still they tie the partie which is in them I speake this upon experience of my selfe, who am now going for Menechmus, there willingly to be tied to his good cheare he is commonly so exceeding bountifull and liberall in his fare, as no marveyle though such gwestes as my selfe be drawne to his Table, and tyed there in his dishes Now because I have lately bene a straunger there, I meane to visite him at dinner for my stomacke mee-thinkes even thrusts me into the fetters of his daintie fare But yonder I see his doore open, and himselfe readie to come foorth

SCENE II

Enter MENECHMUS talking backe to his wife within

If ye were not such a brabbling foole and mad-braine scold as yee are, yee would never thus crosse your husbände in all his actions. 'Tis no matter, let her serve me thus once more, Ile send her home to her dad with a vengeance I can never go foorth a doores, but shee asketh mee whither I go? what I do? what busines? what I fetch? what I carry?
 * As though she were a Constable or a toll-gatherer, I have pamperd her too much she hath servants about her, wooll, flax, and all things necessary to busie her withall, yet she watcheth and wondreth whither I go Well sith it is so, she shall now have

some cause, I mean to dine this day abroad with a sweet friend of mine

Pen Yea mary now comes hee to the point that prickes me this last speech gaules mee as much as it would doo his wife, If he dine not at home, I am drest

Men We that have Loves abroad, and wives at home, are miserably hampred, yet would every man could tame his shrewe as well as I doo mine I have now filcht away a fine ryding cloake of my wives, which I meane to bestow upon one that I love better Nay, if she be so warie and watchfull over me, I count it an almes deed to deceive her

Pen Come, what share have I in that same?

Men Out alas, I am taken

Pen True, but by your friend

Men What, mine owne Peniculus?

Pen Yours (ifaith) bodie and goods if I had any

Men Why thou hast a bodie

Pen Yea, but neither goods nor good bodie

Men Thou couldst never come fitter in all thy life

Pen Tush, I ever do so to my friends, I know how to come alwaies in the nicke Where dine ye to-day?

Men Ile tell thee of a notable pranke

Pen What, did the Cooke marre your meate in the dressing? Would I might see the reversion

Men Tell me didst thou see a picture, how Jupiters Eagle snatcht away Ganimede, or how Venus stole away Adonis?

Pen Often, but what care I for shadowes, I want substance.

Men Looke thee here, looke not I like such a picture?

Pen O ho, what cloake have ye got here?

Men Prethee say I am now a brave fellow

Pen But hearke ye, where shall we dine?

Men. Tush, say as I bid thee man.

Pen Out of doubt ye are a fine man.

Men What? canst adde nothing of thine owne?

Pen Ye are a most pleasant gentleman

Men On yet

Pen Nay not a word more, unlesse ye tell mee how you and your wife be fallen out

Men Nay I have a greater secret then that to impart to thee.

Pen Say your minde

Men Come farther this way from my house

Pen So, let me heare

Men Nay farther yet

Pen I warrant ye man

** Men* Nay yet farther

Pen Tis pittie ye were not made a water-man to row in a wherry

Men Why?

Pen Because ye go one way, and looke an other, stil least your wife should follow ye But what's the matter, Ist not almost dinner time?

Men Seest thou this cloake?

Pen. Not yet Well what of it?

Men. This same I meane to give to Erotium

Pen That's well, but what of all this?

Men There I meane to have a delicious dinner prepar'd for her and me.

Pen. And me

Men And thee

Pen. O sweet word What, shall I knock presently at her doore?

Men. I knocke But staie too Peniculus, let's not be too rash Oh see shee is in good time comming forth

Pen Ah, he now lookes against the Sun, how her beames dazell his eyes

Enter EROTIVM

Ero What mine owne Menechmus, welcome sweete heart

Pen And what am I, welcome too?

Ero You Sir? ye are out of the number of my welcome guests

* *Pen* I am like a voluntary souldier, out of paie

Men Erotium, I have determined that here shall be pitcht a field this day, we meane to drinke for the heavens And which of us performes the bravest service at his weopon the wine boll, yourselfe as Capitaine shall paie him his wages according to his deserts

Ero Agreed

Pen I would we had the weapons, for my valour pricks me to the battaile

Men Shall I tell thee sweete mouse? I never looke upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife

Ero Yet yee cannot chuse, but yee must still weare something of hers whats this same?

Men This? such a spoyle (sweete heart) as I tooke from her to put on thee

Ero Mine owne Menechmus, well woorthie to bee my deare, of all dearest

Pen Now she shoves her selfe in her likenesse, when shee findes him in the giving vaine, she drawes close to him

Men I thinke Hercules got not the garter from Hypolita so hardly, as I got this from my wife Take this, and with the same take my heart

Pen Thus they must do that are right Lovers especially if they mean to [be] beggers with any speed

Men I bought this same of late for my wife, it stood mee (I thinke) in some ten pound

Pen There's tenne pounce bestowed verie thriftily

Men But knowe yee what I woulde have yee doo?

Ero It shall bee done, your dinner shall be readie

* *Men* Let a good dinner be made for us three.

Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and potato rootes, let our other be as you please

Ero You shall Sir

Men I have a little businesse in this Cittie, by that time dinner will be prepared Farewell till then, sweete Erotium Come Peniculus

Pen Nay I meane to follow yee I will sooner leese my life, then sight of you till this dinner be done
[*Exeunt*]

Ero Who's there? Call me Cylandrus the Cooke hither

Enter CYLANDRUS

Cylandrus, take the Hand-basket, and heere, there's ten shillings is there not?

Cyl Tis so mistresse

Ero Buy mee of all the daintiest meates ye can get, ye know what I meane so as three may dine passing well, and yet no more then inough

Cyl What guests have ye to-day mistresse?

Ero Here will be Menechmus and his Parasite, and myselfe.

Cyl That's ten persons in all

Ero. How many?

Cyl Ten, for I warrant you, that Parasite may stand for eight at his vittels

Ero Go dispatch as I bid you, and looke ye returne with all speed

Cyl I will have all readie with a trice. [*Exeunt*]

ACT II SCENE I.

Enter MENECHMUS, SOSICLES MESSENIO his servant, and some Saylers

Men Surely Messenio, I thinke Sea-fairers never take so comfortable a joy in any thing, as when they

have bene long tost and turmoyld in the wide seas,
they hap at last to ken land

Mes Ile be sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see
a whole Country of mine owne, then I have bene at
such a sight But I pray, wherfore are we now come to
Epidamnum? must we needs go to see everie Towne
that we heare off?

Men Till I finde my brother, all Townes are alike
to me I must trie in all places

Mes Why then let's even as long as wee live seeke
your brother six yeares now have roamde about
thus, Istria, Hispania, Massyha, Ilyria, all the upper
sea, all high Greece, all Haven Towns in Italy I
think if we had sought a needle all this time, we must
needs have found it, had it bene above ground It
cannot be that he is alive, and to seek a dead man
thus among the living, what folly is it?

Men Yea, could I but once find any man that
could certainly enforme me of his death, I were
satisfied, otheiwise I can never desist seeking Little
knowest thou Messenio how neare my heart it goes

Mes This is washing of a Blackamore Faith let's
goe home, unlesse ye meane we should write a storie
of our travaile

Men Sirra, no more of these sawcie speecches, I
perceive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule
me

Mes I, so, now it appeares what it is to be a ser-
vant Wel yet I must speake my conscience Do
ye heare sir? Faith I must tell ye one thing, when I
looke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider
advisedly of your decaying stocke, I hold it verie
needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your
brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure your
selfe, this Towne Epidamnum, is a place of outra-
gious expences, exceeding in all ryot and lascivious-
nesse and (I heare) as full of Ribauls, Parasites

Drunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Syco-phants, as it can hold then for Curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world Ye must not thinke here to scape with as light cost as in other places The verie name shews the nature, no man comes hither *sine damno*

Men Yee say very well indeed give mee my purse into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*

Mes Why Sir?

Men Because I feare you wil be busie among the Curtizans, and so be cosened of it then should I take great paines in belabouring your shoulders, so to avoid both these harms, Ile keep it my selfe

Men I pray do so sir, all the better

Enter CYLINDRUS

* I have tickling geare here yfaith for their dinners ' It grieves me to the heart to think how that cormorant knave Peniculus must have his share in these daintie morsels But what? Is Menechmus come alreadie, before I could come from the Market? Menechmus, how do ye sir? how haps it ye come so soone?

Men God a mercy my good friend, doest thou know mee?

Cyl. Know ye? no not I. Where's mouldy-chappes that must dine with ye? A murrin on his manners.

Men Whom meanest thou good fellow?

Cyl Why Peniculus worship, that whorson lick-trencher, your Parasiticall attendant

Men. What Peniculus? what attendant? My attendant? Surely this fellow is mad

Mes Did I not tell ye what cony-catching villaines you should finde here?

Cyl Menechmus, harke ye sir, ye come too soone backe again to dinner, I am but returned from the Market

Men Fellow, here thou shalt have money of me, goe get the priest to sacrifice for thee I know thou art mad, els thou wouldst never use a straunger thus

Cyl Alas sir, Cylindrus was wont to be no stranger to you Know ye not Cylindrus?

Men Cylindrus, or Coliendrus, or what the divell thou art, I know not, neither do I care to know

Cyl I know you to be Menechmus

Men Thou shouldst be in thy wits, in that thou namest me so right, but tell me, where hast thou knowne me?

Cyl Where? even heere, where ye first fell in love with my mistresse Erotium

Men I neither have Lover, neither knowe I who thou art.

Cyl Know ye not who I am? who fils your cup and dresses your meate at our house?

Mes What a slave is this? that I had somewhat to breake the Rascals pate withall

Men At your house, when as I never came in Epidamnum till this day

Cyl Oh thats true Do ye not dwell in yonder house?

Men Foule shame light upon them that dwell there, for my part

Cyl Questionlesse, hee is mad indeede, to curse himselfe thus. Harke ye Menechmus

Men What saist thou?

Cyl If I may advise ye, ye shall bestow this money which ye offred me, upon a sacrifice for your selfe for out of doubt you are mad that curse your selfe

Mes What a verlet art thou to trouble us thus

Cyl Tush he wil many times jest with me thus Yet when his wife is not by, tis a ridiculous jest

Men Whats that ?

Cyl This I say, Thinke ye I have brought meate enough for three of you ? If not, ile fetch more for you and your wench, and snatchcrust your Parasite

Men What wenches ? what Parasites ?

Mes Villaine, Ile make thee tell me what thou meanest by all this talke ?

Cyl Away Jack Napes, I say nothing to thee, for I know thee not, I speake to him that I know

Men Out drunken foole, without doubt thou art out of thy wits

Cyl That you shall see by the dressing of your meat Go, go, ye were better to go in and finde somewhat to do there, whiles your dinner is making readie Ile tell my mistresse ye be here

Men Is he gone ? Messenio I thinke uppon thy words alreadie

Mes Tush marke I pray, Ile laie fortie pound here dwels some Curtizan to whom this fellow belong

Men But I wonder how he knowes my name

Mes Oh ile tell yee. These Courtizans as soone as anie straunge shippe arriveth at the Haven, they sende a boye or a wench to enquire what they be, what their names be, whence they come, wherefore they come, &c If they can by any meanes strike acquaintance with him, or allure him to their houses, he is their owne We are here in a tickle place maister, tis best to be circumspect

Men I mislike not thy counsaile Messenio

Mes I, but follow it then. Soft, here comes some bodie forth Here sirs, Marriners, keep this same amongst you

Enter EROTIVM.

Let the doore stand so, away, it shall not be shut. Make hast within there ho maydes looke that all things be readie Cover the boord, put fire under.

the perfuming pannes, let all things be very handsome
Where is hee, that Cylindrus sayd stood without here?
Oh, what meane you sweet heart, that ye come not in?
I trust you thinke yourselfe more welcome to this
house then to your owne, and great reason why you
should do so Your dinner and all things are readie
as you willed Will ye go sit downe?

Men Whom doth this woman speake to?

Ero Even to you sir, to whom else should I speake?

Men Gentlewoman ye are a straunger to me, and I
marvell at your speeches

Ero Yea sir, but such a straunger, as I acknowledge
ye for my best and dearest friend, and well you have
deserved it

Men Surely Messenio, this woman is also mad or
drunke, that useth all this kindnesse to mee upon so
small acquaintance

Mes Tush, did not I tell ye right? these be but
leaves which fall upon you now, in comparison of the
trees that wil tumble on your necke shortly I tolde
ye, here were silver tong'de hacsters But let me talke
with her a litle Gentlewoman what acquaintance
have you with this man? where have you scene him?

Ero Where he saw me, here in Epidamnium

Mes In Epidamnium? who never till this day set
his foote within the Towne?

Ero Go, go, flowing Jack Menechmus what need
al this? I pray go in

Men She also calls me by my name

Mes She smells your purse

Men Messenio come hither, here take my purse
Ile know whether she aime at me or my purse, ere I go

Ero Will ye go in to dinner, sir?

Men A good motion, yea and thanks with all my
heart

Ero Never thanke me for that which you com-
maunded to be provided for yourselfe.

Men That I commaunded?

Ero Yea, for you and your Parasite

Men My Parasite?

Ero Peniculus, who came with you this morning when you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife

Men A cloake that I brought you, which I got from my wife?

Ero Tush what needeth all this jesting? Pray leave off

Men Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth I never had wife, neither have I, nor never was in this place till this instant, for only thus farre am I come, since I biake my fast in the ship

Ero What ship do ye tell me off?

* *Mes* Marry ile tell ye, an old rotten weather-beaten ship, that we have saild up and downe in this sixe yeares, Ist not time to be going homewards thinke ye?

Ero Come, come, Menechmus, I pray leave this sporting and go in

Men Well Gentlewoman, the truth is, you mistake my person, it is some other that you looke for

Ero. Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be Menechmus, the sonne of Moschus, and have heard ye say, ye were borne at Siracusus where Agathocles did raigne, then Pythia, then Liparo, and now Hiero

Men All this is true.

Mes Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt there and knew ye there

Men Ile go in with her, Messenio, Ile see further of this matter

Mes. Ye are cast away then

Men. Why so? I warrant thee, I can loose nothing, somewhat I shall gaîne, perhaps a good lodging during my abode heere Ile dissemble with her an other while Nowe when you please let us go in, I made straunge with you, because of this fellow here, least

he should tell my wife of the cloake which I gave you

Ero Will ye staie any longer for your Peniculus your Parasite?

Men Not I, Ile neither staie for him, nor have him let come in, if he do come

Ero All the better But su, will ye doo one thing for me?

Men What is that?

Ero To beare that cloake which you gave me to the Diars, to have it new tiumd and altr'd

Men Yea that will be well, so my wife snall not know it Let mee have it with mee after dinner I will but speake a word or two with this fellowe, then ile follow yee in. Hoe Messenio come aside goe and provide for thyselfe, and these ship boyes in some Inne, then looke that after dinner you come hithe. for me

Mes Ah maister, will yee be conycatcht thus wil fully?

Men Peace foolish knave seest thou not what a sot she is, I shall coozen her I warant thee

Mes Ay maister

Men Wilt thou be gone?

**Mes* See, see, she hath him safe enough now Thus he hath escaped a hundreth Pyrats hands at sea, and now one land-rover hath bounded him at first encounter Come away fellows

ACT III

Enter PENICULUS

Twentie yeares I thinke and more have I playde the knave, yet never playd I the foolish knave as I have done this morning I follow Menechmus, and

he goes to the Hall where now the Sessions are holden, there trusting our selves into the prease of people, when I was in midst of all the throng, he gave me the slip, that I could never more set eye on him, and I dare sweare, came directly to dinner That I would he that first devised these Sessions were hang'd, and all that ever came of him tis such a hinderance to men that have belly businesses in hand. If a man be not there at his call, they amearce him with a vengeance Men that have nothing else to do, that do neither bid anie man, nor are themselves bidden to dinner, such should come to Sessions, not we that have these matters to looke too If it were so, I had not thus lost my dinner this day, which I think in my conscience he did even purposely couzen me off Yet I meane to go see if I can but light uppon the reversion, I may perhaps get my peny-worthes But how now? is this Menechmus comming away from thence? dinner done, and all dispatch? What execrable lucke have I?

Enter MENECHMUS the traveller

Tush I wairant ye, it shall be done as ye would wish. Ile have it so altered and trimd anew, that it shall by no meanes be knowne againe

Pen He carries the cloake to the dyars, dinner done, the wine drunke up, the Parasite shut out of doores Well, let me live no longer, but ile revenge this injurious mockerie. But first ile harken awhile what he saith

Men. Good goddes, who ever had such lucke as I? Such cheare, such a dinner, such kinde entertainment? And for a farewell, this cloake which I meane shall go with me.

Pen He speakes so softly, I cannot heare what hee

saith I am sure he is now flowting at me for the losse of my dinner

Men She tels me how I gave it her, and stole it from my wife When I perceived she was in an error, though I knew not how, I began to sooth her, and to say every thing as she said Meane while I far'd well, and that a' free cost

Pen Wel, I'll go talke with him

Men Who is this same that comes to me?

Pen O well met fickle-braine, false and treacherous dealer, craftie and unjust promise-breaker How have I deserved, you should so give me the slip, come before and dispatch the dinner, deale so badly with him that hath reverenst ye like a sonne?

Men Good fellow, what meanest thou by these speeches? Raile not on mee, unlesse thou intendst to receive a railers hire

Pen I have received the injury (sure I am) alreadye.

Men Prethee tell me, what is thy name?

Pen Well, well, mock on sir, mock on, doo ye not know my name?

Men In troth I never sawe thee in all my life, much lesse do I know thee

Pen Fie, awake Menechmus, awake, ye oversleepe your selfe

Men I am awake, I know what I say.

Pen Know you not Peniculus?

Men Peniculus, or Pediculus, I know thee not

Pen Did ye filch a cloake from your wife this morning, and bring it hither to Erotium?

Men Neither have I wife, neither gave I any cloake to Erotium, neither filcht I any from any bodie

Pen Will ye denie that which you did in my company?

Men Wilt thou say I have done this in thy company?

Pen Will I say it? yea, I will stand to it

Men Away filthie mad diuvell away , I will talke no longer with thee

Pen Not a world of men shall stare me, but ile go tell his wife of all the whole matter, sith he is at this point with me I will make this same as unblest a dinner as ever he eate

Men It makes mee wonder, to see how every one that meetes me cavils thus with me Wherefore comes foorth the mayd now ?

Enter ANCILLA, EROTIVMS mayd

Menechmus, my mistresse commends her hartly to you, and seeing you goe that way to the Dyars, shee also desireth you to take this chaine with you, and put it to mending at the Goldsmaythes, shee would have two or three ounces of gold more in it, and the fashion amended

Men Either this or any thing else within my power, tell her, I am readie to accomplish

Anc Do ye know this chaine sir ?

Men. Yea I know it to be gold

Anc This is the same you once tooke out of your wives Casket

Men Who, did I ?

Anc Have you forgotten ?

Men. I never did it

Anc Give it me againe then

Men Tarry, yes I remember it tis it I gave your misties

Anc Oh, are ye advised ?

Men Where are the bracelets that I gave her likewise ?

Anc. I never knew of anie

Men. Faith, when I gave this, I gave them too

Anc Well sir, ile tell her this shall be done ?

Men I, I, tell her so, shee shall have the cloake and this both together

Anc I pray Menechmus put a litle jewell for my eare to making for me ye know I am alwaies ready to pleasure you

Men I will, give me the golde, ile paie for the workemanship

Anc Laye out for me, ile paie it ye againe

Men Alas I have none now

Anc When you have, will ye?

Men I will Goe bid your mistresse make no doubt of these I warrant her, ile make the best hand I can of them Is she gone? Doo not all the gods conspire to loade mee with good lucke? well I see tis high time to get mee out of these coasts, least all these matters should be lewd devises to draw me into some snare There shall my garland lie, because if they seeke me, they may think that I am gone that way
* I wil now goe see if I can finde my man Messenio, that I may tell him how I have sped

ACT IV

*Enter MULIER, the wife of MENECHMUS the Citizen,
and PENICULUS*

Mul Thinkes he I will be made such a sot, and to be still his diudge, while he prowles and purloynes all that I have to give his Trulles?

Pen Nay hold your peace, wee'll catch him in the nicke This way he came, in his garland forsooth, bearing the cloak to the Dyars And see I pray where the garland lyes, this way he is gone See, see, where he comes againe without the cloake.

Mul. What shall I now do?

Pen What? that which ye ever do, bayt him for life

Mul Surely I thinke it best so

Pen Stay, wee will stand aside a litle, ye shall catch him unawares

Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen

Men It would make a man at his wittes end, to see how brabbling causes are handled yonder at the Court If a poore man never so honest, have a matter come to be scand, there is hee outfaste, and overlaide with countenance If a rich man never so vile a wretch, come to speake, there they are all readie to favour his cause What with facing out bad causes for the oppressors, and patronizing some just actions for the wronged, the Lawyers they pocket up all the gaines For mine own part, I come not away emptie, though I have bene kept long against my will For taking in hand to dispatch a matter this morning for one of my acquaintaunce, I was no sooner entered into it, but his adversaries laide so hard unto his charge, and brought such matter against him, that do what I could, I could not winde my selfe out til now I am sore afayed Erotium thinks much unkindnes in me that I staid so long, yet she will not be angry considering the gift I gave her to day

Pen How thinke ye by that?

Mul I thinke him a most vile wretch thus to abuse me.

Men I will hie me thither

Mul Yea go pilferer, goe with shame inough, no bodie sees your lewd dealings and vile theevery

Men How now wife, what ail yee? what is the matter?

Mul. Aske yee mee whats the matter? Fye uppon thee.

Pen. Are ye not in a fit of an ague, your pulses beate so sore? to him I say.

Men. Pray wife why aie ye so angry with me

Mul. Oh you know not?

Pen He knowes, but he would dissemble it

Men. What is it?

Mul My cloake

Men Your cloake

Mul My cloake man, why do ye blush?

Pen He cannot cloake his blushing Nay I might
not go to dinner with you, do ye remember? to him
I say

Men Hold thy peace Peniculus

Pen. Ha hold my peace, looke ye, he beckons on
mee to hold my peace

Men I neither becken nor winke on him

Mul. Out, out, what a wretched life is this that I
live

Men Why what aile ye woman?

Mul Are ye not ashamed to deny so confidently,
that which is apparant?

Men I protest unto before all the goddes (is not
this enough) that I becond not on him

Pen Oh sir, this is another matter, touch him in the
former cause

Men What former cause?

Pen The cloake man, the cloake, fetch the cloake
agaïne from the dyais

Men What cloake?

Mul Nay ile say no more, sithe ye know nothing
of your owne doings

Men Tell me wife, hath any of your seruants abused
you? Let me know

Mul Tush, tush

Men I would not have you to be thus disquietted

Mul Tush, tush

Men You are fallen out with some of your friends

Mul Tush, tush

Men Sure I am, I have not offended you

Mul No, you have dealt verie honestly

Men Indeed wife, I have deserved none of these words, tell me, are ye not well?

Pen What shall he flatter ye now?

Men I speak not to thee knave Good wife come hither.

Mul Away, away, keep your hands off

Pen So, bid me to dinner with you againe, then slip away from me, when you have done, come foith bravely in your garland, to flout me alas you know not me, even now

Men Why Asse, I neither have yet dined, nor came I there, since we were there together

Pen Who ever heard one so impudent? Did yee not meete me here even now, and would make me beleeve I was mad, and said ye were a straunger, and ye knew me not?

Men Of a truth since wee went together to the Sessions Hall, I never returned till this very instant, as you two met me

Pen. Go too, go too, I know ye well enough Did ye think I would not cry quittance with you, yes faith, I have tolde your wife all.

Men What hast thou told her?

Pen. I cannot tell, aske her?

Men Tell me wife, what hath he told ye of me? Tell me I say, what was it?

Mul As though you knew not, my cloake is stolne from me?

Men Is your cloake stolne from ye?

Mul Do ye aske me?

Men If I knew, I would not aske

Pen. O craftie companion, how he would shift the matter, come, come, deny it not, I tell ye, I have bewrayd all.

Men. What hast thou bewrayd,

Mul Seeing ye will yeeld to nothing, be it never

so manifest, Heare mee, and ye shall know in fewe words both the cause of my grieve, and what he hath told me I say my cloake is stolne from me

Men My cloake is stolne from me?

Pen Looke how he cavils, she saith it is stolne from her

Men I have nothing to say to thee I say wife tell me

Mul I tell ye, my cloake is stolne out of my house

Men Who stole it?

Mul He knowes best that carried it away

Men Who was that?

Mul Menechmus

Men T'was very ill done of him What Menechmus was that?

Mul You

Men I, who will say so?

Mul I will

Pen And I that you gave it to Erotium

Men I gave it?

Mul You

Pen You, you, you, shall we fetch a kernel of Beagles that may cry nothing but you, you, you For we are wearie of it

Men Heare me one word wife, I protest unto you by all the gods, I gave it her not, indeed I lent it her to use a while

Mul Faith sir, I never give nor lend your apparel out of doores, mee thinkes ye might let mee dispose of mine own garments, as you do of yours I pray then fetch it mee home againe

Men You shall have it againe without faile

Mul Tis best for you that I have otherwise thinke not to roost within these doores againe.

Pen Harke ye, what say ye to me now, for bringing these matters to your knowledge?

Men. I say, when thou hast anie thing stolne from

thee, come to me, and I will helpe thee to seek it
And so farewell

Pen God a meicy for nothing, that can never be,
for I have nothing in the world worth the stealing
So now with husband wife and all, I am cleane out of
favour A mischiefe on ye all [*Exit.*

Men My wife thinks she is notably reveng'd on me,
now she shuttes me out of doores, as though I had
not a better place to be welcome too If she shut
me out, I know who will shut me in Now will I
entreate Erotium to let me have the cloake againe to
stop my wifes mouth withall, and then will I provide
a better for her Ho who is within there? Some
bodie tell Erotium I must speake with her

Enter EROTIVM

Ero Who calls?

Men Your friend, more then his owne

Ero O Menechmus, why stand ye here? pray come
in

Men Tarry, I must speake with ye here

Ero Say your minde

Men. Wot ye what? my wife knowes all the matter
now, and my comming is, to request you, that I may
have againe the cloake which I brought you, that so
I may appease her and I promise you, ile give ye an
other worth two of it

Ero Why I gave it you to carry to your dyars, and
my chaine likewise, to have it altered

Men Gave mee the cloake and your chaine? In
truth I never sawe ye since I left it heere with you,
and so went to the Sessions, from whence I am but
now returned

Ero. Ah then sir, I see you wrought a device to
defraude mee of them both, did I therefore put yee in
trust? Well, well

Men To defraud ye? No, but I say, my wife hath intelligence of the matter

Ero Why sir, I asked them not, ye brought them me of your owne free motion Now ye require them againe, take them, make sops of them you and your wife together, think ye I esteeme them or you either Goe, come to mee againe when I send for you

Men What so angry with mee, sweete Lrotum? Staie, I pray staie

* *Ero* Staie? Faith sir no thinke ye I will staie at your request?

Men What gone in chafing, and clapt to the doores? now I am everie way shut out for a vey benchwhistler neither shall I have entertainment heere nor at home I were best go tise some other friends, and aske counsaile what to do

ACT V

Enter MENECHMUS the traveller MULIER

Men Most foolishly was I overseene in giving my purse and money to Messenio, whom I can no where find, I feare he is fallen into some lewd companie

Mul I marvaile that my husband comes not yet, but see where he is now, and brings my cloake with him

Men I muse where the knave should be

Mul I will go ring a peale through both his eares for this dishonest behaviour Oh sir, ye are welcome home with your theevery on your shoulder are ye not ashamde to let all the world see and speake of your lewdnesse?

Men How now? what lackes this woman?

Mul Impudent beast, stand ye to question about it? For shame hold thy peace

Men What offence have I done woman, that I should not speake to you?

Mul Askest thou what offence? O shamelesse boldnesse!

Men Good woman, did ye never heare why the Grecians termed Hecuba to be a bitch?

Mul Never

Men Because she did as you do now, on whom soever she met withall, she railed, and therefore well deserved that dogged name

Mul These foule abuses and contumelies, I can never endure, nay rather will I live a widowes life to my dying day

Men What care I whether thou livest as a widow or as a wife? This passeth, that I meet with none but thus they vexe me with straunge speeches

Mul What straunge speeches? I say I will surely live a widowes life, rather than suffer thy vile dealings

Men Prethee for my part, live a widow till the worldes end, if thou wilt

Mul Even now thou deniedst that thou stolest it from me, and now thou bringest it home openly in my sight Art not ashamde?

Men. Woman, you are greatly to blame to charge mee with stealing of this cloake, which this day another gave me to carry to be trimde

Mul Well, I will first complaine to my father Ho boy, who is within there? Vecio go runne quickly to my father, desire him of all love to come over quickly to my house Ile tell him first of your pranks, I hope he will not see me thus handled

Men What a Gods name meaneth this mad woman thus to vexe me?

Mul I am mad because I tell ye of your vile actions and lewde pilfring away my apparell and my Jewels, to carry to your filthie drabbes.

Men Foi whome this woman taketh mee I knowe not, I know her as much as I know Hercules wives father

Mul Do ye not know me? That's well, I hope ye know my father, here he comes Looke, do ye know him?

Men As much as I knew Calcas of Troy Even him and thee I know both alike

Mul Doest know neither of us both, me nor my father?

Men Faith nor thy grandfather neither

Mul This is like the rest of your behaviour

Enter SENEX

Sen * Though beeing so great a burthen, as olde age, I can make no great haste, yet as I can, I will goe to my daughter, who I know hath some earnest busnesse with me, that shee sends in such haste, not telling the cause why I should come But I durst laie a wager, I can gesse neare the matter I suppose it is some brabble between her husband and her These yong women that bring great dowries to their husbands, are so masterfull and obstinate, that they will have their own wils in everye thing, and make men servants to their weake affections, And yong men too, I must needs say, be naught now a dayes, Well ile go see, but yonder mee thinks stands my daughter, and her husband too Oh tis even as I gessed

Mul. Father ye are welcome.

Sen How now daughter? What? is all well? why is your husband so sad? have ye bin chiding? tell me, which of you is in the fault?

Mul First father know, that I have not any way misbehaved my selfe, but the truth is, I can by no

meanes endure this bad man to die for it and therefore desire you to take me home to you againe

Sen What is the matter ?

Mul He makes me a stale and a laughing stocke to all the world

Sen Who doth ?

Mul This good husband here, to whom you married me

Sen See, see, how oft have I warned you of falling out with your husband ?

Mul I cannot avoid it, if he doth so fowly abuse me

Sen I alwaies told ye, you must beare with him, ye must let him alone, ye must not watch him, nor dog him, nor meddle with his courses in any sort

Mul Hee hauntes naughtie harlottes under my nose

Sen Hee is the wiser, because hee cannot bee quiet at home

Mul There hee feastes and bancquets, and spendes and spoiles

Sen Wold ye have your husband serve ye as your drudge ? Ye will not let him make merry, nor entertaine his friendes at home

Mul Father, will ye take his part in these abuses, and forsake me ?

Sen Not so, daughter, but if I see cause, I wil as well tel him of his dutie

Men I would I were gone from this prating father and daughter

Sen Hitherto I see not but hee keepes ye well, ye want nothing, apparell, mony, servants, meate, drinke, all thinges necessarie. I feare there is fault in you

Mul But he filcheth away my apparell and my jewels, to give to his Trulles

Sen If he doth so, tis verie ill done, if not, you doo ill to say so.

Mul You may beleeeve me father, for there you may see my cloake which now he hath fetcht home againe, and my chaine which he stole from me

Sen Now will I goe talke with him to knowe the truth Tell me Menechmus, how is it, that I heare such disorder in your life? Why are ye so sad man? wherein hath your wife offended you?

Men Old man (what to call ye I know not) by high Jove, and by all the Gods I sweare unto you, whatsoever this woman here accuseth mee to have stolne from her, it is utterly false and untrue, and if I ever set foote within her doores, I wishe the greatest miserie in the worlde to light uppon me

Sen Why fond man, art thou mad to deny that thou ever setst foote within thine owne house where thou dwellest?

Men. Do I dwell in that house?

Sen Doest thou denie it?

Men I do

Sen Harke yee daughter, are ye remooved out of your house?

Mul Father, he useth you as he doth me, this life I have with him

Sen Menechmus, I pray leave this fondnesse, ye jest too perversly with your friends

Men Good old father, what I pray have you to do with me? or why should this woman thus trouble me, with whom I have no dealings in the world?

Mul Father, maik I pray how his eies spaikle, they iowle in his head, his colour goes and comes, he lookes wildly See, see

Men. What? they say now I am mad, the best way for me is to faine my selfe mad indeed, so I shall be rid of them

Mul Looke how he stares about, how he gapes.

Sen Come away daughter, come from him

Men Bachus, Appollo, Phœbus, do ye call mee to

come hunt in the woods with you ? I see, I heare, I come, I flie, but I cannot get out of these fields Here is an old mastiffe bitch stands barking at mee, and by her stands an old goate that beares false witnessse against many a pooie man

Sen Out upon him Bedlam foole

Men Harke, Appollo commaunds me that I shoulde sende out hir eyes with a burning lampe

Mul O father, he threatens to pull out mine eyes

Men Good gods, these folke say I am mad, and doubtlesse they are mad themselves

Sen Daughter

Mul Here father, what shall we do ?

Sen What if I fetch my folkes hither, and have him carried in before he do any harme

Men How now ? they will carry mee in if I look not to my selfe I were best to skare them better yet. Doest thou bid me, Phœbus, to teare this dog in peeces with my nayles ? If I laie hold on him, I will do thy commandment

Sen Get thee into thy house daughter, away quickly

Men She is gone yea Appollo I will sacrifice this olde beast unto thee and if thou commandest mee, I will cut his throate with that dagger that hangs at his girdle

Sen Come not neare me, sirra

Men Yea I will quarter him, and pull all the bones out of his flesh, then will I barrell up his bowels

Sen Sure I am sore afraid he will do some hurt

Men Many things thou commandest me Appollo, wouldst thou have me harnessse up these wilde horses, and then clime up into the Chariot, and so over-ride this old stincking toothlesse Lyon So now I am in the Chariot, and I have hold on the raines, here is my whip, haie, come ye wilde Jades make a hideous noyse with your stamping haie I say, will ye not go ?

Sen What? doth he threaten me with his horses?

Men Harke, now Appollo bids mee ride over him that stands there, and kill him How now? who pulles mee downe from my Chariot by the haire of my head Oh shall I not fulfill Appolloes commandment?

Sen See, see, what a shaipe disease this is, and how well he was even now I will fetch a Physitian strait, before hee grow too farre into this rage [*Exit*

Men Are they both gone now? Ile then hie me away to my ship, 'tis time to be gone from hence

[*Exit*

Enter SENEX and MEDICUS.

Sen My loines ake with sitting, and mine eies with looking, while I staie for yonder laizie Phisitian see now where the creeping drawlatch comes

Med What disease hath hee said you? Is it a letarge or a lunacie, or melancohie, or dropsie?

Sen Wherefore I pray do I bring you but that you shuld tell me what it is? and cure him of it

Med Fie, make no question of that Ile cure him I warrant ye Oh here he comes, staie let us make what he doth.

Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen

Men Never in my life had I more overthwart fortune in one day, and all by the villanie of this false knave the Parasite, my Ulisses that workes such mischiefs against mee his king But let me live no longer but ile be revengde uppon the life of him his life? nay tis my life, for hee lives by my meate and drinke Ile utterly withdraw the slaves life from him And Erotium sheweth plainly what she is, who because I require the cloake againe to carrie to my wife, saith I gave it her, and flatly fallies out with me How unfortunate am I?

Sen Do ye heare him?

Med He complaines of his fortune

Sen. Go to him

Med. Menechmus, how do ye man? why keepe you not your cloake over your arme? It is verie hurtfull to your disease Keepe ye warme I pray

Men Why hang thyself, what carest thou?

Med Sir can you smell anie thing?

Men I smell a prating dolt of thee

Med Oh I will have your head throughly purged Pray tell me Menechmus, what use you to drinke? white wine or claret?

Men What the divell carest thou?

Sen Looke, his fit now begins

Men Why doest not as well aske mee whether I eate bread, or cheese, or beefe, or porridge, or birdes that beare feathers, or fishes that have finnes?

Sen See what idle talke he falleth into

Med Tarry, I will aske him further. Menechmus, tell me, be not your eyes heavie and dull sometimes?

Men What doest thinke I am an Owle?

Med Doo not your guttes gripe ye, and croake in your belly?

Men When I am hungrie they do, else not

Med He speakes not like a mad man in that Sleepe ye soundly all night?

Men When I have paid my debts I do The mischief light on thee, with all thy frivolous questions

Med Oh now he rageth upon those words, take heed

Sen. Oh this is nothing to the rage he was in even now He called his wife bitch, and all to nought

Men Did I?

Sen. Thou didst, mad fellow, and threatenedst to ryde over me here with a Chariot and horses, and to kill mee, and teare me in peeces. This thou didst, I know what I say.

Men. I say, thou stolest Jupiters Crowne from his head, and thou wert whipt through the Towne for it, and that thou hast kild thy fathei, and beater thy mother Doo ye thinke I am so mad that I cannot devise as notable lyes of you, as you do of me?

Sen Maister Doctor, pray heartily make speede to cure him, see ye not how mad he waxeth?

Med Ile tell ye, hee shall be brought ovet to my house, and there will I cure him

Sen Is that best?

Med What else? there I can order him as I list

Sen Well, it shall be so

Med Oh sir, I will make yee take necsing powder this twentie dayes

Men Ile beate yee first with a bastanado this thutie dayes

Med Fetch men to carry him to my house

Sen How many will serve the tunc?

Med. Being no madder than hee is now, foure will serve

Sen Ile fetch them, staie you with him maister Doctor

Med No by my faith, Ile goe home to make readie all things needfull Let your men bring him hither

Sen I go

[*Exeunt*]

Men Are they both gone? Good Gods what meaneth this? These men say I am mad, who without doubt are mad themselves I sturre not I fight not, I am not sicke I speake to them, I know them Well what were I now best to do? I would goe home, but my wife shuttes me sooth a doores Erotium is as farre out with me too Even here I will rest me till the evening, I nope by that time, they will take pittie on me.

Enter MESSENIO the Travellers servant.

**Mes.* The prooffe of a good servant, is to regard

his maisters businesse as well in his absence, as in his pience and I thinke him a verie foole that is not carefull as well for his ribbes and shoulders, as for his belly and throate When I thinke upon the rewards of a sluggard, I am ever pricked with a carefull regard of my backe and shoulders for in truth I have no fancie to these blows, as many a one hath methinks it is no pleasure to a man to be basted with a ropes end two or three houres together I have provided yonder in the Towne, for all our marriners, and safely bestowed all my masters Trunkes and fardels and am now comming to see if he be yet got forth of this daungerous gulfe, where I feare me [he] is overplunged, pray God he be not overwhelmed and past helpe ere I come

Enter SENEX, with foure Loricars, porters

Sen Before Gods and men, I charge and commaund you sirs, to execute with great care that which I appoint you if yee love the safetie of your owne ribbes and shoulders, then goe take me up my sonne in lawe, laie all hands upon him, why stand ye stil? what do ye doubt? I saie, care not for his threatnings, nor for anie of his words Take him up and bring him to the Phisitians house I will go thither before [Exit.

Men. What newes? how now masters? what will ye do with me? why do ye thus beset me? whither carrie ye mee? Helpe, helpe, neighbors, friends, Citizens!

Mes O Jupiter, what do I see? my maister abused by a companie of varlets

Men. Is there no good man will helpe me?

Mes. Helpe ye maister? yes the villaines shall have my life before they shall thus wrong ye Tis more fit I should be kild, then you thus handled.

Pull out that rascals eye that holds ye about the necke there I'll clout these peasants, out ye rogue, let go ye vailet

Men I have hold of this villaines eie

Mes Pull it out, and let the place appeare in his head Away ye cutthroat theeves, ye murthereis

Lo Omnes O, O, ay, ay, cue pittifullie

Mes Away, get ye hence, ye mongrels, ye dogs Will ye be gone? Thou raskal behind there, ile give thee somewhat more, take that It was time to come maister, you had bene in good case if I had not bene heere now, I tolde you what would come of it

Men Now as the gods love me, my good friend I thank thee thou hast done that for me which I shall never be able to requite

Mes Ile tell ye how sir, give me my freedome

Men Should I give it thee?

Mes Seeing you cannot requite my good turne

Men Thou art deceived man

Mes Wherein?

Men On mine honestie, I am none of thy maister, I had never yet anie servant would do so much for me

Mes Why then bid me be free will you?

Men Yea surelie, be free, for my part

Mes O sweetly spoken, thanks my good maister

Servus alius Messenio, we are all glad of your good foitune

Mes O maister, ile call you maister still, I prue use me in anie service as ye did before, ile dwell with you still, and when ye go home, ile wait upon you

Men Nay, nay, it shall not need.

Mes Ile go strait to the Inne and delive up my accounts and all your stuffe your purse is lockt up safely sealed in the casket, as you gave it mee I will goe fetch it to you.

Men Do, fetch it.

Mes I will.

Men. I was never thus perplext Some deny me to be him that I am, and shut me out of their doores This fellow saith he is my bondman, and of me he begs his freedome he will fetch my purse and monie well if he bring it, I will receive it, and set him free I would he would so go his way My old father in lawe and the Doctor saie I am mad, who ever sawe such straunge demeanors? well though Erotium be never so angrie, yet once againe ile go see if by intreatie I can get the cloake on her to carrie to my wife [Exit

Enter MENECHMUS the Traveller, and MESSENIO

Men. Impudent knave, wilt thou say that I ever saw thee since I sent thee away to day, and bad thee come for mee after dinner?

Mes Ye make me starke mad I tooke ye away and reskued ye from foure great bigboand villaines, that were carrying ye away even heere in this place Heere they had ye up, you cried, Helpe, helpe I came running to you you and I togither beate them away by maine force Then for my good turne and faithfull service, ye gave mee my freedome I tolde ye I would go fetch your Casket, now in the mean time you ranne some other way to get before me, and so you denie it all againe

Men I gave thee thy freedome?

Mes. You did

Men. When I give thee thy freedome, Ile be a bondman my selfe go thy wayes

Mes. Whewe, marry I thanke ye for nothing.

Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen

Men. Forsworne Queanes, sweare till your hearts

ake, and your eyes fall out, ye shall never make me beleeve that I carried hence either cloake or chaine

Mes O heavens, maister what do I see?

Men Tra What?

Mes Your ghoast.

Men Tra What ghoast?

Mes Your Image, as like you as can be possible

Men Tra Surely not much unlike me as I thinke

Men Cit O my good friend and helper, well met thanks for thy late good helpe

Mes Sir, may I crave to know your name?

Men Cit I were too blame if I should not tell thee anie thing, my name is Menechmus

Men Tra Nay my friend, that is my name,

Men. Cit I am of Syracuse in Sicilia

Men Tra So am I

Mes Are you a Syracusan?

Men Cit I am

Mes O, ho, I know ye. this is my maister, I thought hee there had bene my maister, and was proffering my service to him, pray pardon me sir, if I said any thing I should not

Men Tra Why doating patch, didst thou not come with me this morning from the ship?

Mes My faith he saies true, this is my maister, you may go looke ye a man God save ye maister. you sir farewell This is Menechmus

Men Cit I say that I am Menechmus.

Mes What a jest is this? Are you Menechmus?

Men Cit Even Menechmus the sonne of Moschus.

Men Tra My fathers sonne?

Men Cit Friend, I go about neither to take your father nor your country from you.

Mes O immortal Gods, let it fall out as I hope, and for my life these are the two Twinnes, all things agree so jump together. I will speake to my maister. Menechmus

Both. What wilt thou?

Mes I call ye not both, but which of you came with me from the ship?

Men Cit Not I

Men Tra I did

Mes Then I call you Come hither

Men Tra. What's the matter?

Mes This same is either some notable cousening Jugler, or else it is your brother whom we seeke I never sawe one man so like an other, water to water, nor milke to milke, is not liker then he is to you

Men Tra Indeed I thinke thou saiest true Finde it that he is my brother, and I here promise thee thy freedom

Mes Well, let me about it Heare ye sir, you say your name is Menechmus

Men Cit I do

Mes So is this mans You are of Syracusis?

Men Cit True

Mes So is he Moscus was your father?

Men Cit He was

Mes. So was he his What will you say, if I find that ye are brethren and twins?

Men. Cit I would thinke it happie newes

Mes Nay staie maisters both, I meane to have the honor of this exploit Answere me your name is Menechmus?

Men Cit Yea

Mes And yours?

Men Tra And mine

Mes You are of Syracusis?

Men Cit I am.

Men Tra And I

Mes Well, this goeth right thus farre What is the farthest thing that you remember there?

Men Cit How I went with my father to Tarentum, to a great mart, and there in the preasse I was stolne from him.

Men Tra. O Jupiter!

Mes Peace, what exclaiming is this? How old were ye then?

Men Cit About seven yeare old for even then I shedde teeth, and since that time, I never heard of anie of my kindred

Mes Had ye never a brother?

Men Cit Yes, as I remember, I heard them say, we were two twinnes

Men Tra O fortune!

Mes Tush, can ye not be quiet? Were ye both of one name?

Men Cit Nay (as I think) they cald my brother, Sosicles

Men Tra It is he, what need farther prooffe? O Brother, Brother, let me embrace thee

Men Cit Sir, if this be true, I am wonderfully glad, but how is it, that ye are called Menechmus?

Men Tra When it was tolde us that you and our father were both dead, our Graundsire (in memorie of my fathers name) chaungde mine to Menechmus

Men Cit Tis verie like he would do so indeed But let me aske ye one question more, what was our mothers name?

Men Tra Theusimarche

Men Cit Brother, the most welcome man to mee, that the world holdeth

Men Tra I joy, and ten thousand joyes the more, having taken so long travaile and huge paines to seeke you

Mes See now, how all this matter comes about. This it was, that the Gentlewoman had ye in to dinner, thinking it had bene he

Men Cit True it is I, willed a dinner to be provided for me heere this morning, and I also brought hither closely a cloake of my wives, and gave it to this woman

Men Tra. Is not this the same, brother?

Men Cit How came you by this?

Men Tra This woman met me, had me in to dinner, entertained me most kindly, and gave me this cloake, and this chaine

Men Cit Indeed she tooke ye for mee and I beleeeve I have bene as straungely handled by occasion of your comming

Mes You shall have time inough to laugh at all these matters hereafter. Do ye remember maister, what ye promised me?

Men Cit Brothei, I will intreate you to performe your promise to Messenio, he is worthe of it

Men Tra I am content

Mes Io Tryumphe

Men Tra Brother, will ye now go with me to Syracusis?

Men Cit So soone as I can sell away such goods as I possesse here in Epidamnum, I will go with you

Men Tra Thanks my good brother

Men. Cit Messenio, plaie thou the Crier for me, and make a proclamation

Mes A fit office. Come on. O yes.
What day shall your sale be?

Men Cit This day sennight

Mes. All men, women and children in Epidamnum, or elsewhere, that will repara to Menechmus house this day sennight, shall there finde all maner of things to sell servaunts, household stuffe, house, ground and all so they bring readie money. Will ye sell your wife too sir?

Men Cit Yea, but I thinke no bodie will bid money for her

Mes. Thus Gentlemen we take our leaves, and if we have pleasse, we require a Plaudite

FINIS.

KING RICHARD III

EDITION

The True Tragedie of Richard the Third Wherein is shewne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower With a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women And lastly the comunction and ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke As it was playd by the Queenes Maesties Players London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Wilham Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market neare Christ Church doore 1594. 4^o

It may be said that there is nothing in common between Shakespeare's play, as printed in 1597, and the "True Tragedy," as printed in 1594, but to a certain extent it seemed to be desirable to make the earlier and inferior drama part of the series, inasmuch as it serves to show the extraordinary mastery of Shakespeare and the poverty of the material with which he had to deal. Here, as elsewhere, he has gone a good deal to his favourite Holinshed, whom he has sometimes copied verbally. See Douce's "Illustrations," ii 40-1.¹ Legge's "Richardus Tertius," of which three or four MSS are known, is annexed much for the same reason. At the same time, it is gravely to be doubted whether it ever formed part of "Shakespeare's Library," or whether the great bard ever set eyes on it. It is the performance mentioned by Harington in the "Brief Apology of Poetry," attached to his version of Ariosto, 1591.

In connection with the play of "Richard III.," it would be as well for readers to have before them, or at least to peruse, the "Song of Lady Bessy," printed in the Percy Society's Series, in Halliwell's "Palatine Anthology," 1850, and by Mr Heywood separately, 8°, 1809, and also Giles Fletcher the elder's remarkable poem, published, or at least printed, in 1593, entitled "The Rising to the Crown of Richard the Third," which is inserted in Grosart's edition of Fletcher's works.

Christopher Brooke's powerful production, "The Ghost of Richard the Third," 4°, 1614, reprinted for the Shakespeare Society, is only noticeable as a striking outgrowth or *outcome* from the play, by which it was almost unquestionably suggested.

¹ Another Latin play on the subject, grounded more or less on Legge's, by Henry Lacy, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was performed there in 1586. It was never printed, but MSS copies of it are in H 1.1.2412 and 6726.

BARRON FIELD'S INTRODUCTION¹



MALONE commences his *History of the English Stage* by saying that "Dryden has truly observed that Shakespeare 'found not, but created first, the stage;'"² and the critic then proceeds to produce evidence which shows that this observation is not true, as most certainly it is not "It was in truth (as Mr Collier more judiciously says) created by no one man, and in no one age, and, whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, it will be seen that when he began to write for the theatre, our drama was completely formed and firmly established"³ Bad as the following play is, it is a drama, completely formed, and was regularly acted If Dryden had said that Shakespeare found the stage of brick, and left it of marble, it would have answered his purpose as well, and would have been nearer to the truth

Of the propriety of making this reprint one of the Society's publications there can be no doubt. Architects tell us that when a gigantic object is of just and natural proportions, the only way to make it look large is to place a smaller natural object close to it, and they instance the dome of St Peter's Church at

¹ To the Shakespeare Society's edition, 8°, 1844

² Prologue to an alteration of "*Troilus and Cressida*."

³ Preface to "*History of English Dramatic Poetry*," p. ix

Rome Were either the height or the breadth of that monument exaggerated, and the building thus disproportioned, it would look large without any such comparison. So it is with our gigantic Shakespeare. The best way to measure him is to place such an ordinary contemporary work as the following in juxtaposition with his "Richard the Third." The author of the "True Tragedy" may perhaps, by making a long arm, reach to the knee of the Colossus. Massinger and Marlowe could walk under his huge legs, Ben Jonson might touch his waist, by mounting an antique, Beaumont and Fletcher could stand under each of his arms. He could take up Ford and Webster in the hollow of either hand, and so on.

Antiquity and priority to Shakespeare constituting the only interest of the following piece, I have refrained from enforcing the metre¹ and modernising the orthography of it, as I did in Heywood's "Edward the Fourth," and have made it, with the exception of palpable errors of the press, a *facsimile* of the old edition, now reprinted through the liberality of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of the copy.

The best introduction to this history will be found in Mr Collier's edition of Shakespeare, vol. v., pp. 342-5. But I agree with Mr Boswell that our great

¹ In one instance, in Heywood's "Histories," I stretched the word *canst*, to fill up the measure of the line, unnecessarily. Page 37.

"Chub Thou cannest bear me witness, I had ta'en"

My brother, the Rev F. Field, on reading the work, discovered that the word "Chub" should be part of the line, and not the name of the speaker. All the four old editions have the same error. The members of the Society will therefore please to correct the line as follows—

Chub, thou canst bear me witness I had ta'en

poet must be seen this humble work of his predecessor Mr Collier says that "we cannot trace any resemblances but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial" The reader will judge for himself I have in the notes pointed out several parallel ideas The following line in the Battle-scene is, in my opinion, quite enough to show that Shakespeare considered Nature, as Molière said of Wit, as his property, and that he had a right to seize it wherever he found it—

King A horse, a horse, a fresh horse

Mr Collier adds that "the portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to each other, is just before the murder of the Princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose" This should hardly be called strange in our dramatist, since it is authorised in the history by Sir Thomas More—

The same night King Richard said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse, meaning by this James Tyrrell

It is impossible to say who was the author of this work Mr Boswell, in reprinting the incorrect *verso* of it in his edition of Shakespeare, inclined to think it was the same person who wrote "The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine," 1595, from the resemblance of the style of the passage at page 117 to the two extracts which he makes from that old play, in one of which the word *revenge* is harped upon three times, and in the other the word *Guendoline* six But this is one of

the commonest artifices of rhetoric, and has been beautifully employed by Shakespeare himself—

“If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure”¹

It seems to have been a recommendation to our early historical plays (as the present is perhaps the very earliest printed one), to entitle them *true*—

“So sad, so tender, and so *true*”²

So we have the “True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,” the precursor of Shakespeare’s “Henry the Sixth,” and I have no doubt, from the manner in which the prologue to his “Henry the Eighth” dwells upon the words *truth* and *true*, that one of its titles was “All is true,” and that it is the same play as is referred to by Sir Henry Wotton in 1613, under that name, as “representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry 8,”³ and that by the words “a new play,” which Shakespeare’s “Henry the Eighth” could not have been in that year, Sir Henry meant only a revival.

The explanatory notes that are necessary to this reprint are so few and brief, that I have placed them at the foot of the page, and the reader will remember, *passim*, that the letter *A* is used for the exclamation *Ah*! and *I* for the affirmation *Ay*, except where the latter is obviously the pronoun.

¹ “Merchant of Venice,” act v

² Shenstone

³ “Reliquæ Wottonianæ, 3d ed p 425



*The True Tragedie of Richard the
Third.*

—o—

*Enters TRUTH and POETRIE To them the Ghost of
George Duke of Clarence*

Ghost CRESCE, cruor sanguis satiatur sanguine
cresce,
Quod spero citò O citò, citò, *vindicta*¹
[*Trut*]

¹ [Old copy, *cress*.—*sanguis*, &c. Latin is almost always misprinted in early plays] "Increase, blood! Let blood be satisfied with blood! Which I hope it quickly will O, quickly, quickly, revenge!" *Vindicta*, in our old plays, seems to have constituted the knot, worthy of a Ghost's intervention to avenge. In the "Battle of Alcazar," 1594, we have, "Enter three Ghosts crying *Vindicta*," and the word occurs in several other plays, cited by Mr Gifford (Jonson, ii. 457) and Dyce (Peele, ii. 17), insomuch that it exposed itself to ridicule, and our readers will remember the passage in Lodge's "Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madness," 1596, in which one of the devils is said to be "a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the ghost, who cried so miserably at the theatie, "*Hamlet, revenge*," and the anxiety of the commentators, to discover whether this alluded to Shakspeare's "*Hamlet*," or to an older play upon that subject, an anxiety just and natural as it respects the date of the great poet's work, but worthless as to the question whether his play, at first entitled "*The Revenge of Hamlet*," were meant to be ridiculed or not.

Poetrie Truth well met

Truth Thankes Poetrie, what makes thou vpon a stage?

Poet Shadowes

Truth Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes,
Therefore depait and giue Truth leaue
To shew her pageant

Poet Why will Truth be a Player?

Truth No, but Tragedia like for to present
A Tragedie in England done but late,
That will reuiue the hearts of drooping mindes

Poet Whereof?

Truth Marry thus

Richard Platagenet of the House of Yorke,
Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent,
Had as the Chronicles make manifest,
In the two and twentieth yeare of Henry the sixth,
By act of Parliament intailed to him
The Crowne and titles to that dignitie,
And to his ofspring lawfully begotten,
After the decease of that forenamed King,
Yet not contented for to staie the time,
Made warres vpon King Henry then the sixth,
And by outrage suppressed that vertuous King,
And wonne the Crowne of England to himselfe,
But since at Wakefield in a battell pitcht,
Outragious Richard breathed his latest breath,
Leauing behind three branches of that line,
Three sonnes the first was Edward now the King,
George of Clarence, and Richard Glosters Duke,
Then Henry claiming after his decease
His stile, his Crowne and former dignitie
Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the fourth

Poet But tell me truth, of Henry what ensued?

Truth Imprisoned he, in the Tower of London lies
By strict command, from Edward Englands King,
Since cruelly murthered, by Richard Glosters Duke

Poet Whose Ghoast was that did appear to vs ?

Truth It was the ghost of George the duke of Clarence,

Who was attected in King Edwards raigne,
Falsly of Treason to his royaltie,
Imprisoned in the Tower was most vnnaturally,
By his owne brother, shame to parents stocke,
By Glosters Duke drowned in a but of wine

Poet. What shield was that he let fall ?

Truth. A shield containing this, in full effect,
Blood sprinkled, springs blood spilt, craues due
reuenge

Whereupon he writes, *Cresce, cruor*

Sanguis satietur sanguine cresce,

Quod spero cito O cito, cito, vendicta !

Poet What maner of man was this Richard Duke
of Gloster ?

Truth A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame
armed, withall,

Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authoritie,
So during the minoritie of the yong Prince,
He is made Lord Protector ouer the Realme
Gentiles suppose that Edward now hath raigned
Full two and twentie yeares, and now like to die,
Hath summond all his Nobles to the Court,
To sweare alleageance with the Duke his brother,
For truth vnto his sonne the tender Prince,
Whose fathers soule is now neare flight to God,
Leauing behind two sonnes of tender age,
Fiue daughters to comfort the haplesse Queene,
All vnder the protection of the Duke of Gloster
Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter,
And here begins Truthe Pageant, Poetrie
Wend with me.

[*Exeunt*

Enter EDWARD THE FOURTH, LORD HASTINGS, LORD
MARCUS, and ELIZABETH *To them* RICHARD

Hast Long hie my soueraigne, in all happnesse

Mar An honourable age with Cresuss wealth,
Hourely attend the person of the King

King And welcome you Peeres of England vnto
your King

Hast For ou vnthankfulnesse the heauens hath
thiowne thee downe

Mar I feare for our ingratitude, our angry God
doth frowne

King Why Nobles, he that laie me here
Can raise me at his pleasure
But my deare friends and kinsmen,
In what estate I now lie it is seene to you all,
And I feel myselfe neare the dreadfull stroke of death
And the cause that I haue requested you in friendly
wise

To meete together in this,
That where malice & enuy sowing sedition in the
harts of men

So would I haue that admonished and friendly
fauours,

Ouercome in the heart of you Lord Marcus and
Lord Hastings

Both, for how I haue gouerned these two and twentie
yeares,

I leaue it to your discretions

The malice hath still bene an enemy to you both,
That in my life time I could neuer get any lege of
amity betwixt you,

Yet at my death let me intreate you to embrace each
other,

That at my last departure you may send my soule
To the ioyes celestiaall

For leauing behinde me my yoong sonne,

Your lawfull King after my decease,
May be by your wise and graue counsell so gouerned,
Which no doubt may bring comfort
To his famous realme of England
But (what saith Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings)
What not one word? nay then I see it will not be,
For they are resolute in their ambition

Eliz Ah yeeld Lord Hastings,
And submit your selues to each other
And you Lord Marcus, submit your selfe,
See here the aged King my father,
How he sues for peace betwixt you both
Consider Lord Marcus, you are son to my mother the
Queene,
And therefore let me intreat you to mitigate your
wrath,

And in friendly sort, embrace each other
King Nay cease thy speech Elizabeth,
It is but folly to speake to them,
For they are resolute in their ambitious mindes,
Therefore Elizabeth, I feele my selfe at the last instant
of death,

And now must die being thus tormented in minde
Hast May it be that thou Lord Marcus,
That neither by intreatie of the Prince,
Nor curtuous word of Elizabeth his daughter,
May withdraw thy ambition from me

Mar May it be that thou Lord Hastings,
Canst not perceiue the mark his grace aimes at

Hast No I am resolute, except thou submit

Mar If thou beest resolute giue vp the vpshot,
And perhaps thy head may paie for the losses

King Ah Gods, sith at my death you iarre,
What will you do to the yong Prince after my de-
cease?

For shame I say, depart from my presence, and leaue
me to my self,

For these words strikes a second dying to my soule
 Ah my Lords I thought I could haue commanded
 A greater thing then this at your hands,
 But sith I cannot, I take my leaue of you both,
 And so depart and trouble me no more.

Hast With shame and like your Maiestie I submit
 therefore,
 Crauing humble pardon on my knees,
 And would rather that my body shal be a pray to
 mine enemy,
 Rather then I will offend my Lord at the houre
 And instance of his death

King Ah thanks Lord Hastings

Eliz Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, sith Lord Hastings
 Is contented to be vnited

King Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, thou art too ob-
 stinate

Mar My gracious Lord, I am content,
 And humbly craue your graces pardon on my knee,
 For my foule offence,
 And see my Lord my brest opened to mine aduersary,
 That he may take reuenge, then¹ once it shall be said,
 I will offend my gracious suffereinge

King Now let me see you friendly giue one an other
 your hands.

Hast With a good will ant like your grace,
 Therefore Lord Marcus take here my hand,
 Which was once vowde and sworne to be thy death,
 But now through intretie of my Prince,
 I knīt a league of amitie for euer.

Mar Well Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,
 Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed
 To a² shruered thy bodie in peecemeales,
 That the foules of the ayre should haue fed
 Their yoong withall,

¹ Than, for "rather than"

² Have.

But now vpon aleageance to my Prince, I vow perfect
loue,

And true friendship for euer

King Now for confirming of it, here take your
oathes

Hast If I Lord Hastings falsifie my league of
friendship

Vowde to Lord Marcus, I craue confusion

Mar Like oath take I, and craue confusion

King Confusion

Now, my Lords, for your yoong King, that lieth now
at Ludlo,

Attended with Earle Riuers, Lord Gray, his two
vnkles,

And the rest of the Queenes kindred,

I hope you will be vnto him as you haue bene to me,

His yeares are but yoong, thirteene at the most,

Vnto whose gouernment, I commit to my brother the
Protector,

But to thee Elizabeth my daughter,

I leaue thee in a world of trouble,

And commend me to thy mother, to all my sisters,

And especially I giue thee this in charge vpon & at
my death,

Be loyall to thy brother during his authoritie,

As thy selfe art vertuous, let thy prayers be modest

Still be bountifull in deuotion

And thus leauing thee with a kisse, I take my last
farwell,

For I am so sleepeie, that I must now make an ende,

And here before you all, I commit my soule to
almighty God,

My sauour, and sweet redeemer, my bodie to the
earth,

My Scepter and Crowne to the yoong Prince my
sonne

And now Nobles, draw the Curtaines and depert,

He that made me saue me,

Vnto whose hands I commit my spirit

[The King dies in his bed.

Enter SHORES WIFE, and HURSLY her mayde

Shor O Fortune, wherefore wert thou called Fortune?

But that thou art fortunate?

Those whom thou fauourest be famcus,

Meriting mere mercie,

And fraught with mirrors of magnanimities,

And Fortune I would thou hadst neuer fauoured
me

Hurs Why mistress, if you exclaime against Fortune.

You condemne your selfe.

For who hath aduanced you but Fortune?

Shor I as she hath aduanced me.

So may she throw me downe

Bnt Hursly, doest not heare the King is sicke?

Hurs Yes mistresse, but neuer heard that euene sicke man died

Shor Ah Hursly, my minde presageth

Some great mishaps vnto me,

For last time I saw the King, me thought

Gastly death approached in his face,

For thou knowest this Huisly, I haue bene good to
all.

And still readie to preferre my friends,

To' what preferment I could,

For what was it his grace would deny Shores wife?

Of any thing, yea were it halfe his reuenewes,

I know his grace would not see me want,

And if his grace should die,

As heavens forbend it should be so,

I haue left me nothing now to comfort me withall,

And then those that are my foes will triumph at my
 fall,
 And if the King scape, as I hope he will,
 Then will I feather my nest,
 That blow the stormie winter neuer so cold,
 I will be throughly prouided for one
 But here comes Lodwicke, seruant to Lord Hastings
 How now Lodwicke, what newes?

Enters LODWICKE

Lod Mistresse Shore, my Lord would request you,
 To come and speake with him

Shor I will Lodwicke
 But tell me what newes, is the King recouered?

Lod I mistresse Shore, he hath recouered,
 That he long lookt for

Shor Lodwicke, how long is it since
 He began to mend?

Lod Euen when the greatest of his torments had
 left him

Shor But are the nobles agreed to the content-
 ment of the Prince?

Lod The Nobles and Peeres are agreed as the
 King would wish them

Shor Lodwicke thou reuuest me

Lod I but few thought that the agreeement and his
 life would haue ended together

Shor Why Lodwicke is he dead?

Lod In briefe mistresse Shore, he hath changed
 his life

Shor His life, ah me vnhappy woman,
 Now is misery at hand,
 Now will my foes tryumph at this my fall,
 Those whom I haue done most good, will now forsake
 me.

Ah Hursly, when I entertained thee first,

I was farre from change, so was I Lodwicke,
 When I restored thee thy lands
 Ah sweete Edward, farwell my gracious Lord and
 souereigne,
 For now shall Shores wife be a mirrour and looking
 glasse,
 To all hei enemies
 Thus shall I finde Lodwicke, and haue cause to say,
 That all men are vnconstant

Lod Why mistresse Shore, for the losse of one
 friend,

Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?

Shor Ah Lodwicke I must, for when the tree
 decaies

Whose fruitfull branch haue flourished many a yeare,
 Then farewell those ioyfull dayes and ofspring of my
 heart,

But say Lodwicke, who hath the King made Protector,
 During the innormitie¹ of the yong Prince

Lod He hath made his brother Duke of Gloster
 Protector

Shor Ah me, then comes my ruine and decaie,
 For he could neuer abide me to the death,
 No he alwaies hated me whom his brother loued so
 well,

Thus must I lament and say, all the world is vncon-
 stant

Lod But mistresse Shore, comfort your selfe,
 And thinke well of my Lord,
 Who hath alway bene a helper vnto you

Shor Indeed Lodwicke to condemne his honour I
 cannot,
 For he hath alway bene my good Lord,
 For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of
 men

¹ Not within legal age to reign

Lod Why mistresse Shore, rather then want should
opresse
You, that litle land which you beg'd for me of the
King,
Shall be at your dispose
Shor Thanks good Lodwicke

Enter a CITIZEN and MORTON a serving man

Cit O maister Morton, you are very welcome met,
I hope you think on me for my mony

Mor. I pray sir beare with me, and you shall haue
it,
With thankes too

Cit Nay, I pray sir let me haue my money,
For I haue had thankes and too much more then I
lookt for

Mor In faith sir you shall haue it
But you must beare with me a litle,
But sir, I marvell how you can be so greecie for your
mony,

When you see sir, we are so vncertaine of our owne

Cit How so vncertaine of mine owne ?
Why doest thou know any bodie wil come to iob me ?

Mor Why no

Cit Wilt thou come in the night and cut my
throate ?

Mor No.

Cit Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,
Come and set my house on fire ?

Mor. Why no, I tell thee.

Cit Why how should I then be vncertaine of mine
owne ?

Mor Why sir by reason the King is dead

Cit O sir ! is the King dead ?

I hope he hath guen you no quittance for my debt.

Mor No sir, but I pray staie a while, and you shall haue it

Assoone as I can

Cit Well I must be content, where nothing is to be had,

The King looseth his right they say,
But who is this?

Mor. Mairry sir it is mistresse Shore,
To whom I am more beholding too for my seruice,
Than the deereſt friend that euer I had

Cit And I for my ſonnes pardon

Mor Now mistresse Shore, how fare you?

Shor Well Morton, but not so well as thou hast known me,
For I thinke I ſhal be diuened to try my friends one day

Mor God forſend mistresse Shore,
And happie be that Sunne ſhall ſhine vpon thee,
For preſeruing the life of my ſonne.

Shor Gramercies good father,
But how doth thy ſonne, is he well?

Cit The better that thou liueſt, doth he

Shor Thankes father, but I am glad of it,
But come maister Lodwicke ſhall we go?
And you Morton, youle bear vs company

Lod I mistresse Shore,
For my Lord thinkes long for our comming

[*Exit omnes*]

Cit There there, huffer, but by your leaue,
The Kings death is a maime to her credit,
But they ſay, there is my Lord Hastings in the Court,
He is as good as the Ase of hearts at maw,¹
Well euen as they brew, ſo let them bake for me
But I muſt about the ſtreets, to ſee and I can meete

¹ A game at cards See the Shakespeare Society's edit of
"Patient Grissil," p 67

With such cold customers as they I met withall euen
 now,
 Masse if I meete with no better,
 I am like to keepe a bad hoshold of it [Exit

*Enters RICHARD, SIR WILLIAM CASBIE, Page of his
 Chamber, and his traine*

Rich My friends depart,
 The houle commands your absence
 Leaue me and euery man look to his charge
 [Exit traine

Cas Renowned and right worthie Protector,
 Whose excelency far deserues the name of king then
 protector,
 Sir William Casbie wisheth my Lord,
 That your grace may so gouerne the yoong Prince,
 That the Crowne of England may flourish in all hap-
 pinesse [Exit Casbie

Rich Ah yoong Prince, and wov not I?
 Or who shall inherit Plantagines but his sonne?
 And who the King deceased, but the brother?
 Shall law bridle nature, or authoritie surcease inheri-
 tance?

No, I say no Principallitie brooks no equalitye,
 Much less superioritie,
 And the title of a King, is next vnder the degree of a
 God,
 For if he be worthie to be called valiant
 That in his life winnes honour, and by his sword
 winnes riches,

Why now I with renowne of a souldier, which seld
 sold but

By waight, nor changed but by losse of life
 I reapt not the game but the glorie, and since it be-
 commeth

A sonne to maintaine the honour of his deceased father,

Why should I not hazard his dignitie by my brothers
 sonnes ?
 To be baseer than a King I disdaine,
 And to be more then Protector, the law deny,
 Why my father got the Crowne, my brother won the
 Crowne,
 And I will wear the Crowne,
 Or ile make them hop without their crownes that de-
 nies me .
 Haue I remoued such logs out of my sight as my
 brother Clarēce
 And king Henry the sixt, to suffer a child to shadow
 me,
 Nay more, my nephew to disinherit me,
 Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my
 brother
 As I terme it, to become subiect to his sonne,
 No death nor hell shall not withhold me, but as I rule
 I will raigñ,
 And so raigñ that the proudest enemy shall not
 abide
 The sharpest shoure. Why what are the babes but
 a puffed of
 Gun-powder ? a marke for the soldiers, food for fishes,
 Or lining for beds, deuices enough to make them
 away,
 Wherein I am resolute, and determining, needs no
 counsell,
 Ho, whose within ?

Enters PAGE and PERCIUALL.

Per May it please your Maiestie

Rich Ha villaine, Maiestie

Per. I speake but vpon that which shal be my
 good Lord

Rich. But whats he with thee ?

Page A Messenger with a letter from the right
honourable

The Duke of Buckingham [Exit PAGE]

Rich Sirra giue place

Ah how this title of Maiestie, animates me to my
purpose,

Rise man, regard no fall, haply this letter brings good
lucke,

May it be, or is it possible,

Doth Fortune so much fauour my happinesse

That I no sooner deuise, but she sets abroach ?

Or doth she but to trie me, that raising me aloft,

My fall may be the greater, well laugh on sweete
change,

Be as be may, I will neuer feare colours nor regard
ruth,

Valour brings fame, and fame conquers death

Perciuall

Per My Lord

Rich For though thy letter declares thy name,

Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warrant

That I vtter my minde fully vnto thee,

And seeing thy Lord and I haue bene long foes,

And haue found now so fit opportunitie to ioyne
league,

To alaine the proude enemy, tell him thus as a friend,

I do accept of his grace, and will be as ready to put
in practise

To the vttermost of my power, what ere he shalbe to
deuise,

But wheareas he hath writ that the remouing of the
yong

Prince from the Queenes friends might do well,

Tell him thus, it is the only way to our purpose,

For he shall shortly come vp to London to his Coro-
nation,

At which instant, we will be both present,

And where by the helpe of thy Lord, I will so plaie
my part,

That ile be more than I am, and not much lesse then
I looke for,

No nor a haire bredth from that I am,

Anudge thou what it is Perciuall

Per God send it my Lord, but my Lord willed me
to satisfie you, and to tell you by word of mouth that
he hath in readinesse a braue company of men

Rich What power hath he?

Per A braue band of his owne

Rich What number?

Per My Lord, to the number of five hundieth
footmen

And horsmen ayders vnto him, is my Lord Chamber-
laine, and my Lord Hastings

Rich Sounes, dares he trust the Lord Hastings?

Per I my Lord as his owne life, he is secret I
warrant you

Rich. Well Perciuall, this matter is waightie and
must not be slipt, therefore return this answere to thy
Lord, that to morrow I will meet him, for to day I
cannot, for now the funerall is past I must set a
screene before the fire for feare of suspition again,
I am now to strengthen my selfe by the controuersie
that is betwixt the kindred of the King deceast, and
the Queene thats liuing, the yoong Prince is yet in
hucsters handling, and they not throughly friendes,
now must I so woike, that the water that driues the
mill may drowne it I climbe Perciuall, I regard
more the glorie then the gaine, for the very name of
a King redouble a mans life with fame, when death
hath done his worst, and so commend me to thy
Lord, and take thou this for thy paines.

Per. I thanke your grace, I humbly take my leaue.

[Exit PERCIUALL.

Rich. Why so, now Fortune make me a King,

Fortune giue me a kingdome, let the world report the Duke of Gloster was a King, therefore Fortune make me King, if I be but King for a yeae, nay but halfe a yeare, nay a moneth, a weeke, three dayes, one daye, or halfe a day, nay an houre, swounes half an houre, nay sweete Fortune, clap but the Crowne on my head, that the vassals may but once say, God saue King Richards life, it is inough Sirriha, who is there?

Enter PAGE

Page My Lord

Rich What hearest thou about the Court?

Page Ioy my Lord for your Protectorship for the most part Some murmure, but my Lord they be of the baser sort

Rich A mightie arme wil sway the baser sort, authority doth terrifie
But what other newes hearest thou?

Page This my Lord, they say the yong king is comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vncles, Earle Rivers & Lord Gray, and the rest of the Queenes kindred

Rich A parlous¹ bone to ground vpon, and a rush stifly knit,² which if I could finde a knot, I would giue one halfe to the dogs and set fire on the other

Page It is reported my Lord, but I know not whether it be true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham

¹ Perilous

² This looks like a proverbial expression, but I have not been able to find an instance of the last of the phrase. *Velut in scirpo quarere* was the Roman proverb for *to strimle on plain ground*, and in Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets there's an allusion to it:—

"O, this it is the knotted straw is found"

is vp in the Marches of Wales with a band of men,
and as they say, hee aims at the Crowne

Rich Tush a shadow without a substance, and a
feare without a cause but yet if my neighbours
house bee on fire, let me seek to saue mine owne, in
trust is treason, time slippth, it is ill resting with edge
toolles, oi dallying with Princes matters, Ile strike
whilst the yron is hote, and Ile trust neuer a Duke
of Buckingham, no neuer a Duke in the world,
further then I see him And sirrha, so follow me

[*Exit* RICHARD

Page I see my Lord is fully resolved to climbe,
but how hee climbes ile leaue that to your iudge-
ments, but what his fall will be thats hard to say
But I maruell that the Duke of Buckingham and he
are now become such great friends, who had wont
to love one another so well as the spider doth the
flie but this I haue noted, since he hath had the
charge of Protector, how may noble men hath fled
the realme, first the Lord Marcus sonne to the
Queene, the Earl of Westmorland and Northumber-
land, are secretly fled how this geare will cotten¹ I
know not But what do I medling in such matters,
that should medle with the vntying of my Lordes
points, faith do euen as a great many do beside,
medle with Princes matters so long, til they proue
themselves beggars in the end Therefore I for
feare I should be taken napping with any words, Ile
set a locke on my lips, for feare my tongue grow too
wide for my mouth

[*Exit* PAGE

¹ To cotton is to succeed, to prosper Gear is any business or
matter

"Come on, sir frier, picke the locke,
This gere doth cotton handsome,
That covetousnesse so cunningly
Must pay the lechers ransome"

*Enter the young PRINCE, his brother, DUKE OF YORKE,
EARLE RIUERS, LORD GRAY, SIR HAPCE, SIR
THOMAS VAUGHAN*

King Right louing vnckles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath wiitten, and thinks it conuenient that we dismisse our tiane, for feare the towne of Northampton is not able to receiue vs and againe my vnckle of Gloster may rather think we come of malice against him and his blood therefore my Lords, let me heere your opinions, for my words and her letters are all one and besides I myselfe giue consent

Riu Then thus may it please your grace, I will shewe my opinion First note the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke, the league of friendship is yet but greene betwixt them, and litt'e cause of variance may cause it breake, and thereby I think it not requisite to discharge the cōpany because of this The Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches of Wales with a great power, and with him is ioyred the Protector, for what cause I know not, therefore my Lords, I haue spoken my mind boldly but do as your honours shall thinke good

Vaugh Why my Lord Riuer, wherefore is he Protector but for the Kings safetie?

Riu I Sir Thomas Vaughan, and therefore a traitor, because he is Protector

Gray We haue the Prince in charge, therefore we neede not care

Riu We haue the Prince, but they the authoritie

Gray Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings friend?

Riu Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloster as a foe.

Gray. Why then my Lord Riuer, I thinke it is

conuenient that we leaue you here behind vs at Northampton, for conference with them, and if you heare their pretence be good towards the King, you may in Gods name make returne & come with them, but if not, leaue them and come to us with speed For my sister the Queene hath willed that we should dismisse our companie, and the King himselfe hath agreed to it, therefore we must needs obey

Riu If it please your grace I am content, and humbly take my leaue of you all [Exit.

King Farewell good vnckle, ah gods, if I do liue my fathers yeaies as God forbid but I may, I will so roote out this malice & enuie sowne among the nobilitie, that I will make them weary that were the first beginners of these mischiefes

Gray Worthily well spoken of you princely Maiestie,
Which no doubt sheweth a king-like resolution.

Vaugh A toward yoong Prince, and no doubt forward to all vertue, whose raigne God long prosper among vs.

King But come vnckle, let vs foirward of our iourny towards London

Riu We will attend vpon your Maiestie
[Exit omnes

Enters an old Inne-keeper, and RICHARDS Page

Page. Come on mine Oste, what doest thou vnderstand my tale or no ?

Oste I faith my guest you haue amazed mee alreadie, and to heare it again, it wil mad me altogether, but because I may think vpon it the better, I pray you let me heare it once more

Page. Why then thus, I serue the right honourable the Lord Protector.

Oste I, I know that too well.

Page Then this is his graces pleasure, that this night he will be lodged in thy house, thy fare must be sumptuous, thy lodgings cleanly, his men vsed friendly and with great curtesie, and that he may haue his lodging prepared as neare Lord Riuers as possible may be

Oste Why sir if this be all, this is done alreadie

Page Nay more

Oste Nay sir, & you loue me no more, heres too much already

Page Nay, my Lords graces pleasure is further, that when all thy guesse¹ have tane their chambers, that thou conuey into my Lords hands the keyes of euery seuerall chamber, and what my Lords pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

Oste How locke in my guesse like prisoners, why doe you heare my guesse? mee thinkes there should be little better then treason in these words you haue vttered

Page Treason villaine, how darest thou haue a thought of treason against² my Lord, therefore you were best be briefe, and tell me whether you will do it or no?

Oste Alasse what shall I do? who were I best to offend? shall I betraie that good olde Earle that hath laine at my house this fortie yeares? why and I doe hee will hang me nay then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head, but is there no remedie?

Page Come sir be briefe, there is no remedie. therefore be briefe, and tell me straight

Oste Why, then sir heres my hand, tell my Lord Protector he shall haue it, I will do as he commands mee, but euen against my will, God is my wisse

¹ *Guesse* is the old plural for *guests*

² *I e*, have a thought, against my lord, of treason

Page Why then farewell mine Oste

Oste Farewell euen the woorst guest that ever came to my house A maisters, maisters, what a troublesome vocation am I crept into, you thinke we that be In-keepers get all the world, but I thinke I shall get a faire halter to my necke, but I must go see all things done to my great guele [Exit

Enters the mother QUEENE, and her daughter, and her sonne, to sanctuary

Earle *Ruers* speakes out of his chamber

Ho mine Oste, Chamberlaine wheres my key?
What pend vp like a prisoner? But staie, I feare I
am betraid,
The sodain sight of Glosters Duke, doth make me
sore afraid
He speake to him, and gently him salute,
Tho in my heart I enue¹ much the man,
God morrow my Lord Protector to your grace,
And Duke of Buckingham God morrow too,
Thankes noble Dukes for our good cheare, & for your
cōpany.

Here enters BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER, and their traine

Rich Thou wretched Earle, whose aged head
imagins nought but treacherie,
Like Iudas thou admitted wast to sup with vs last
night
But heauens preuented thee our ils, and left thee in
this plight.

¹ Envy for "hate."

Greue'st thou that I the Gloster Duke, shuld as Protector sway?

And were you he was left behind, to make vs both away?

Wilt thou be ringleader to wrong, & must you guide the realme?

Nay ouer boord al such mates I hurl, whilst I do guid the helm

He weed you out by one and one, Ile burne you vp like chaffe,

Ile send your stock vp by the rootes, that yet in triumphs laffe

Ric Alas good Dukes for ought I know, I neuer did offend,

Except vnto my Prince vnloyall I haue bene,

Then shew iust cause, why you exclaime so rashly in this soyt,

So falsely thus me to condemne, vpon some false report

But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by you?

Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in thy crue

Buc A¹ biauely spokē good old Earle, who tho his lims be num

He hath his tongue as much at vse, as tho his yeares were yong

Rich Speakest y^u the truth, how durst y^u speak, for iustice to apeale?

When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falshood do reueale

A Riuers blush, for shame to speake, like traitor as thou art

Rui A braid¹ you me as traitor to your grace
 No altho a prisoner, I retaine defiance in thy face
 The Chronicles I record, talk of my fidelitie, & of my
 progeny,
 Whei, as in a glas yⁿ maist behold, thy ancestors &
 their trechery
 The wars in France, Irish cōflicts, & Scotland knowes
 my trust,
 When thou hast kept thy skin vnscard, and let thine
 armor rust
 How thou vniustly here exclaim'st,
 Yea far from loue or kin,
 Was this the oath which at our princes death,
 With vs thou didst combine?²
 But time permits² not now, to tell thee all my
 minde
 For well tis known that but for fear, you neuer wold
 haue clind³
 Let Commons now haue it in hand, the matter is
 begun,
 Of whom I feare the lesser sort, vpon thy part will
 run.
 My Lords, I cannot breath it out in words like to
 you but this,
 My honor, I will set to sale,⁴ let any comman man
 come in,
 And say Earle Riuers faith vnto his Prince did
 quaile,
 Then will I lose my lands and life, but if none so can
 doo,

¹ Braid for upbraid See Huloet's Dict The word is used by Shakespeare —

"'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it"

—² "Pericles," Scene I

² Old copy omits *not*

³ Climb'd

⁴ Pledge?

Then thou Protector inur'st me, and thy copartner
too

But since as Iudges here you are, and taking no
remorce,

Spare me not, let me haue law, in iustice do your
worst

Buc My Lord, lay down a cooling card,¹ this
game is gone too far,

You haue him fast, now cut him off, for feare of ciuill
war,

Iniurious Earle I hardly brooke, this portion thou
hast giuen,

Thus with my honor me to touch, but this must shall
begin

Ric But as thou art I leaue thee here,

Vnto the officers custody,

First bare him to Pomphret Castle,

Charge them to keep him secretly

And as you heare from me so deale,

Let it be done immediatly

Take from our Garrison one whole band

To guard him thither safely

Ric And send'st thou me to common Iayle?

Nay then I know thy minde

God bless these yoong and tender babes

That I do leaue behinde

And God aboue protect them day and night,

Those are the marks thou aim'st at, to rid them from
their right

Farewell sweet England and my country men,

Earle Riuers leades the way

Yet would my life might rid you from this thrall,

¹ A card so decisive as to cool the courage of the conquerors—

"There all is marr'd, there lies a cooling card"

—"First Part of Henry VI," v. 4.

But for my stock and kindred to the Queen, I greatly
feare thē all

And thus disloyall Duke farewell, when euer this is
knowne,

The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine
owne¹ [Exit

Rich So now my Lord of Buckingham, let us
hoyst vp saile while the winde serues, this hot begin-
ning must haue a quicke dispatch, therefore I charge
and command straightly,² that euerie high way be
laid close, that none may be suffered to canie this
newes before we our selues come, for if word come
before vs, then is our pretence bewraide, and all we
haue done to no effect If any aske the cause why
they may not passe, vse my authoritie, and if he resist
shoote him through Now my Lord of Buckingham,
let vs take post hoise to Stony Stratford, where hap-
pily ile say grace to the Princes dinner, that I will
make the deuoutest of them forget what meat they
eate, and yet all for the best I hope [Exit.

*Enter the yoong PRINCE, LORD GRAY, SIR THOMAS
VAUGHON, SIR RICHARD HAPC, and their traine.*

Hap Lord Gray, you do discomfort the King by
reason of your heauinesse

Gray Alasse sir Richard, how can I be merry
when we haue so great a charge of his giace and
again this makes me to greeue the more, because wee
cannot heare from Earle Riuers, which makes me
think the Protector and he haue bene at some words

King. Why good vnkle comfort your selfe, no doubt

¹ Part of the old play of "King John," which preceded Shakespeare's drama, is also in ballad measure And see Reed's "Shakespeare," xx 462.

² Strictly.

my vnkle Earle Riuers is well, & is comming no doubt with my vnkle of Gloster to meete vs, else we should haue heard to the contrarie If any haue cause to feare, it is my selfe, therefore good vnkle comfort your selfe and be not sad

Gray The sweete ioyce of such a grape would comfort a man where he halfe dead, and the sweete words of such a Prince would make men carlesse of mishaps, how dangerous soeuer

Hapc Lord Gray, we heare now by all likelihoods the Protector not to be farre, therefore wee are to entertaine him and the Duke of Buckingham with curtesie, both for the Princes beha'c and for our owne

Gray Sir Richard Hapc, I shall hardly snew the Protector or the Duke of Buckingham any mery courtenance, considering how hardly I haue been vsed by them both, but yet for love to my prince I will biddle my affectiō, but in good time they come

*Enters RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and then
traine*

Rich Long liue my Princely Nephew and al happinesse

King Thankes vnckle of Gloster for your curtesie, yet you haue made hast, for we lookt not for you as yet

Rich Therein I shew my humble dutie to your grace whose life I wish to redouble your deceased fathers dayes.

King Thankes good vnckle.

Buc. Long liue my gracious Prince

King Thankes Buckingham, but vnckle you wil beare vs company towards London?

Rich For that cause we came

Buc. Gentlemen on afore keep your roomes, how

now Lord Gray doo you iustle in the presence of the King? This is more then needs

Gray My Lord, I scaice touched you, I hope it be no offence

Rich Sir no great offence, but inward enuy will burst out No Lord Gray, you cannot hide your malice to vs of the Kings blood

King Why good vnckle let me know the cause of your suddaine quarrell?

Rich Marry thus noble Nephew, the old wound of enuy, being rubbed by Lord Grayes venomous rashnesse, is growne to such a venomous sore that it is incurable, without remouue of dead flesh

Buc Lord Gray, I do so much dislike thy abuse, that were it not in presence of the Prince, I would bid thee combate but thus and it shal like your grace, I arest, & atache this Lord Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughon, and Richard Hapce, of high treason to your grace And that Lord Gray hath conueyed money out of the Tower to relieue our enemies the Scots, and now by currying favor with your Maestie, he thinkes it to be hid

Rich Only this I adde, you gouerne the Prince without my authoritie, allowing me no more then the bare name of Protector, which I wil haue in the despiht of you, and therefore as your competitor Earle Riuers is already imprisoned, so shall you be, till time afford the law to take place

Gray. But whereas we are atacht as traytors to his grace, and gouerne him without your authoritie, why we have authority from the mother Queene. And for the deluery of the mony to the Scots, it was done by a generall consent of you all, and that I haue your hands to shew for my discharge, therfore your arest & attachment is not lawfull. & yet as lawfull as your quarrell is right

Rich. Thy presumption condemnes thee Lord

Gray, thy arest is lawfull. Therefore see them speedily and secretly imprisoned, and after the coronation they shall answer it by law, meane while, Officers looke to your charge.

King. A Gods, and is it iustice without my consent? Am I a King and beare no authoritie? My louing kindred committed to prison as traytors in my presence, and I stand to giue aime at them.¹ A Edward, would thou laist by thy fathers side, or else he had liued till thou hadst bin better able to rule. If my neere kindred be committed to prison, what remains for me, a crowne? A but how? so beset with sorrows, that the care & grief wil kil me ere I shall enioy my kingdome. Well since I cannot command, I wil intreat. Good vnkle of Gloster, for all I can say little, but for my vnkle Lord Gray, what need he be a theef or conuey money out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good vnkle let me baile them all; If not, I will baile my vnkle Lord Gray if I may.

Rich. Your grace vndertakes you know not what, the matters are perillous, especially against the Lord Gray.

King. What perilous matters, considering he is a friend to vs?

Rich. He may be a friend to win fauour, & so climbe to promotion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

King. I know my vnkle will conceale no treason, or dangerous secresie from vs.

Rich. Yes secrets that are too subtil for babes. Alasse my Lord you are a child, and they vse you as a child: but they consult and conclude of such mat-

¹ To give *aim* was to stand within a convenient distance from the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the mark,

ters, as were we not carefull, would proue preiudiciall to your Maiesties person Therefore let not your grace feare any thing by our determination, for as my authoritie is onely vnder your grace, so shall my loyaltie deserue hereafter the iust recompence of a true subiect, therefore I hauing chaige frō my brother your father, & our late deceased king, during the minoritie of your grace, I will vse my authoritie as I see good

King Ay me vnhappy king

Gray Nay let not your grace be dismayd for our imprisonmēt, but I would we could wariant your grace from harme, & so we humbly take our leaues of your grace, hoping that ere long we shall answer by law to the shame & disgrace of you all [Exit

Rich Go, you shall answer it by law

King But come vnkle shal we to Lon to our vntimely coronatiō?

Rich. What else and please your maiestie, where by the way I will appoint trustie Officers about you

Buc Sound Trumpet in this parley, God saue the King

Rich Richard ¹

Enter the mother QUEENE, and her young sonne the DUKE OF YORKE, and ELIZABETH

Yorke May it please your grace to shew to your children the cause of your heaviness, that we knowing it, may be copartners of your sorrows

Queen. Ay me poore husbandles queene, and you poor fatherlesse princes

Eliz Good mother expect the liuing, and forget

¹ There is character in still making Gloucester try the sound of his greatness.

the dead What tho our Father be dead, yet behold his children, the image of himselfe

Queen Ay poore Princes, my mourning is for you and for your brother, who is gone vp to an vntimely crownation

Eliz Why mother he is a Prince, and in handes of our two vnckles, Earle Riuers & Lord Gray, who wil no doubt be carefull of his estate

Queen I know they will, but kings haue mortall enemies, as well as friends that esteeme and regaid them A sweet childien, when I am at rest my nightly dreames are dreadful Me thinks as I lie in my bed, I see the league broken which was swoine at the deathe of your kingly father, tis this my children and many other causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to lament as she doth.

Yorke May it please your grace

Queen A my son, no more grace, for I am so soile disgraced, that without Gods grace, I fall into dispaue with myself, but who is this?

Enter a MESSENGER

Yorke What art thou that with thy gastly lookes preaseth into sanctuary, to affright our mother Queene

Mess A sweet Princes, doth my countenance bewray me?

My newes is doubtfull and heaue

Eliz Then uttei it to vs, that our mother may not heare it

Queen A yes my friend, speake what ere it be

Mess Then thus may it please your grace, The yong prince comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnckles, Earle Riuers and Lord Gray and the rest of your kindred, was by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector, met at stonie Stratford, where on a suddaine grew malice betweene the

Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Gray, but in the end, the Duke of Buckinghams malice grew so great, that he arested and attached all those of your kindred of high treason, whereupon the Protector being too rash in iudgement, hath committed them all to Pomphret Castle

Queen Where I feare he will butcher them all, but where is the Prince my sonne?

Mess He remains at London in the Bishops palace, in the hands of the Protector

Queen A traitors, will they laie hands on their Prince, and imprison his Peeres, which no doubt meanes well towards him But tell me, art not thou seruant to the Arch-Bishop of Yorke?

Mess Yes and it please your grace, for himselfe is here at hand with Letters from the Councell, and here he comes

Enter CARDINALL

Queen But here my friend, grieve had almost made me forget thy reward A come my Lord, thou bringest the heaue newes, come shoote thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with grieve alreadie

Car What ere my newes be, haue patience, the Duke of Gloster greets your grace

Queen. Draw home my Lord, for now you hit the marke

Car The Prince your sonne doth greeete your grace

Queen A happie gale that blew that arrow by, A let me see the Letter that he sent, perhaps it may prolong my life awhile.

Yorke How doth my brother, is he in health my Lord?

Car. In health sweete Prince, but longes to haue thy companie.

Yorke. I am content, if my mother will let me go.

Car. Content or not, sweete Prince it must be so.

Queen. Hold, and haue they perswaded thee my sonne to haue thy brother too away from me, nay first I will know what shall become of thee, before I send my other sonne to them.

Car. Looke on this Letter and aduise yourselfe, for thus the Councell hath determined.

Queen. And haue they chosen thee among the rest, for to perswade me to this enterprize? No my Lord, and thus perswade your selfe, I will not send him to be butchered.

Car. Your grace misdoubts the worst, they send for him only to haue him bedfellow to the King, and there to staie & keep him company. And if your sonne miscary, then let his blood be laid vnto my charge: I know their drifts and what they do pretend, for they shall both this night sleepe in the Tower, and to morrow they shall both come forth to his happie coronation. Vpon my honour this is the full effect, for see the ambusht nobles are at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will not by faire meanes let him go.

Queen. Why my Lord will you breake Sanctuary, and bring in rebels to affright vs thus? No, you shall rather take away my life before you get my boy away from me.

Car. Why Madame haue you taken Sanctuary?

Queen. I my Lord, and high time too I trow.

Card. A heauie case when Princes flie for aide, where cut-throates, rebels, and bankerouts should be. But Madame what answere do you returne, if I could perswade you, twere best to let him go.

Queen. But for I see you counsell for the best, I am content that you shall haue my son, in hope that you will send him safe to me, here I deliuer him into you hands. Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

Yorke Mother farewell, and farewell sister too, I will but see my brother and returne to you

Queen Teares stops my speech Come let vs in my Lord [Exit

Car I will attend vpon your grace Hold take the Prince, the Queen & I haue done, Ile take my leaue, and after you ile come [Exit CAR

Yorke How now my friend, shall I go to my brother?

Cat What else sweete Prince, and for that cause wee are come to beare you company [Exit omnes

Enter foure watchmen Enter RICHARDS Page

Page Why thus by keeping company, am I become like vnto those with whom I keepe company As my Loide hopes to weare the Crowne, so I hope by that means to haue preferment, but in steed of the Crowne, the blood of the headles light vpon his head he hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threatner and will haue reuenge He makes hauocke of all to bring his puirose to passe all those of the Queens kinred that were committed to Pomphret Castle, hee hath caused them to be secretly put to death without iudgemēt the like was neuer seen in England He spares none whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer to his proceedings, he is straight chopt vp in prison The valiant Earle of Oxford being but mistrusted, is kept close prisoner in Hames Castle Againe, how well Doctor Shaw hath pleased my Lord, that preached at Paules Crosse yesterday, that proued the two Princes to be bastards, whereupon in the after noone came downe my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to Baynards Castle, and offered my Lord the whole estate vpon him, and offered to make him King, which he refused so faintly, that if it had bene offered

once more, I know he would haue taken it, the Duke of Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making his Oration But here comes my Lord

Enter RICHARD and CATESBY

Rich Catesby content thee, I haue warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be wonne, tis better to cut him off then suffer him, he hath bene all this while partaker to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike vtter it, then were we all cast away

Cat Nay my Lord do as you will, yet I haue spoken what I can in my friends cause

Rich Go to, no more ado Catesby, they say I haue bin a long sleeper to day, but ile be awake anon to some of their costs But sirrha are those men in readnesse that I appointed you to get?

Page I my Lord, & giue diligent attendance vpon your grace

Rich Go to, looke to it then Catesby, get thee thy weapons readie, for I will enter the Court.

Cat I will my Lord [Exit¹

Page Doth my Lord say he hath bene a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion, that thinks his grace lieth neuer lōg enough a bed Now there is court held to day by diuerse of the Councell, which I feare me wil cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Standley their best cappes for my Lord hath willed mee to get halfe a dozen ruffians in readnesse, and when he knocks with his fist vpon the boord, they to rush in, and to cue, treason, treason, and to laie hands vpon the Lord Hastings, and the Lord

¹ For *Exit* with *Richard*

Stannley, which for feare I should let slip, I will giue my diligent attendance

Enter RICHARD, CATESBY, and others, *pulling* LORD HASTINGS

Rich Come bring him away, let this suffice, thou and that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brothers, Shores wife my withered arme is a sufficient testimony, deny it if thou canst laie not Shores wife with thee last night?

Hast That she was in my house my Lord I cannot deny, but not for any such matter If

Rich If, villain, feedest thou me with Ifs & ands, go fetch me a Priest, make a short shift, and dispatch him quickly For by the blessed Saint Paule I sweare, I will not dine till I see the traytors head, away Sir Thomas, suffer him not to speak, see him executed straight & let his copartner the Lord Standly be carried to prison also, tis not his broke head I haue guen him, shall excues him

[*Exit with* HASTINGS¹

Catesbie goe you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the Citie of London by a Herald of Armes, that the cause of his death and the rest, were for conspiring by Witchcraft the death of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might gouern the King and rule the realme, I thinke the proclamation be almost done

Cat I my good Lord, and finished too

Rich Well then about it But hearst thou Catesbie, meane while I will listen after successe of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the Citizens of London to make me King,

¹ Compare Shakespeare's play, act iii sc 4

which I hope will be shortly, for thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we neerer the mark then before, and when I haue it, looke thou for the place of thy friend the Lord Hastings, meane while about thy businesse

Cat I thanke your grace [Exit CATESBIE]

Rich Now sirrha to thee, there is one thing more vndone, which grieues me more then all the rest, and to say the truth, it is of more importance then all the rest

Page Ah that my Lord would vtter it to his Page, then should I count my selfe a happie man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt

Rich I commend thy willingnesse, but it is too mightie, and reacheth the starres.

Page The more waightie it is, the sooner shall I by doing it increase your honours good liking toward me

Rich Be assured of that, but the matter is of waight & great importance, and doth concerne the state

Page Why my Lord, I will choake them with gifts that shall performe it, therefore good my Lord, trust me in this cause

Rich Indeed thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to vtter it vnto thee Come hither, & yet the matter is too waightie for so meane a man

Page. Yet good my Lord, vtter it

Rich Why thus it is, I would haue my two Nephewes the yoong Prince and his brother secretly murdered, Sownes villaine tis out, wilt thou do it? or wilt thou betray me?

Page My Lord you shall see my forwardnesse herein, I am acquainted with one Iames Terrell, that lodgeth hard by your honors chamber, with him my Lord will I so worke, that soone at night you shall speake with him

Rich Of what reputation or calling is that Terrell, may we trust him with that which once knowne, were the vtter confusion of me and my friends for ever?

Page. For his trust my Lord, I dare be bounde, onely this, a poore gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your grace and vpon my credit my Lord, he will see it done

Rich Well in this be verie circumspect and sure with thy diligence, be liberall, and looke for a day to make thee blesse thy self, wherein thou seiuedst so good a Lord And now that Shores wifes goods be confiscate, goe from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receiue her open penance, let her be turned out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserued that plague and let there be straight proclamation made by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall releuee her nor pittie her, and priue spies set in euerie corner of the Citie, that they may take notice of them that releuees her for as her beginning was most famous aboue all, so will I haue her end most infamous aboue all Haue care now my boy, and win thy maisters heart for euer

Enter SHORES wife

Shor Ah unfortunate Shores wife, dishonour to the King, a shame to thy countrey, and the onely blot of defame to all thy kindred Ay why was I made faire that a King should fauour me? But my friends should haue preferd discipline before affection for they know of my folly, yea my owne husband knew of my breach of disloyaltie, and yet suffered me, by reason hee knew it bootlesse to kicke against the pricke A sweet King Edward, little didst thou thinke Shores wife should haue bene so hardly vsed, thy vnnaturall brother not concent with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custodie, but yet more

to adde to my present miserie, hath proclaimed vpon
 great penaltie, that none whatsoeuer shall either aide
 or succou me, but here being comfortlesse to die in
 the streets with hunger I am constrained to beg,
 but I feare tis in vaine, for none will pittie me Yet
 here come one to whom I have done good, in
 restoring his lands that were lost, now will I trie him
 to see if he will giue mee any thing

Enters LODOWICKE

Lod A time how thou suffrest fortune to alter
 estates, & changest the mindes of the good for the
 worst How many headlesse Peeres sleepe in their
 graues, whose places are furnish with their inferiours?
 Such as are neither nobly borne, nor vertuously
 minded My heart hardly bewailes the losse of the
 yoong King, by the outrage of the Protector, who
 hath proclaimed himselfe King, by the name of
 Richard the third The Commons murmure at it
 greatly, that the yoong King and his brother should
 be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say, but
 many thinks they shall neuer come forth againe
 But God do all for the best, and that the right heires
 may not be vtterly ouerthrowne

Shor A gods what a grieve is it for me to aske,
 where I haue guen

Lod A my good Lord Hastings, how innocently
 thou diedst the heauens beare witness

Shor Good sir, take pittie vppon mee, and releue
 mee

Lod Indeed tis pittie to see so faire a face to aske
 for almes,

But tell me, has thou no friends?

Shor Yes sir I had many frends, but when my
 chieftest friend of all died, the rest then forsooke me

Lod. Belike then thy fact was notorious, that thy

friends leauing thee would let thee go as a spoyle for villaines But heerst thou I prethie tell me the truth, and as I am a gentleman, I will pittie thee

Shor A Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why halfe this intreatie serued thee, when thy lands had bene cleane gone had it not bene for Shores wife, and doest thou make me so long to begge for a litle

Lod Indeed my lands I had restored me by mistresse Shore, but may this be she?

Shor I Lodowicke, I am she that begged thy lands of King Edward the fourth, therefore I pray thee bestow something on me,

Lod A gods what is this world, and how vncertaine are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with the King? Nay more that could command a King indeed? I cannot deny but my lands she restored me, but shall I by releeuing of her hurt my selfe, no for straight proclamation is made that none shall succour her, therefore for feare I should be seene talke with her, I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set downe in heroicall verse, the shamefull end of a Kings Concubine, which is no doubt as wonderfull as the desolation of a kingdome [Exit.

Shor A Lodowick if thou wilt giue me nothing, yet staie and talke with me A no he shuns my company, all my friends now forsake mee In prosperitie I had many, but in aduersitie none A gods haue I this for my good I haue done, for when I was in my cheefest pomp, I thought that day wel spent wherein I might pleasure my friend by sutes to the King, for if I had spoken, he would not have said nay For tho he was King, yet Shores wife swayd the sword I where neede was, there was I bountifull, and mindfull I was still vppon the poore to releue them, and now none will know me nor succour me therefore here shall I die for want of sustenance Yet here

comes another whom I haue done good vnto in
sauing the life of his sonne, wel I will trie him, to see
if he will giue me any thing

Enter a CITIZEN and another

Cit No men no lawes, no Prince no orders, alls
husht neighbour now hees king, but before he was
king how was the tems¹ thwackt with iuffians? what
fraies had we in the streets? Now he hath pro-
claimed peace betweene Scotland and England for
sixe yeares, to what end I know not, vsurpers had
need to be wise

Shor A good sir releue me, and bestow something
vpon me

Cit A neighbour, hedges haue eyes, and high-
wayes haue eares, but who ist a beggar-woman? the
streets are full of them, Ifaith But heeres thou, hast
thou no friendes that thou goest a begging so?

Shor Yes sir I had friendes, but they are all dead
as you are

Cit Why am I dead neighbour? why thou arrant
queane what meanst thou by that?

Shor I meane they are dead in charitie But I
pray sir, had not you the life of your sonne saued in
the time of king Edward the fourth by one Shores
wife?

Cit Yes marry had I, but art thou a sprig of the
same bough? I promise you neighbor I thoght so,
that so idle a huswife could not be without the
acquaintance of so noble a strumpet well for her
sake ile giue thee somewhat

Shor Nay then know, that I am shee that saued
the life of thy condemned sonne

Cit Who art thou Shores wife? Lye still purse,

¹ Thames?

neighbour I would not for twentie pounds haue giuen her one farthing, the proclamation is so hard by king Richard Why minion are you she that was the dishonour to the King? the shame to her husband, the discredit to the Citie? Heare you, laie your fingers to worke, and get thereby somewhat to maintaine you O neighbour I grow verie cholouricke, and thou didst saue the life of my sonne, why if thou hadst not, another would and for my part, I would he had bene hangd seuen yeeres ago, it had saued me a great deale of mony then But come let vs go in, & let the quean alone [Exeunt

Shor Alasse thus am I become an open shame to the world, here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance, alasse is my fact so heinous that none will pitie me? Yet heere comes another to whom I haue done good, who is least able to please me, yet I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing

Enter MORTON a Seruing man

Mor Now sir, who but king Richard beares sway, and hath proclaimed Iohn Earle of Linclone, here aparant to the Crown, the yoong Princes they are in the Tower, nay some saies more, they are murdered But this makes me to muse, the Duke of Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all to helpe him to the Crowne, but the Duke of Buckingham is rid downe to Breaknock-Castle in Wales, and there he meanes to raise vp a power to pull down the vsurper but let them agree as they will, for the next faire winde ile ouer seas

Shor A Shores Wife, so neere driuen, to beg of a seruing man, I, necessitie hath no law, I must needs Good sir releue me, and giue me something.

Ser Why what art thou?

Shor In briefe Morton, I am Shores wife, that haue done good to all

Ser A foole, and euer thy owne enemy In troth mistresse Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, weelee part stakes, but soft I cannot do what I would, I am watcht

Enters PAGE

Shor Good Morton releue me

Ser What should I releue my Kings enemy?

Shor Why thou promist thou wouldst

Ser I tell thee I wil not, & so be answered
Sownes I would with all my heart, but for yonder villaine, a plague on him

Page An honest fellow I warrant him How now Shores wife will none releue thee? *[Exit*

Shor. No one will releue her, that hath bene good to all

Page Why twere pitie to do thee good, but me thinkes she is fulsome and stinkes

Shor If I be fulsome shun my company, for none but thy Lord sought my miserie, and he hath vndone me

Page Why hath he vndone thee? nay thy wicked and naughtie life hath vndone thee, but if thou wantest maintenance, why doest thou not fall to thy old trade againe?

Shor Nay villaine, I haue done open penance, and am sorie for my sinnes that are past

Page Sownes is Shores wife become an holie whoore, nay then we shall neuer haue done

Shor Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee But I prethie leaue me, and get thee from me

Page And cannot you keepe the Citie but you must runne gadding to the Court, and you staie here

a litle longer, ile make you be set away, and for my part, would all whoores were so seiued, then there would be fewer in England then there be And so farewell good mistresse Shore *[Exit*

Shor And all such vsurping kings as thy Lord is, may come to a shamefull end, which no doubt I may liue yet to see Therefore sweet God forgiue all my foule offence

And though I haue done wickedly in this world, Into hell fire, let not my soule be hurld *[Exit*

Enter MAISTER TERRILL, and SIR ROBERT BROKENBERRY

Bro Maister Terrill, the King hath written, that for one night I should deliuer you the keyes, and put you in full possession But good M Terrell, may I be so bold to demand a question without offence?

Ter Else God forbid, say on what ere it be

Bro Then this maister Terrell, for your comming I partly know the cause, for the king oftentimes hath sent to me to haue them both dispatcht, but because I was a seruant to their father being Edward the fourth, my heart would neuer giue me to do the deed

Ter Why sir Robert you are beside the matter, what neede you vse such speeches what matters are betweene the King and me, I pray you leaue it, and deliuer me the keyes

Bro A here with teares I deliuer you the keyes, and so farwell maister Terrell *[Exit*

Ter Alasse good sir Robert, hee is kind hearted, but it must not pieuaile, what I haue promised the King I must performe. But ho Myles Forest

For Here sir

Ter. Myles Forest, haue you got those men I spake of, they must be resolute and pittlesse

For I warrant you sir, they are such pittillesse villaines, that all London cannot match them for their villanie, one of their names is Will Sluter, yet the most part calles him blacke Will, the other is Iack Denten, two murtherous villaines that are resolute

Ter I prethie call them in that I may see them, and speake with them

For Ho Will and Iack

Will Here sir, we are at hand

For These be they that I told you of

Ter Come hither sirs, to make a long discourse were but a folly, you seeme to be resolute in this cause that Myles Foist hath deliuered to you, therefore you must cast away pitie, & not so much as thinke upon fauour, for the more stearne that you are, the more shall you please the King

Will Zownes sir, nere talke to vs of fauour, tis not the first that Iack and I haue gone about

Ter Well said, but the Kings pleasure is this, that he wil haue no blood shead in the deed doing, therefore let me heare your aduises?

For Why then I thinke this maister Terrell, that as they sit at supper there should be two dags¹ readie charged, and so suddainly to shoote them through

Ter No, I like not that so well, what saiest thou Will, what is thy opinion?

Will Tush, heeies more adoo then needes, I pray bring mee wheie they are, and ile take them by the heeles and beate then braines against the walles

Ter Nay that I like not, for tis too tyrannous

Dout Then heare me maister Terrell, let Will take one, and ile take another, and by the life of Iack Douton weeie cut both their throates

Ter Nay sirs, then heare me, I will haue it done

¹ Pistols

in this order, when they be both a bed at rest, Myles Forest thou shalt bring them vp both, and betweene two feather beds smother them both

For Why this is verie good, but stand aside, for here comes the Princes, ile bring you word when the deed is done
[*Exit* TERRILL

Enter the PRINCES

Yorke How fares my noble Lord and louing brother?

King A worthie brother, Richard Duke of Yorke, my cause of sorrow is not for my selfe, but this is it that addes my sorrow more, to see our vnckle whom our father left as our Protector in minortie, should so digresse from dutie, loue and zeale, so vnkindly thus to keepe vs vp prisoners, and know no sufficient cause for it

Yorke Why brother comfort your selfe, for tho he detaine vs a while, he will not keepe vs long, but at last he will send vs to our louing mother againe. whither if it please God to send vs, I doubt not but that our mother would keepe vs so safe, that all the Prelates in the worlde should not deprive her of vs againe so much I assure myselfe of But here comes Myles Forest, I prethy Myles tell my kingly brother some mery storie to passe away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy

King No Myles, tell me no mery storie, but answer me to one question, what was he that walked with thee in the Gardeine, me thought he had the keyes?

For My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the King to be an ayde to sir Thomas Brokenbury

King Did the King, why Myles Forest, am not I King?

For. I would have said my Lord your vnckle the Protector¹

King Nay my kingly vnckle I know he is now, but let him enioye both Crowne and kingdome, so my brother and I may but enjoy our lues and libeitie But tell me, is sir Robert Brokenbery cleane discharged?

For No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night or two

King Nay then, new officers, new lawes, would we had kept the old still But who are they whose gastly lookes doth päsent a dying feare to my liuing bodie I prethee tell me Myles what are they?

For One my Lord is called Iack Denten, the other is called Will Slawter But why starts your grace?

King Slawter, I pray God he come not to slaughter my brother and me, for from murther and slaughter, good Lord deliver vs. But tell me Myles is our lodg-ing prepared?

For I my Lord, if it please your brother & you to walke vp

King Then come brother, we will go to bed

For I will attend vpon your grace

Yorke Come Myles Forest beaie vs company

For Sirs staie you two here, and when they are a sleep ile call you vp [Exit

Den I promise thee Will, it greues mee to see what mone these yong Princes make, I had rather then fortie pounds I had nere tane it in hand, tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes, I like it not.

Will Why you base slaue, are you faint hearted, a little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee

Den Nay go forward, for now I am resolute. but come, lets too it

¹ See Shakespcare, act 11 sc 1.

Will I prethee staie, heele call vs vp anon But sirrha Iacke, didst thou mark how the King started when he heard my name? What will he do when he feeles me?

For But ho sus, come softly, for now they are at rest

Will Come we are readie, by the masse they are a sleepe indeed

For I heare they sleepe, and sleepe sweet Princes neuer wake no more, for you haue seene the last light in this world

Iack Come presse them downe, it bootes not to cry againe, Iack vpon them so lustily But maister Foirest now they are dead what shall we do with them?

For Why goe and bury them at the heape of stones at the staue foote, while I goe and tell maister Terrell that the deed is done

Will Well we will, farewell maister Forest

Enter TERRELL

Ter How now Myles Forest, is this deed dispatcht?

For I sir, a bloodie deed we haue performed

Ter But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

For I haue conueyd them to the staues foote among a heape of stones, and anon ile carry them where they shall be no more founde againe, nor all the cronicles shall nere make mentiō what shall become of them yet good maister Terrell, tell the King my name, that he may but reward me with a kingly thanks

Ter. I will go certifie the King with speed, that Myles Forest, Will Slawter, and Iack Denten, they three haue done the deed And so farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM with his dagger
drawne*

*Ban*¹ Ah good my Lord, saue my life

Buc Ah villaine, how canst thou aske for meicie,
when thou hast so vniustly betraied me?

Ban I desire your grace but gve me leave to
speake

Buc I speake thy last villain, that those that heare
it, may see how vniustly thou hast betraied me

Ban Then thus my Lord First, the proclamation
was death to him that harboured your grace

Buc Ah villaine, and a thousand crownes to him
that could betraie me

Ban Ah my Lord, my obeysance to my Prince is
more

Buc Ah villain, thou betraiedst me for lucre, and
not for dutie to thy Prince, why Banister, a good ser-
uant thinkes his life well spent, that spends it in the
quarrel of his maister But villain make thyselfe
readie, and here receiue thy death

Enter a HERALD

Her Henry Duke of Buckingham, I aiest thee in
King Richards name as a traytor.

Buc Well Herald, I will obey thy rest. But am I
arrested in King Richardes name, vsurping Richard,
that insatiate blood succour, that traitor to God &
man. Ah Richard, did I in Guild Hall pleade the
Orator for thee, and held thee in all thy sle and
wicked practices, and for my reward doest thou alot
me death? Ah Buckingham, thou plaidst thy part
and made him King, and put the lawfull heeres be-
sides why then is Buckingham guiltie now of his

¹ Banister.

death? yet had not the Bishop of Ely fled, I had escaped

Enters sixe others to rescue the DUKE

All Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die
We will take him away by force

Her Why villaines, will you bee Traytours to your Prince?

Buc Nay good my friends giue me leaue to speake, and let me intreate you to laie your weapons by Then know this countiey men, the cause I am arested this, Is for bringing in your lawfull King, which is Henry Earle of Richmond now in Brittain¹, and meanes ere long to land at Milford Hauen in Wales, where I doo know hee shall haue ayde of the cheefest of the Welch, hee is your lawfull King, and this a wrongfull vsurper When you shall heare of him landed in that place, then take vp weapons and amaine to him, hee is the man must leaue you of this yoake, and send the vsurper headlesse to his home, and poore Buckingham praies upon his knees, to blesse good Richmond in his enterprise, and when the conquest shall be guen to him, graunt he may match with Ladie Elizabeth, as promise hath to fore by him bene past, while² then my friendes, leaue mee alone to death, and let me take this punishment in peace Ah Buckingham was not thy meaning good in displacing the usurper, to raise a lawfull king? Ah Buckingham it was too late, the lawfull heires were smothered in the Tower, sweet Edward and thy brother, I nere slept quiet thinking of their deaths But vaunt Buckingham, thou wast altogether innocent of their deaths But thou vilain, whom of a child I nurst thee vp, and hast so vmustly betraid thy Lorde?

¹ Bretagne

² Till

Let the curse of Buckingham nere depart from thee
 Let vengeance, mischiefes, tortures, light on thee and
 thine And after death thou maist more torture feele,
 then when Exeon turnes the restlesse wheele And
 banne thy soule were ere thou seeme to rest But
 come my friends, let me away

Her My Lord, we are sorie But come laie handes
 on Banister *[Exeunt]*

Enter KING RICHARD, SIR WILLIAM CATESBIE, and
others

King The goale is got, and golden Crowne is
 wonne,
 And well deservest thou to weare the same,
 That ventured hast thy bodie and thy soule,
 But what bootes Richard, now the Diademe
 Or kingdome got, by murther of his friends,
 My fearefull shadow that still followes me,
 Hath summond me before the seuerer iudge,
 My conscience witnesse of the blood I spilt,
 Accuseth me as guiltie of the fact,
 The fact a damned iudgement craues,
 Whereas impartiall iustice hath condemned
 Meethinks the Crowne which I before did weare,
 Inchast with Pearle and costly Diamonds,
 It turned now into a fatall wreath,
 Of fiery flames, and euer burning staries,
 And raging fiends hath past ther vgly shapes,
 In Stygian¹ lakes, adrest to tend on me,
 If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremitie?
 Nay what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt?
 Euen repent, craue mercie for thy damned fact,
 Appeale for mercy to thy righteous God,
 Ha repent, not I, craue mercy they that list

¹ Old copy, *student* Boswell's correction

My God, is none of mine Then Richard be thus
resolu'd,

To place thy soule in ballance with their blood,¹
Soule for soule, and bodie for bodie, yea mary
Richard,

That's good, Catesbie

Cat You cald my Lorde, I thinke ?

King It may be so But what thinkst thou
Catesbie ?

Cat Of what my Lord ?

King Why of all these troubles

Cat Why my Lord, I hope to see them happily
ouercom'd²

King How villain, doest thou hope to see me hap-
pily ouercom'd ?

Cat Who you my Lord ?

King Ay villaine, thou points at me, thou hopest
to see me ouercom'd

Cat No my good Lord, your enemies or else not.

King Ha, ha, good Catesbie, but what hearest thou
of the Duke of Buckingham ?

Cat Why he is dead my Lord, he was executed at
Salisbury yesterday.

King Why tis impossible, his friends hopes that he
shall outlue me, to be my head.

Cat Out-lue you, Lord thats straunge

¹ This line seems corrupt Aichdeacon Nares interprets *to valance*, to adorn with drapery, and quotes from "Hamlet"—

"Thy face is valanc'd [bearded] since I saw thee last"

Perhaps we should read, *To place thy soul in balance?* Old copy, *Pace—valence* Field's suggestion

² The ancient particle of *come* was *comed* or *comen* Daniel has the latter, and the former is vulgar with the Scotch to this day—

"He would have well becom'd this place"

—"Cymbelme," act v sc 1.

King No Catesbie, if a do, it must be in fames,¹
And since they hope he shall out lue me, to be my
head,
He hops without his head, & rests among his fellow
rebels

Cat Mary no foice² my Lord

King But Catesbie, what hearest thou of Henry
Earle of Richmond ?

Cat Not a word my Lord

King No · hearest thou not he lues in Brittain³,
In fauour with the Duke

Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against
vs,

And perswades him that hee is lineally descended
from Henry

The fourth, and that he hath right to the Crowne,
Therefore tell me what thinkst thou of the Earle ?

Cat My Lord, I thinke of the Earle as he doth
deserue,

A most famous gentleman

King Villaine doest thou praise my foe, and com
mend him to my face ?

Cat Nay my Lord, I wish he were as good a friend
as he is a foe, else the due deserts of a traitor

King Whats that ?

Cat Why my Lord, to loose his head

King Yea mary, I would twere off quickly, then
But more to the strengthening of his title,
She goes about to marry him to the Queenes eldest
daughter,

Ladie Elizabeth

Cat Indeed my Lord that I heard was concluded,
By all the nobilitie of Brittain

King Why then there it goes,
The great diuell of hell go with all.

¹ Flames.

² No matter

³ Bretagne

A marriage begun in mischief, shall end in blood
 I thinke that accursed sorceresse the mothei Queene,
 Doth nothing but bewitch me, and hatcheth con-
 spiracies,

And brings out perillous birds to wound
 Their Countries weale,
 The Earle is vp in Armes,
 And with him many of the Nobilitie,
 He hath ayde in France,
 He is rescued in Brittainie,
 And meaneth shortly to arriue in England
 But all this spites me not so much,
 As his escape from Landoyse the Dukes Treasurer,
 Who if he had bene prickt foorth for reuenge,
 He had ended all by apprehending of our foe,
 But now he is in disgrace with the Duke,
 And we farther off our purpose then to fore,
 But the Earle hath not so many byting dogs abroad,
 As we haue sleeping cures at home here,
 Readie for rescue

Cat But my Lord, I maruell how he should get aide
 there,

Considering he is no friend to Brittainie

King Ay so thou maist maruell how the Duke of
 Brittainie,

Durst wake such a foe as England against him,
 But euill faie makes open warre
 But who comes there Catsbie?
 Ha one of our spurres to reuenge
 The Lord Standley, father in law to Ladie Margaret,
 His comming is to vs Catsbie,
 Wert not that his life might serue,
 For apprehension against our foe,
 He should haue neither Iudge nor Iury,
 But guiltie death without any more ado
 Now Lord Standley, what newes?
 Haue you receued any letters of your late embassage
 into

Brittaine? What answere have you receiued of your letters?

Enter LORD STANDLEY, *and his sonne* GEORGE

Stan Why my Lord, for that I sent, I haue receiued
King And how doth your sonne then, is he in health?

Stan For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust
King Faith tell vs, when meanes he to arriue in England?

And how many of our Nobilitie is with him?
And what power is with him?

Stan And please your grace,
His power is unknowne to me,
Nor willingly would not I be priuy to such causes

King Oh good wordes Lord Standley, but giue me leaue to gleane out of your golden field of eloquence, how braue you pleade ignorance, as though you knew not of your sonnes departure into Brittain out of England

Stan Not I my Lord

King Why is not his mother thy wife, & dares he passe ouer without the blessing of his mother, whose husband thou art?

Stan I desire your maiestie but giue me leaue to speake?

King Yea speak Standley, no doubt some fine coloured tale

Stan And like your grace, wheas you mistrust that I knew of my sonnes departure, out of England into Brittain, God I take to record it was vnknowne to me, nor know not yet what his pretence is for at his departure, was I one of the priuy counsell to your brother King Edward the fourth, and that she was able to relieue him without my helpe I hope ner suf-

ficiencie is knowne to your grace Therefore I humbly craue pardon

King Well Standley, I feare it will be proued to the contrarie, that thou didst furnish him both with mony and munition, which if it be, then looke for no fauour at my hands, but the due deserts of a traitor but let this passe Whats your repaire to our presence?

Stan Only this my Lord, that I may repaue from the court, to my house in the country

King Ay sir, that you might be in Cheshire and Lancashire, then should your Postes passe inuisible into Brittain, and you to depart the realme at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intollerable foe vnder me, which I will not But Standley to be brief, thou shalt not go But soft Richard, but that it were better to be alone than to haue noysome company, hee shall goe, leauing for his loyaltie a sufficient pledge Come hither Standley, thou shalt goe, leauing me here thy sonne and heire George Standley for a pledge, that hee may perish for thy fault if neede should be, if thou likest this, goe, if not, answere me briefly, and say quickly no.¹

Stan I am to aduse my selfe vppon a secret cause, and of a matter that concernes me neare say that I leaue my sonne vnto the King, and that I should but aide Earle Richmond, my sonne George Standley dies, but if my faith be kept unto my Prince George Standley liues Well I will except the King's proffer And please your grace I am content, and will leaue my sonne to pledge

King Here come hither, and with thee take this lesson

Thou art set free for our defence,
Thou shalt vpon thy pledge make this promise,
Not only to staie the hinderance of the Earle,

¹ See Shakespeare, act iv. sc 4.

But to preuent his purpose with thy power
Thou shalt not seeke by any meanes to aide or rescue
him

This done, of my life thy sonne doth lue
But otherwise thy sonne dies and thou too, if I catch
thee

And it shall go hard but I will catch thee
Stan And you shall go apace, and yet go without me
But I humbly take my leaue of your grace Farewell
George

King How now, what do you giue him letters ?

Stan No my Lord I haue done

The second sight is sweet, of such a sonne [*Exit*

King Carry George Standley to prison

Geo Alasse my Lord, shall I go to prison ?

King Shall you go to prison, what a questions that ?
So picke the lambe, and wound the damme
How likest thou this Catesbie ?

Cat Oh my Lord so excellent that you haue im-
prisoned his sonne

King Nay now will we looke to the rest,
But I sent the Lord Louell to the mother Queene
Concerning my sute to her daughter Elizabeth,
But see in good time here he is

How now Louell, what newes ?
What saith the mother Queene to my sute ?

Enters LOUELL

Lou My Lord very strange she was at the first,
But when I had told her the cause, she gaue consent .
Desiring your maiestie to make the nobilitie priue to it

King God haue mercy Louell, but what saith Lady
Elizabeth ?

Lou Why my Lord, straunge, as women will be at
the first, But through intreatie of her mother, she
quicklie gaue consent. And the Queene wild me to

tel you grace, that she meanes to leaue Sanctuary,
and to come to the court with al her daughteis

King I marry Louell let not that opportunitie
slippe, looke to it Catesbie, be carefull for it Louell,
for thereby hangs such a chance, that may enrich vs
and our heires for euer But sirs hard ye nothing of
the Scottish Nobles that met at Nottingham, to con-
ferre about the marriage of my Neece

Cat. Not a word my Lord

Enters MESSENGER

King Gogs wounds who is that? seatch the villaine,
has he any dags about him?

Mess No my Lord I haue none

King From whence comes thou?

Mess From the Peeres at Nottingham and Scot-
land, & they greeete your Maiestie

Lou Sirrha is the marriage concluded betweene
the Scottish Earle and the faire Lady Rosa?

Cat. Prethie tell vs, is it concluded?

Page How saies thou, is it concluded?

King Nay will you giue me leaue to tell you that?
Why you villaines will you know the secrets of my
letter by interrupting messengers that are sent to me?
Away I say, begone, it is time to looke about away I
say, what here yet villaines?

Mess. My Lord, I haue some what to say besides?

King Then speake it, what hast thou to say?

Mess This my Lord, when the Peeies of England
and Scotland met at Nottingham together, to confer
about the marriage of your Neese, it was straight
determined that she shuld be married with the
Scottish Earle And further my Lord, the Councel
commanded me to deliuer vnto your grace the
treasons of Captain Blunt, who had the Earle of
'Oxford in charge in Hames castle, now are they both

fled, and purposeth to ayde the Earle of Richmond against your grace Now my Lord I take my leaue

King Messenger staie, hath Blunt betraied, doth Oxford rebell and aide the Earle Richmond, may this be true, what is our prison so weake, our friends so fickle, our Ports so ill lookt to, that they may passe and repasse the seas at their pleasures, then euerie one conspires, spoyles our Conflex, conqueres our Castles, and Armes themselues with their owne weapons vnresisted? O villaines, rebels, fugetives, theeues, how are we betrayd, when our owne swoorde shall beate vs, and our owne subiects seekes the subuersion of the state, the fall of their Prince, and sack of their country, of his,¹ nay neither must nor shall, for I will Army with my friends, and cut off my enemies, & beard them to their face that dares me, and but one, I one, beyond the seas that troubles me wel his power is weake, & we are strong, therefore I wil meet him with such melodie, that the singing of a bullet shal send him merily to his lōgest home Come follow me

Enter EARLE RICH² EARLE OXFORD, P LANDOVS, &
CAPTAIN BLUNT

Rich Welcome deare friends and louing countrymen,
Welcome I say to Englands blisfull Ile,
Whose forwardnesse I cannot but commend,
That thus do aide vs in our enterprise,
My right it is, and sole inheritance,
And Richard but vsurps in my authoritie,
For in his tyrannie he slaughtered those
That would not succour him in his attempts,
Whose guiltlesse blood craues daily at Gods hands,

¹ There seems to be some corruption here

² Richmond

Reuenge for outrage done to their harmlesse liues
 Then courage countrymen, and neuer be dismay'd,
 Our quarels good, and God will helpe the right,
 For we may know by dangers we haue past,
 That God no doubt will giue vs victorie

Ox If loue of gold, or feare of many foes,
 Could once haue danted vs in our attempts,
 Thy foote had neuer toucht the English shoare,
 And here Earle Oxford plites his faith to thee,
 Neuer to leaue in what we haue vndertane,
 But follow still with resolution,
 Till thou be crownd as conquerer in the field,
 Or lose thy life in following of thy right
 Thy right braue Richmond, which we wil maintaine
 Maugre the proudest bird of Richards brood
 Then cousin Richmond being resolved thus,
 Let vs straight to Arms, & God and S George for vs

Blunt As this braue Earle haue said, so say we all,
 We will not leaue thee till the field be wonne,
 Which if with fortunate successe we can performe,
 Thinke then Earle Richmond that I followed thee,
 And that shall be honour inough for mee

Lan So saith Landoyse that honors Richmond so
 With loue vnfeined for his valure past,
 That if your honour leade the way to death,
 Peeter Landoy hath sworne to follow thee
 For if Queen mother do but keepe her word,
 And what the Peeres haue promised be performed,
 Touching the marriage with Elizabeth,
 Daughter to our King Edward the fourth,
 And by this marriage ioyne in vnitie
 Those famous Houses Lancashire and Yorke,
 Then England shall no doubt haue cause to say,
 Edwards coronation was a ioyfull day
 And this is all Landoyes desires to see.

Rich. Thanks Landoyes, and here Earle Richmond
 vows,

If their kinde promises take but effect,
 That as they haue promised I be made King,
 I will so deale in gouerning the state,
 Which now lies like a sauage shultred groue,
 Where brambles, briars, and thornes, ouer-grow those
 sprigs,

Which if they might but spring to their effect,
 And not be crost so by their contraries,
 Making them subiect to these outrages,
 Would proue such members of the Common-weale,
 That England should in them be honoured,
 As much as euer was the Romane state,
 When it was gouernd by the Councels rule,
 And I will draw my sword braue country-men,
 And neuer leaue to follow my resolute,
 Till I haue mowed those brambles, briars and thornes
 That hinder those that long to do vs good

Ox Why we have scapt the dangeroust brunt of all,
 Which was his garrison at Milford Hauen,
 Shall we dismay, or dant our friends to come?
 Because he tooke the Duke of Buckingham?
 No worthe friends, and louing country-men,
 Oxford did neuer beare so base a minde,
 He will not winke at murthers secretly put vp,
 Nor suffer vpstarts to enioy our rightes,
 Nor lue in England vnder an vsurping king,
 And this is Oxfords resolution

Rich But Blunt, looke whose that knocks

Blunt My Lord, tis a messenger from the mother
 Queene,

And the Ladie Standley your mother, with letters

Rich Admit him straight, now shall we heare some
 newes.

Enters MESSENGER

Mess Long lue Earle Richmond
 The mother Queene doth greet your honour

Rich Welcome my friend, how fares our mother
& the rest ?

Mess In health my Lord, and glad to heare of your
annual safe

Rich My friend, my mother hath written to me of
certaine that are comming in our aide, the report of
whose names are referd to thee to deliuer

Mess First, theirs the Lord Talbut, the Earle of
Shreuesbury sonne and heire, with a braue band of
his owne

There is also the Lord Fitz Harbart, the Earle of
Pembrookes sonne and heire

Of the Gentlemen of the Welch, there is sir Prise
vp Thomas and Sir Thomas vp Richard, and sir
Owen Williams, braue gentlemen my Lord These
are the chiefe

Rich Are these the full number of all that come ?

Mess Only two more my Lord, which I haue left
unnamed, the one is sir Thomas Denis a Western
gentleman, and ioyned with him one Arnoll Butler, a
great many are willing, but dares not as yet

Rich. Doth Arnoll Butler come, I can hardly
brooke his trecherie, for hee it was that wrought my
disgrace with the King

Ox. Well my Lord, wee are now to strengthen our
selues with friends, and not to reape vp olde quarrels,
say that Arnoll Butler did iniurie you in the time of
peace, the mendes is twise made, if he stand with you
in the time of warres

Rich. Well my friend, take this for thy good newes,
And commend me to our mother and the rest
Thus my Lords, you see God still prouides for vs
But now my Lords touching the placing of our
battell¹ best,
And how we may be least indangered,

¹ Army.

Because I will be foremost in this fight,
 To incounter with that bloodie murtherei,
 My selfe wil lead the vaward of our troope,
 My Lord of Oxford, you as our second selfe,
 Shall haue the happie leading of the reare,
 A place I know which you will well deserue,
 And Captaine Blunt, Peter Landoyse and you,
 Shall by¹ in quarters as our battels scowtes,
 Prouided, thus your bow-men Captaine Blunt,
 Must scatter here and there to gaulle their horse,
 As also when that our promised friends do come,
 Then must you hold hard skumish with our foes,
 Till I by cast of a counter march,
 Haue ioyned our power with those that come to vs,
 Then casting close, as wings on either side,
 We will giue a new prauado on the foe,
 Therefore let vs towards Adeistoe amaine,
 Where we this night God-willing will incampe,
 From thence towards Lichfield, we will march next
 day,
 And neerer London, bid King Richard play [*Exit*

Enters the PAGE

Page Where shall I finde a place to sigh my fill,
 And waile the grieue of our sore troubled King?
 For now he hath obtained the Diademe,
 But with such great discomfort to his minde,
 That he had better liued a priuate man, his lookes
 are gastly,
 Hidious to behold, and from the priue sentire of his
 heart,
 There comes such deepe fetcht sighes and fearefull
 cries,
 That being with him in his chamber oft,

¹ Bide.

He moues me weepe and sigh for company,
 For if he heare one stirre he riseth vp,
 And claps his hand vpon his dagger straight,
 Readie to stab him, what so ere he be,
 But he must thinke this is the iust reuenge,
 The heauens haue powred vpon him for his sinnes,
 Those Peeres which he vnkindly murdered,
 Doth crie for iustice at the hands of God,
 And he in iustice sends continuall feare,
 For to afright him both at bed and boord,
 But staie, what noyse is this, who haue we here?

Enters men to go to RICHMOND

How now sirs, whither are you going so fast?

Men Why to Earle Richmonds Camp to serue
 with him,

For we haue left to serue King Richard now

Page Why comes there any more?

Men A number more *[Exit*

Page Why these are the villaines my Lord would
 haue put his life into their hands A Richard, now
 do my eyes witnesse that thy end is at hand, For thy
 commons make no more account of thee then of a
 priuate man, yet will I as dutie bindes, giue thee
 aduertisements of their vniust proceedings My
 maister hath lifted out many, and yet hath left one to
 lift him out of all, not onely of his Crowne, but also
 of his life But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is
 happened

Enters RICHMOND, and OXFORD

Rich Good my Lord depart, and leaue me to my-
 selfe

Ox I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

Rich. My Lord it may not be, for I haue promised

my father that none shall come but my selfe, therfore
good my Lord depart

Or Good my Lord haue a care of your self, I like
not these night walkes and scouting abroad in the
euenings so disguised, for you must not now that you
are in the vsurpers dominions, and you are the onely
marke he aimes at, and your last nightes absence
bied such amazement in our souldiers, that they like
men wanting the power to follow Aimes, were on a
sodaine more liker to flie then to fight therefore
good my Lorde, if I may not stand neare, let me
stand aloofe off

Rich Content thee good Oxford, and tho I con-
fesse myself bound to thee for thy especiall care, yet
at this time I pray thee hold me excused But fare-
well my Lord, here comes my Lord and father

Enters STANDLEY and another

Stan Captaine I pray thee bring me word when
thou doest discrie the enemy And so farewell, and
leau me for a while

Rich How fares my gracious Lord and father?

Stan In good health my sonne, & the better to
see thee thus forward in this laudable enterprise, but
omitting vain circumstances, and to come briefly to
the purpose, I am now in fewe words to deliuer much
matter For know this, when I came to craue leau
of the King to depart from the court, the king went
furiously began to charge me that I was both ac-
quainted with thy practises and drifts, and that I
knew of thy landing, and by no meanes would grant
me leau to go, till as pledge of my loyaltie and true
dealing with the king, I should leau my young sonne
George Standley. Thus haue I left my son in the
hands of a tyrant, onely of purpose to come and
speake with thee.

Rich But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I looke for your helpe in the battell?

Stan Sonne I cannot, for as I will not go to the vsurper, no more I will not come to thee

Rich Why then it is bootlesse for us to staie, for all we presumed vpon, was on your aide

Stan. Why sonne, George Standlyes death would doo you no pleasure

Rich Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to follow execution

Stan O sonne, tyrants expect no time, and George Standley being yong and a gussell, is the more easie to be made away

Rich This newes goes to my heart, but tis in vaine for mee to looke for victorie, when with a mole-hill, we shall encounter with a mountaine

Stan Why sonne, see how contrarie you are, for I assure you, the chieft of his company are liker to flie to thee, then to fight against thee and for me, thinke me not so simple but that I can at my pleasure flie to thee, or being with them, fight so faintly, that the battell shall be wonne on thy part with small incountring And note this besides, that the King is now come to Lester, and means to morrow to bid thee battel in Bosworth

Enters MESSENGER

Mess Come my Lord, I do discry the enemy

Stan Why then sonne farewell, I can staie no longer

Rich. Yet good father, one word more ere you depart,

What number do you thinke the kings power to be?

Stan Mary some twentie thousand And so farewell.

Rich. And we hardly fve thousand, being beset

with many enemies, hoping vpon a few friends, yet
dispair not Richmond, but remember thou fightest in
right, to defende thy countrey from the tyannie of an
vsurping tyrant, therefore Richmond goe forward, the
more dangerous the battell is in attaining, it prooues
the more honourable being obtained Then forward
Richmond, God and Saint George, for me

*Quisquam regno gaudet, ô fallax bonum*¹

Enters the KING, and the LORD LOUELL

King The hell of life that hangs vpon the Crowne
The daily cares, the nightly dreames,
The wretched crewes, the treason of the foe,
And hoior of my bloodie practise past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoeuer I do,
Meethinks their ghoasts comes gaping for reuenge,
Whom I haue slaine in reaching for a Crowne
Clarence complaines, and crieth for reuenge
My Nephues bloods, Reuenge, reuenge, doth crie
The headlesse Peeres come preasing for reuenge
And euery one cries, let the tyant die
The Sunne by day shines hotely for reuenge
The Moone by night eclipseth for reuenge
The Stars are turnd to Comets for reuenge
The Planets chaunge their courses for reuenge.
The birds sing not, but sorrow for reuenge
The silly lambes sits bleating for reuenge.
The screeking Rauens sits croking for reuenge.
Whole heads of beasts comes bellowing for reuenge.
And all, yea all the world I thinke,
Cries for reuenge, and nothing but reuenge
But to conclude, I haue deserued reuenge.

¹ Old copy, *regna gaudet—fallax*.

In company I dare not trust my friend,
 Being alone, I dread the secret foe
 I doubt my foode, least poyson liuke therein
 My bed is vncoth, rest refraines my head
 Then such a life I count far worse to be,
 Then thousand deaths vnto a damned death
 How wast death I said? who dare attempt my
 death?

Nay who dare so much as once to thinke my death?
 Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
 Yet shall they leaue a neuer dying minde
 But you villaines, rebels, traitors as you are
 How came the foe in, preasing so neare?
 Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat
 them back?

Where was our friends to intercept the foe?
 All gone, quite fled, his loyaltie quite laid a bed?
 Then vengeance, mischiefe, horror, with mischance,
 Wilde-fire, with whirlwinds, light upon your heads,
 That thus betrayd your Prince by your vntruth
*King*¹ Frantike man, what meanst thou by this
 mood?

Now he is come more need to beate him backe
Lou Sowre is his sweete that sauours thy delight,
 great is his power that threats thy ouerthrow

King The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much,
 as for to see my friends do flie in flocks from me

Lou May it please your grace to rest your selfe
 content, for you haue power inough to defend your
 land

King Dares Richmond set his foote on land with
 such a small power of stragling fugatiues?

¹ This seems to be a continuation of the King's speech, but a change of his mood, from delirium to reason. Compare Richard's dream in Shakespeare, and the whole of our poet's act v. sc 3, with this scene

Lou May it please your grace to participate the cause that thus doth trouble you?

King The cause Buzard, what cause should I participate to thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me, keep silence villaine, least I by poste do send thy soule to hell, not one word more, if thou doest loue thy life

Enter CATESBIE

Cat My Lord

King Yet againe villaine, ô Catesbie is it thou? What comes the Lord Standley on no?

Cat My Lord, he answeres no

King Why didst not tell him then, I would send his sonne George Standleys head to him

Cat My Lord I did so, & he answered, he had another sonne left to make Lord Standley

King O vilaine vilde, and breaker of his oath, the bartardes ghoast shall hant him at the heeles, and cue reuenge for his vild fathers wrongs, go Louell Catesbie, fetch George Standly forth, him with these handes will I butcher for the dead, and send his headlesse bodie to his sire

Cat Leauie off executions now the foe is heere that threatens vs most cruelly of our liues

King Zownes, foe mee no foes, the fathes fact condemnes the sonne to die

Lou But guiltlesse blood will for reuengement crye

King Why was not he left for fathers loyaltie?

Lou. Therein his father greatly inured him.

King Did not your selues in presence, see the bondes sealde and assignde?

Lou What tho my Lord the vardit own, the titles doth resign¹

¹ i. e., What, though my Lord the verdict recognize, and the titles resign?

King The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you will hinder me, what will you haue it so?

Lou In doing true iustice, else we answere no

King His trecherous father hath neglect his word and done imparshall wast¹ by dint of sword, therefore sirrah go fetch him Zownes draw you cuts who shall go, I bid you go Catesby² A Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand, why sirs why fear you thus? why we are ten to one, if you seeke promotion, I am Kinge alreadie in possession, better able to performe then he Louell, Catesby, lets ioyne louingly and deuoutly together, and I will diuide my whole kingdome amongst you

Both We will my Lord

King We will my Lord, a Catesbie, thou lookest like a dog, and thou Louell too, but you will runne away with them that be gone, and the diuel go with you all, God I hope, God, what talke I of God, that haue serued the diuell all this while No, fortune and courage for mee, and ioyne England against mee with England, Ioyne Europe with Europe, come Christendome, and with Christendome the whole world, and yet I will neuer yeeld but by death onely By death, no die, part not childishly from thy Crowne, but come the diuell to claime it, strike him down, & tho that Fortune hath decreed, to set reuenge with triumphs on my wretched head, yet death, sweete death, my latest friend, hath sworne to make a bargaine for my lasting fame, and this, I this verie day, I hope with this lame hand of mine, to rake out that hatefull heart of Richmond, and when I haue it, to eate it panting hote with salt, and drinke his blood luke warme, tho I be sure twil poyson me. Sirs you that be resolute follow me, the rest go hang your selues. *[Exit*

¹ [Old copy, *past*]

² See Shakespeare, act iv sc 4

The battell enters, RICHARD wounded, with his PAGE

King A horse, a horse, a fresh horse

Page A flie my Lord, and saue your life

King Flie villaine, looke I as tho I would flie,¹ no first shall this dull and sencelesse ball of earth receiue my body cold and void of sence, you watry heauens iowle on my gloomy day, and daiksomes cloudes close vp my cheerfull sownde, downe is thy sunne Richard, neuer to shine againe, the birdes whose feathers should adorne my head, houters aloft & dares not come in sight, yet faint not man, for this day if Fortune will, shall make thee King possesst with quiet Crowne, if Fates deny, this ground must be my graue, yet golden thoughts that reache for a Crowne, danted before by Fortunes cruell spight, are come as comforts to my drooping heart, and bids me keepe my Crowne and die a King These are my last, what more I haue to say, ile make repoit among the damned soules

[Exit

Enters RICHMOND to battell againe, and kils RICHARD

Enters REPORT and the PAGE

Re How may I know the certain true report of this victorious battell fought to day, my friend what ere thou beest, tel vnto mee the true report, which part hath wonne the victorie, whether the King or no?

Page A no the King is slaine and he hath lost the day, and Richmond he hath wonne the field, and triumphs like a valiant conquerer

Re But who is slaine besides our Lord and soueraigne?

Page Slaine is the worthie duke of Northfolke he, & with him Sir Robart Brokenby, Lieftenant of the

¹ See Shakespeare, act v sc 4

Tower, besides Louell, he made also a partner in this Tragedie

Re But wheres sir William Catsby?

Page Hee is this day beheaded on a stage at Lester, because he tooke part with my Lord the King But stay Report, & thou shalt heare me tell the briefe discourse And how the battell fell, then knowe Report, that Richard came to fiede mounted on horsback, with as high resolute as fierce Achilles amongst the sturdie Greekes, whom to encounter worthie Richmond, came accompanied with many followers, and then my Lord displayde his colours straight, and with the charge of Trumpet, Drum and Fyfe, these braue batalians straight encountred, but in the skirmish which continued long, my Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceiued, and presently did sound a fresh alarme, but worthie Richard that did neuer flie, but followed honour to the gates of death, straight spurd his horse to encounter with the Earle, in which encounter Richmond did preuaile, & taking Richard at aduantage, then he threw his horse and him both to the ground, and there was woorthie Richard wounded, so that after that he nere recouered strength. But to be briefe, my maister would not yeeld, but with his losse of life he lost the field. Report farewell

Enter EARLE RICHMOND, EARLE OXFORD, L STANDLEY, and their traine, with the Crowne

Rich Now noble Peeres and woorthie countrymen, since God has guen vs fortune of the day, let vs first giue thanks vnto his Deitie, & next with honors fitting your deserts, I must be gratefull to my country men, and woorthie Oxford for thy seruice showne in hotte encountering of the enemy, Earle Richmond bindes himselfe in lasting bondes of faithfull

loue and perfect vnitie Soy I am for those that I haue lost by our so dangerous encountering with the foe, but sorrow cannot bring the dead to life and therefore are my sorrows spent in vaine Onely to those that lue, thus much I say, I will maintain them with a manuall paie And louing father, lastly to your selfe, tho not the least in our expected aide, we giue more thanks for your vnlooked for aide, then we haue power on sodaine to declare, but for your thanks I hope it shall suffice that I in nature loue & honor you

L Stan Well spoken sonne, and like a man of worth, whose resolutiō in this battell past, hath made thee famous mongst thy enemies And thinke my son, I glory more to heare what praise the common people gaue of thee, then if the Peeres by general full consent had set me downe to weare the Diadem Then lue my sonne thus loued of thy friends, and for thy foes prepare to combate them

Ox And Oxford vowes perpetuall loue to thee, wishing as many honours to Earle Richmond, as Cæsar had in conquering the world, & I doubt not but if faire fortune follow thee, to see thee honoured mongst thy country men, as Hector was among the Lords of Troy or Tulley mongst the Romane Senators

Rich How fares our louely mother Queene?

Enters mother QUEENE and ELIZABETH

Queen In health Earle Richmond, glad to heare the newes that God hath giuen thee fortune of the day. But tell me Lords, where is my sonne Lord Marquesse Dorset, that he is not here? what was he murdered in this Tragedie?

Rich No louely Queene your sonne doth lue in France, for being distrest and driuen by force of tempest to that shore, and many of our men being

sicke and dead, we were inforst to aske the King for aide, as well for men as for munition, which then the King did willingly supply, prouided, that as hostage for those men, Lord Marquesse Dorset should be pledge with thē But Madame now our troubled warre is done, Lord Marquesse Doiset shall come home againe

Queen Richmond, giamecies for thy kinde good newes, which is no little comfort to thy friends, to see how God hath beene thy happie guide in this late conquest of our enemies And Richmond, as thou art returned with victorie, so we will keepe our words effectually

Rich Then Madame for our happie battelles victorie, first thanks to heauen, next to my foreward country-men, but Madame pardon me tho I make bold to charge you with a promise that you made, which was confirmed by diuerse of the Peeies, touching the marriage of Elizabeth, and hauing ended what I promised you, Madam, I looke and hope to haue my due.

Stan Then know my sonne, the Peeies by full consent, in that thou hast freed them from a tyrants yoke, haue by election chosen thee as King, first in regard they account thee vertuous, next, for that they hope all forraine broyles shall seace, and thou wilt guide and gouerne them in peace, then sit thou downe my sonne, and here receiue the Crowne of England as thy proper owne, sit downe

Ox Henry the seuenth, by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Lord of Ireland, God saue the King.

All. Long lue Henry the seuenth, King of England.

Rich. Thanks louing friends and my kind country-men, and here I vow in presence of you all, to root abuses from this common welth, which now flowes

faster then the furious tyde that ouerflowes beyond the bankes of Nile And louing father, and my other friends, whose ready forwardnesse hath made me fortunate, Richmond will still in honourable loue count himselfe to be at your dispose, nor do I wish to enioy a longer life, then I shall lue to think vpon your loue But what saith faire Elizabeth to vs? for now wee haue welcommed our other friends, I must bid you welcome Ladie amongst the rest, and in my welcome craue to be resolved, how you resolve touching my profered loue vnto you, here your mother and the Peeres agree, and all is ended, if you condescend

Eliz Then know my Lord, that if my mother please, I must in dutie yeeld to her command, for when our aged father left his life, he willed vs honour still our mothers age and therefore as my dutie doth command, I do commit my self to her dispose.

Queen Then here my Lord, receiue thy royall spouse, vertuous Elizabeth, for both the Peeres and Commons do agree that this faire Princesse shall be wife to thee And we pray all, that faire Elizabeth may lue for aye, and neuer yeeld to death

Rich And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords, that thus haue honoured Richmond with a Crowne, and if I lue, then make account my Lords I will deserue this with more than common loue

Stan And now weie but my sonne George Standley here,

How happie were our present meeting then,
But he is dead, nor shall I euer more see my sweete
Boy whom do I loue so deare, for well I know the
vsurper

In his rage hath made a slaughter of my aged ioy

Rich Take comfort gentle father, for I hope my brother George will turne in safe¹ to us

¹ Return in safety

Stan A no my sonne, for he that ioyes in blood,
will worke his furie on the innocent

Enters two MESSENGERS with GEORGE STANDLEY

Stan But how now what noyse in this?

Mess Behold Loid Standley we bring thy sonne,
thy sonne George Standley, whom with great danger
we haue saued from furie of a tyrants doome

L Stan. And lues George Standley? Then
happie that I am to see him freed thus from a
tyrants rage Welcome my sonne, my sweete George
welcome home

George Stan Thanks my good father, and George
Standley ioyes to see you ioyned in this assembly
And like a lambe kept by a greedie Wolfe within
the inclosed sentire of the earth, expecting death
without deliuerie, euen from this daunger is George
Standley come, to be a guest to Richmond & the
rest for when the bloodie butcher heard your honour
did refuse to come to him, hee like a sauage tygre
then intraged, commanded straight I should be mur-
dered, & sent these two to execute the deed, but
they that knew how innocēt I was, did post him off
with many long delayes, alleaging reasons to alaiue his
rage, but twas in vaine, for he like to a starued
Lionesse still called for blood, saying that I should
die But to be brieft, when both the battels ioyned,
these two and others, shifted me away.

Rich Now seeing that each thing turnes to our
content,

I will it be proclaimed presently, that traytrous Richard
Be by our command, drawne through the streets of
Lester,

Starke naked on a Colliers horse let him be laide,
For as of others paines he had no regard,
So let him haue a traytors due reward

Now for our marriage and our nuptiall rytes,
Our pleasure is they be solemnized
In our Abby of Westminter, according to the ancient
custom due,

The two and twentieth day of August next,
Set forwards then my Lords towards London straight,
There to take further order for the state

Mess Thus Gentles may you heere behold,
The ioyning of these Houses both in one,
By this braue Prince Henry the seauenth,
Who was for wit compared to Saloman,
His gouernment was vertuous euery way,
And God did wonderously increase his store,
He did subdue a proud rebellious Lord,
That did encounter him vpon blacke heath.
He died when he had raigne full three and twentie
yeares

Eight moneths, and some odde dayes, and hee buried
In Westminster He died & left behind a sonne

Mess A sonne he left, a Harry of that name,
A worthie, valiant and victorious Prince,
For on the fifth yeare of his happie raigne,
Hee entered France, and to the Frenchmens costs,
Hee wonne Turwin and Turney
The Emperour serued this King for common pay,
And as a mersonary pounce did follow him
Then after Morle and Morles, conquered he,
And still he keepe the French men at a bay
And lastly in this Kings decreasing age he conquered
Bullen, and after when he was turned home he died,
When he had raigne full thirtie eight yeares,
Nine moneths and some odde dayes, and was buried
in Windsore

He died and left three famous sprigs behinde him
Edward the sixt

He did restore the Gospell to his light,
And finished that his father left vndone

A wise yong Prince, giuen greatly to his booke
 He brought the English seiuice first in vse,
 And died when he had raigned six yeares, fve
 Moneths, & some odde dayes,
 And lieth buried in Westminster

*Eliza*¹ Next after him a Mary did succede,
 Which married Philip King of Spaine,
 She raigned fve yeares, foure moneths and some
 Odde dayes, and is buried in Westminster
 When she was dead, her sister did succed

*Queene*¹ Worthie Elizabeth, a mirrour in her age,
 By whose wise life and ciuill gouernment,
 Her country was defended from the crueltie
 Of famine, fire and swoord, warres fearefull messengers
 This is that Queene as writers truly say,
 That God had marked downe to lue for aye.
 Then happie England mongst thy neighbor Iles,
 For peace and plentie still attends on thee
 And all the fauourable Planets smiles
 To see thee lue in such prosperitie.
 She is that lampe that keepe faire Englands light,
 And through her faith her country lues in peace
 And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight,
 And bene the meanes that ciuill wars did cease
 Then England kneele upon thy hairy knee,
 And thanke that God that still prouides for thee.
 The Turke admires to heare her gouernment,
 And babies in Iury sound her princely name,
 All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,

¹ It is so absurd that the Queen and her daughter should take this Chorus out of the mouths of the two Messengers, that I at one time thought that the words *Eliza*, *Queene*, were misplaced from a marginal note in the manuscript, calling the attention of the reader that *Queen Elizabeth* was now the subject of the Chorus, but that King Richard's two murderers should speak this Epilogue is perhaps equally preposterous.

Atter hei rule was rumoid foorth by fame
The Turke hath sworne neuer to lift his hand,
To wrong the Princesse of this blessed land
Twere vaine to tell the care this Queene hath had,
In helping those that were opprest by warre
And how her Maestie hath stil bene glad,
When she hath heard of peace proclaim'd from far
Ieneua, France, and Flanders hath set downe,
The good she hath done, since she came to the
 Crowne
For which, if ere her life be tane away,
God grant her soule may lue in heauen for aye
For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,
Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.

APPENDIX.



[For permission to print the following Latin Play, the Members of the Shakespeare Society were indebted to the Rev Dr Archdall, Master, and the Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to the Library of which House belongs the manuscript. There is another copy in the University Library, and the existence of the piece has always been well known. The Emmanuel MS is written in a tolerably fair engrossing hand of about the year 1640¹

The University Library copy is also a transcript from some common original, in a still fairer scrivener's hand, and has supplied me with the few blanks left in the Emmanuel copy, although the former has in return some blanks which are filled up in the latter. It was not considered worth while to make a complete collation of the two copies, but the Emmanuel one is evidently transcribed by the better Latinist, though the inferior calligraphist. This manuscript also alone contains the names of the actors, the English marginal notes, and the orders of processions, the University manuscript having no English

¹ Two copies are in the British Museum, and at least one in private hands

but the textual stage-directions in the last part But the latter commences with the following title, which is omitted in the former

Thomæ Legge legum doctoris
Collegii Caiogoneviliensis in
Academia Cantabrigiensi
magistri ac Rectoris

Richardus tertius Tragedia trivespa
habita Collegii Divi Johannis
Evangeliste
Comitii Bacchelaureorum
Anno Domini 1579
Tragedia in tres acciones devisa

The work is alluded to by Sir John Harrington in his "Apologie of Poetry," 1591, as follows "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St John's in Cambridge, of Richard III, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrefie all tyrannous-minded men," and this observation is quoted by Thomas Heywood in his "Apology for Actors," 1612, at p 55 of the Society's reprint of that work The play is also alluded to in Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596, as follows —"or his fellow codshead, that in the Latine tragedie of King Richard cries *Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than *Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma*"—Vid post

The author of this play was Dr Thomas Legge, who probably wrote it for the purpose of being performed before the Queen In the year 1592, he was Vice Chancellor of the University, "and," says Mr Collier,¹ "in a communication to Lord Burghley, he refers to some offence given to the Queen, probably

¹ "Hist of Dram Poet," 1 296.

by requiring, in answer to her wishes to see a play at Cambridge, time and the use of the Latin tongue, and mentions that the University had sent some of its body to Oxford, to witness the entertainment there given to Her Majesty, in order to be better prepared hereafter to obey her directions" Besides the play of "Richardus Tertius," he wrote a tragedy called the "Destruction of Jerusalem," and to use Fuller's words,¹ "having at last refined it to the purity of the publique standard, some plageary filched it from him, just as it was to be acted" Fuller also informs us that Dr Palmer, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, was the original performer of Richard, and very successful in Legge's other play Dr. Legge died in 1607, and his monument and portrait are still existing at Caius College, of which he was appointed Master by the Founder

Mr Hallwell kindly informs me that, in 1586, Henry Lacey wrote a play under the same title, but that it is a poor imitation of Legge's Of Lacey's play two copies will be found in the British Museum, MSS Harl 2412, 6926 That the "University Men" had acquired some reputation by their theatrical performances, is proved by the well-known dialogue in "The Return from Parnassus,"² in which Kemp and Burbage are seen in treaty with two of them, called *Philomusus* and *Studioso*, for engagements as actors, and in which one of them gives a taste of his quality, by reciting the opening speech of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third"]

¹ Fuller's "Worthies," ii 156

² Hazlitt's "Dodsley," vol 11

RICHARDUS TERTIUS

—o—

D SHEPHARD, Elizabetha Regina	
M ^r FOX, Cardinalis, Archiepis Cantu	
Mr WHALEY, Nuntius	
L W HOWARD, Eduardus Rex quindecim annorū	
Mr PALMAR, Richardus dux Glocest	
Mr STRINGER, dux Buckingh	
Mr WILKINSON, Riverius	}
Mr BOOTH, Hastings	
Mr HODSON, Stanleus	
Mr HILL, Sr Hawardus postea dux Norfolciensis	
Mr BAYLY, Lovellus	
Mr STANTON, Episco Eliensis.	
Ds PILKINGTON, ancilla Reginae	
Mr ROBINSON, Catsbeius, juris peritus	
Mr HILL, Sr Howardus, Equestris ordinis ¹	
Ds PUNTER, servus ducis Glocestriae	
Mr KNOX, Hastingsus, miles calligatus	
Ds FRAUNCE, civis Londinensis	
Ds HOWLAND	}
Ds HENLOWE	
Mr KENDALL	
<i>chorus tumultuantium civium Satelles Becke</i> [Bucke]	
Ds REMER, Archiepisco Eboracensis	

Serviens ad arma

Prosecutor vulgo persequant.

RHODES med	Richardus dux Eboracensis parvulus	}
Mr BOWLS, Graius heros adolescens		
	Vaghanus	
WOODCOCKE	Conjux Shori	
	Hawt	
	Sacerdos	}
	Quinq filiae Elizabethae Reginae	

¹ Inserted twice

CHAPMAN, Argumentū primæ actionis ¹

Eduardus quartus, rex Anglorū mortem obit

Hic duos reliquit filios Eduardus maior princeps Walliæ annos habebat quindecem, alter Richardus dux Eborū undecimū vitæ annū egit Richardus dux Glocestriæ, frater Eduardi defuncti, homo nimia ambitione elatus, cum nepotis adhuc tenerā ætatem videret, facile ad regnū aditū sibi patēre putat Itaq̃ primū reginæ p̃ amicos psuadet ut Eduardus quintus itei nullo milite armaret, dum Londinū e Wallorū finib⁹ properaret Interim ipse cum amicis clam cōmunicat, quantū inde periculū sibi crearetur si regis tenelli tutela solis reginæ propinquis demandaretur Qui dū cæteris heroib⁹ inviderent, facile in eorum p̃niciem regis nomine abuti possent Itaq̃ Riveriū viū nobilem regis avunculū, et Grayū fratrem ejus uterinū à rege ipso avulsū in vincula conjicit Qui nec ita multo post, Pontefracti capite plectuntur Regem ipsū, tutor à senatu illustri declaratus, in suā tutelā accipit, porio a Regina, quæ tū ad asylum metu confugerat, Ducem Eborū parvulū, p̃ Cardinalem Archiepiscopū Eboracensem, nihil tum suspicantem, abstulit Ubi Regios pueros in Arce tanquā in Carcere conclusisset, primū Hastingsū nobilem virū, quod nimis eū studeire nepotibus suspicaretur, injustè damnatū morte afficit Cardinalis, Episcopus Eliensis, Stanleus heros in carcerem detruduntur, ne quid inceptis suis obstarent, quod eorū fidem erga regulos pertimesceret Postremò Shori conjux (quoniam morti eam damnare non poterat) tanquā meretrix infanæ poena afficitur

¹ This line is written in red ink, and the name is perhaps that of the transcriber.

ACTUS PRIMUS

ELIZABETHA REGINA, CARDINALIS,
NUNTIUS

Regina

Quicumq̃ lætis credulus rebus nimis
confidit, et magna potens aula cupit
regnare, blandū quærit is malū, licet
magnū nihil sperare generosū genus
jubebat Eduardi tamen Regis thoro
conjuncta sum, post quā tuos thalamos

mihī,
generose Gray, tiste fatū sustulit
dulci veneno gustiebam credula,
et rapuit altis inclytus titulis honor
donec meū spernebat abjectū genus
cognatus heros Regis, et tristem meis
Inimicus affinis parabat exitū

His cura major, fili quod traditur,
et Regiū curat Nepotum avunculus
volui meos Regi propinquos jungere
comites, ut annis altius primus amor
hæreat, tenera dū surgit ætas grandior
nec tristes hæc contenta peste sors fuit
prius malū majoris est gradus fuit

Exhalat egrotum maritus spiritū,
et fata rumpunt regis impia manu
sævæ sorores, invident virū mihī
mortale fati luditur genus sibi
spondere quicquā non potest tam
stabile
fortuna quod non versit anceps sor-
dida

manet domus tantū beata, dum timet
virtus ruinas magna. Postquā duplici
mater sobole ditata sum Regis domū
petebat hæredem remota Wallia
nec princepe libenter suo gens Cam-
bria

carebat hinc iter properat huc filius

Brevis ordo comitatuū meorū, ut
cingerent

Regale diademate caput Matrem
licet

gaudere læta sceptria cogunt filū
At gaudiū sperare promissū sibi
mens avida non audet, timet adeptū
bonū,

metūq̃ pturit semel natus metus,
multisq̃ curis pectus urit anxii,
Sic filius externa vis adhuc nihil
minetur infidū, nec extortū sibi
Regniū, domus Lancasteria Eduardo
incidet,

Et rapta quondam sceptra victrici
manu

pati potest adhuc tamen domesticus
premit tumor, majusq̃ formidat nefas
animus malis assuetus, et vario tremor
mentem tumultu, spesq̃ laceram dis-
trahit,

Infaustus ō Regni favor multis suā
conversus in penam ruit, postquā diu
falso viros splendore lusit credulos

Cardinalis

Regina præcellens Elizabetha caput,
curas cur anxio revolvis pectore?
et publicū luctu tuo oneras gaudiū?
quid sperne mentis turbidæ ludibria
Matrisq̃ tristes læta deme spiritus,
dum filii caput corona cingitur.

Regina.

Sacrū caput præstans honore Cardinis,
insignis Archipræsul atq̃ Cantu,
nescire quenquam miserias miserū
magis

Quod tempus unquā lachrymis caruit
mihī?

Non Regis Eduardi gemo durā luem,
odiū ne triste plango demens heroū
vetus hoc malū Cum Walliā iniquens
suā

stipato armatus iediret milite
ut regna patris iue possideat suo
Eduardus hæres Sermo multorū
frequens

aures fatigat, nec monere desinit,
nullis ut armis sepiat princeps iter,
se subditis committeret nudū suis.
sin clauderet milite suo Regis latius
stipata regem sola Graiorū domus
timere tum malū nihil princeps potest
Mox in suā armari necem tot milites
Procures putabunt nup extinctæ
minæ

facile fidem dabunt, et vulnera recru
descere
sanata malè mox suspicantur Ergo
dum

sese timent obicere inermes hostib⁹
Ferro simul vitam tuentur illico,
Bellī furore totū inundavit solū,
Calcante tellus equite terrendū gemit
belli tumultu ardebit insana Anglia
statimq; amoris foedus ictū frangitui.
Tum pfidū mulctabit authorem scelus
poenasp pendet lapsa Graiorū domus
Primū p artus gellidus excurrit metus
tandem suis temebunda monitis animo
mox litteris edere cuncta fratrib⁹
ut milite nullo cingant filiatus,
pompaq; magna Regis exonerent
iter

ubi sola secreta sagax repeto metus,
nova cura mentem concutit formidine,
nec prædæ nudus offeratur hostibus,
Ingens domū nostiam invidia premit,
fuit

ambitio, nullā cœca dum maculam
timet

se modica non tuetur ætas fili
fratri suo mortem intulit Glocestrius
Quomodo nepoti ambitio paucet
potui

Carid

Cesset timere matris infælicis amor,
Vanosq; desine falsa mentiri dolos
Injustus est rerū æstimator dolor,
Nunquid iuvat terere vano pectora
tremore? pessimus augur in malis
timor,

semperq; sibi falsò minatur, et suā
vocat ruinā quamvis ignotā prius
Procures sepultis morte Regis litibus
longam quitem consecrarunt nec
minas

veretur extinctas sanata Britania
Odia movebit nova rebellis qui timet
priora

Nuntius

Mediū Rex iter sospes tenet

Regina

Quæ filiū nunc detinet fessū via?

Nuntius

Bis sera stellifero excidit cœlo dies
Northamptonū cum fessa membra
tangerent

Regina

Et quanta turba Regiū claudit latus?

Nunt

Ubi Wallia mutaret accellerans sedes,
frequens satellites sepiebat principem,
illiq; multos iunxit assiduus labor
Postquā tuas Riverius litteras
cepisset, omni milite corpus principis
nudabat, unus comigrat Riverius,
suoq; iunctus Graius heros patruo.

Regina

Dux obviā Glocestrius Regi fuit?

Nunt

Is literis Regi salutem nuntiat,
regno suo precatur æternū decus,

multaq; praece comune gaudiū beat
Honore praestans dux Buckinghamiae
affatur officiis usdem Principem,
Regiq; promittunt brevi comites fore
Scribit frequens Riverio Glocestrus,
Invisit et Graiū nepotem literis
benigne pollicetur omnia nuncus
et pars fatigat magna nobiliū simul

Regina

Postquā favor flatu secundo vexerit
ratem piocul reliquit idem languidus
alto mari, multisq; jactat fluctibus
Res prosperae si quando laetari jubent,
rursus revolvor in metus, nec desinit
animus paveire laeta quamvis cerneret

Card

Facile sinistris cedit augurus timor

Reg

Nihil sapit, quisquis parū doctus sapit

Card

Hoc facile credunt, qui nimis miser
timent

Reg

Quisquiscavet futura, torquetur minus

Card

Sperare virtus magna, nunquā desinit

Reg

Quò plura speras falsò, turbaris magis

Card

Terrent adhuc sopita nobiliū mala ?

Reg

Veterata non sanatur illico vulnera

Card.

Sancivit ista morte princeps foedera

Reg

Tum principe mori dubia quaerunt
foedera

Card

Privata vincit odia communis salus

Reg

Privata publicā quietem destruit
ambitio

Card

Semp esse nū miserā juvat

Reg

Time e didicit quisquis excelsus stetit
rebusq; magnis alta clauditur quies
Auro venenū bibitur ignotum casae
humili malū, ventisq; cunctis cognita
superba sumo, tecta nutant culmine

ACTUS SECUNDUS,

RICH DUX GLOC HEN DUX BUCK-
INGHAMIAE, RIVERUS HEROS, HAS-
TINGUS HEROS.

Gloc

Riverianae splendor et decus domus,
custos pupilli regis, heros nobilis,
Qualis cruentae matris eripiens minis
Electra fratrem servat in regnū patris
Talis nepotem Wallicis tutans agris
reddis suae incolumem fidelis patriae.
Populus tam frequens fidem merito
sonat

En gratus hic tibi labor Britanniæ
Et nos pares psolvimus grates tibi
castos labores Wallicae norunt sedes
curam parem regis fatetur longum iter,
postquā suo Wallia carebat principe,
at ubi suū mundo diem reparat coma
radiante Tytan, et leves umbras fugat,
cias principis jungemur et lateri simul

qua ducitur recta Stonistratfordiam
Primo die celeri gradu properabimus,
quod nunc locus proceres tot unus non
capit

Rwer

O Claudiani Rector illustris soli,
dux inclyte et generis propago Regi
Præstare Regi iussit officiū meū
Fortuna quicquid nostra præclarū
dedit

Pondenda bello est vita Regi debita,
Si modo aliter nequeunt minæ frangi
hostiū,

Vestris quia mensæ patebant mihi
dapes

hac nocte, vobis jure multū debeo
Jam laxat artus languidos gratos sopor
Lectoque fessa membra componi juvat,
placidam quietem noctis opto proxi-
mæ

Gloc

Præclare dux est stella Buckinghamiæ
cui servus olim nomen haud latens
dedit,

Et orte claro Hastinge patru stemmate
En sol vocato nocte fienos desernes
sudore fumantes juvas mersit salo,
Vacuū q̄ cælū luna plustrat viris
silentiū imperans, nitida simul cohors
comitatur, aspergens lumen vagū polo
Porro locus omni liber arbitrio vacat
secretas aures nullus exhibet comes
Annon vides quam sit miser proceru
status,

diuq̄ sprete ut nobilis virtus jacet
Regi licet sanguine superbo jungimur,
clarisq̄ lucet inclytū titulus genus,
aditus tamen mihi nullus ad regem
patet,

vetantq̄ cum nepote patruū vivere
Quō tanta matris cedit impudentia?
jam foeminæ succumbit Anglorū decus
En nostra dubitatur fides, sepultus est
debitus, honor, spretusq̄ sanguis no-

sordescit olim matris omnino suæ
tutela Regis sacra cognatis datur
Illis quando honore tamen haud cedi-
mus

et in nepotem æqualis elucet fides,
parū decebat matris abjectū genus,
Regni thoros amor nisi quod impulit
claros negare patruos Regi suos
minusq̄ nobili comite circundare
Parum decorū principi aut nobis erit
comes magis potentior tuebitur
quod nos malū manet, si qui male
nobis precantur, Regisq̄ claudant
latus

primosq̄ prævenient amores principis,
et illius favore consenescent,
quorū mens tenella flectetur statim,
atq̄ pueros fucata demulcent leves
seis nec annis respuīt quicquid prius
placet In amores deliciasq̄ pristinas
ætas probat decursa, nec se corrigit
Eduardus olim quartus (ætas plenior
quamvis fuit, tempusq̄ longū plurima
seis noverca disciplina evasserat)
hem multa quondam facta damnavit
sua

lapsū priorem nec resuesit tardior
sensus Quod heros sensit heu Clari-
entius

Ille, ille novit (heu nimis) frater meus
quam conjugū rex cessit olim credulus
nimis, heu nimis tum nostra suade-
bant mala

quod uxor horreat maritus quem colit
quod dura nostras sors premebat res
diu

Regina quantū mihi creasset tum luem
perfidā, malū mens nisi sagax auertit
nos ille cælū qui sua torquet manu,
dirisq̄ flammis triste vindicat scelus,
foelix potenti liberavit dextera.
Heu quot brevi frater furore concitus
dolis eorū morte damnatos truci
perdidit, manū voce pulsantes Jovemq̄
Nunquā suo parcebat ira sanguini

Sed vetera plangimus novū imminet
malū

Nam si tenello solus hæret principi
cōmunis hostis, atq; stipabit thronū
infesta nobis una Graiorū domus
Mox hostiū vires caput nostrū luet,
dum principis sacro abuti nomine
audebit ad nostrā ruinam atrox domus
Hoc Jupiter tam providus pater vetet
Quod moite sanxit sacra pacis fœdera
Eduardus, et veteri medetur vulneri
Quietis, atq; dexteris nos invicem
conjunximus, simulata pacis pignora
valuit potestas sacra Regis tū magis
quam pace ficta dubia procerū fœdera
pactūq; jussu principis percussimus
quemquamne tantus vexat insanū stu-
por?

huic ciedat ut demens repente qui
novus

Ex hoste tam vetusto amicus sumitur?
firmus inhærebit brevis animi favor,
quā longa multis invidia lustris ma-
nens?

nunc ergo maturare conciliū decet,
quò longius serpit malū, fieri solet
rubustius, vires semper colligit

Buckin

O Claudiane rector, atq; Regia
de stirpe princeps, turbido infœlix
quia

visa est tumultu ardere rursus Anglia,
et bella cœperunt fremere civilia
tuæ ut secreto instillet auri murmure
concepta jussi verba servulū meū,
tua signa Buckinghamiū sequi ducem
miscere præsens verba presenti diu
quærebā, ut hæc tecū loqui possem
simul

Regina nobis insolens abutitur
statum premi scelus decet, majus nefas
parit semel motū malū, et nescit modū
sanare te regni lumen tantū decet
quidvis ferent potius potens procerū

ciuore quā Regina nostio luderet,
Gnatūq; caput armaret in nostrū serox.

Gloc

Te patriæ dux ergo vindicem voco
et seleire materno labantur Angliæ
Te, te poli qui jura precipitis Regis
Et vos coruscū testor agmen cœlitū
tantū Britonū pristinū quæro decus
Acris gravi medela confert vulneri
Regina nunc abest suis afferre opem
captis nequit removere jam tutō
licet

A Rege cunctas patriæ labes suæ
Quin dormientem comprimere Ri-
vernū,

intraq; tecta claudere hospitem decet
Sin fugent, tū consciū probat metus
mox famulæ illius petas claves domus
qua nup hospes se Riverius abdedit
Sin abnuat, Regis imperiū urgeas
nec ullus inde servus erumpat foras,
sed sedulo claudantur intus singuli
nostriq; verbis advoce clā servulos
(horreret admissio licet nondū die
nox atra) nostrū sepiant corpus tamen
quod luce prima nos nepotem adibi-
mus

Buck

Regis propinquos si coeices vinculis
cæcoq; captos claudis audax carcere,
Illico tumultū plebs ciebit mobilis
Juditha dum non recta sortiris reus
et criminis parū nocentes arguas

Gloc

En dignitatem principis lædunt sui,
et nobilem violare sanguinem student
lacerare quærun Angliā discordis.
Longa Britonū classe sulcavit mare
Marchio Graiorū frater in nostrā
necem
tot milites armare crudelis potest?

Hasting

At vinculis si patruū premi suū
 Heios videbit Graius, is rapida manu
 Stipabit Eduardū tremens Britanniā
 parabit arma seditio miseros trahet
 Ardoie belli conflagrabunt omnia
 nostraq̄ populus strage purgabit scelus

Glocest

Aditus viarū munit assiduus vigil,
 Irrumpat hinc ut nemo Northampto-
 niam,
 nostrūq̄ prius ad regem iter pverteret,
 Post quā leues discussit umbras Luci-
 fer,
 Nudamq̄ iubebit fugam Phœbea fax,
 nos statuimus Regem priores visere
 ut grata principi fides sic luceat

Buck

Intende nervos viriū, vinci nequit
 generosus ardor, mentis et nullus labor
 cuam fatigat anxiam sumi ducis
 Nunquam fidem fallā

Hast

Polus tūsti prius
 jungetur orco, sydera natabunt aquis
 amicus ignis fluctib⁹ sævus erit
 vincet diem nox quam meam damnes
 fidem

River

Nescio quid animus triste presagat
 malū,
 horrent timore membra cor pavet
 metu

Demuror hi claves quid hospitū petant,
 quæ tanta cecidit temporū mutatio
 Ultro prioris noctis onerabant dapes
 An jam retentū morte mulcant im-
 proba?

Mihi sunt amici non amet fycos fides
 Vacillat animus, hæret, haud placet
 sibi.

Si fugio, nullus est fugæ tutus locus

Si lateo, sceleris conscius demens ero
 en animus ullos innocens negat metus,
 manere certū est quicquid evenit,
 feram

Duces adibo causa quæ sit audiam.

Glocest

O Regis hostis, impiū atq̄ audax ca-
 put!

tu nobiles mulctare supplicis studes?
 et insolentes seminas discordias
 tu principis nutum ad necem nr̄am
 vocas?

tuisq̄ demens regna misces litibus
 Præstabis istud credis nefandū nefas!

River

Præclare princeps, tale de me nu-
 putes,
 hoc absit (oro) crimen a nostra fide

Glocest

Tace scelestū Regis exitiū tui
 patiemur ultro sanguinem nostrū peti?
 perdes Britonū solus excelsū decus?
 at vos atro mulctate raptū caicere
 comitesq̄ nostrū cæteri cingant latus.

River

Quo me trahitis Quam iubet poenā
 potens
 fortuna? quæ nunc me manent miserū
 mala?

si morte mulctet, jure damnet publice
 Nam quæ salutis spes relinquitur
 mihi?

EDUARD REX DUX BUCKING
 DUX GLOCES SERVUS REGIS

Eduard

Amore captus patriæ preceps iter
 quamvis facio, dum Wallicas muta
 sedes

lubens tamen relinquo Stonistratfordū

quod hoc ferunt properare nunc Glo
cestru
quonia tot unus non capit proceres
locus.

Buck

Cinctus suis Ednardus huc confert
gradu,
generosa quos beant avoru stemmata
præte, plebei sequantur ordines

Gloc.

Rex vivat æternu Britanus inclytus

Eduardus

Gnatus mihi conspectus est mi patre
postquæ sedes modò barbaras mutavi-
mus
habeoq tantis gratiâ vobis parem

Buck

Tibi beatu firmet imperu deus

Ed Rex

Tuam simul laudo fidem, dux inclyte

Gloc

Natura me tuis fidelem jussibus
nescia resisti consecravit et dolos
genus struere Regale me regi vetat
cum cæteris comune psuadet fidem
officiu Aquas inimicus ignis incolet
sulcabit astra navis et sævo mari
ignota quercus surget, oblitu tui
si quando falsa corumpat fides
Vitâ tuis ponâ libens bellis, tuis
infestus hostib⁹ mori cupio diè
Quæ te supbe Graie, vel fratrem tuu
ambitio tenet, et Riveru patruu
dum principem vobis studetis subdere
En pessimis miscetis Anglos litib⁹
Florensque deridetur ortus sanguinis,
Cur usq Dorsetti mmatur Marchio
nobis, in arcem irrupit audax Belini

Prædatur inde Regis opes rapida
manu

Et classe longu oneravit ingenti salu

Ed Rex

Quid Marchio patravit uterinus mihi
nescio fides suspecta avunculi mei
Grauq fratris (crede mihi) nunquâ fuit

Glo

Immo tuas tanti latant aures doli,
Rex inclyte, secretu magis pugnat
scelus

Te pduellionis esse aio reum
Sceleste Graie, teq scelens consciu
Vahanne nuntio proditorem patriæ
pfide voco Haute simul squalenti
carcere
abdite statim, patriæ graves penas
luant

Servus

Pueru misellum, lachrymis rigat genas
tristia videns ad vincula correptu
fratrem

Gloc

Te liberam⁹ serve famulato tuo
nec te volumus hære lateri principis
tu principi fidelis stabis comes
Regisq te ppetuus adjunget labor.

SERVUS REGIS, SERVUS DUCIS
GLOC

Servus Regis

Regni paterni pondus imbellis puer
Non sustinet, suisque victus virib⁹
tandem runt tuetur hostes intimos
Munita nomine sacra majestas suo
parare dum tristem luem clam cogitat
ambitioq Regni pva suspecti fides
nec principem sint anxu quiescere
Secreta soli pugna. qui loco stas

minore tutior nec amissi premet
 Sceptri metus, vel dissimilis avorū
 honor
 Qui clara torques sydera altitonans
 pater,
 tuisq' pingis ignibus coeli globos,
 Britanniae potens defende principem
 ut jura verus reddat haeres Angliae
 Quis huc minister advolat celeri pede?
 Quo nunc adeo generose precipitas
 gradu?

Ser Glo

Misit nepoti nobilis Riverius

Ser Reg

Duci ne tu minister illi carceris

Ser Glo

Ego Claudianae fidus astabam comes

Ser Reg

Quorsu nepoti nuntius patrum venis

Ser Glo

Ubi mordet impransum fames Glo-
 cestrū

Ducisonerabant lauta mensam prandia
 Oculis perrat sedulus cunctas dapes,
 misitq' selectos cibos Riverio,
 animoque jussit aequo ferre singula,
 nil rebus illius esse formidabile

Ser. Reg

Num respuit benigna demens munera

Ser Glo.

Quem longus usus ferre persuasit malū
 Fortuna quoties cura tristis intonat,
 Vitae cupit solamen afflictæ minus,
 ubi gratias pleno refundit pectore
 Deferre Graio lauta jussit fercula
 quem fregerat non cognatus prius
 dolor
 nec asperos dedit minor casus pati

ut blanda fractum verba confirmen-
 ducis
 et turbida pmulceant mentem dapes,
 At jussa me tanti viri decet exequi

Ser Reg

An fronte simulatus latet blanda dolus
 ut impitis alta figat vulnera?
 An sorte nos mutata felici beat
 Fortuna, miseros carceris solvens
 metu?
 Faustus cadat tantis procellis exitus,

ACTUS TERTIUS

ANCILLA REGINÆ, ARCHIEP EBOR
 REGINA

Ancilla

Qui vindices faces potens torques
 manu,
 mitisq' rebus collocas fessis opem,
 misere jactatae Eboracensis domus
 Quis est malorum finis? heu! heu!
 quamdiu

Regina victa luctibus diis gravat?
 Quae possidet ferox Erminis Regiam
 Tortos vel angues Megara crudelis
 vibrans

Luctuq' majorem prior luctus vocat
 Et vix malis Regina tantus sufficit
 Quis me per auras turbo raptam devehet
 ne tot misera tristes querelas audiam
 maestæ domus luctusq' matris lugubres

Archiep Ebor

Let his servants Nondum fugata nocte
 be about him sol reparat diem,
 wh hoods Nec deserit patri vices
 Phœbi soror
 vel pulsa caelo contrahit lumen vagū
 nox sera Quorsu noctis umbris par-
 cere
 queris, celere solamen, immensū malū

desiderat æger non patitur animus
moras

Lett yem bee Mentem placare tui-
knocking in bidam matris para
the pallace as Sed quis tumultus?
remooveinge turba quanta Regia
Effare tanti nocte, strepitus quid
velint

Ancilla

Splendens honore antistes Eboia
censu

Diros tibi renovare me casus jubes
post quā Luna sessis sunseiat,
et cæca nov horriet, amisso die
Increbuit aula, vinculis Riverium
duris premi et Graui nepotem tū
locus

quis principem capiat, tenere nemi-
nem

Postquā paterent tanta reginæ mala,
animus tremore concitus subito stupet,
Solvuntur (heu) labante membra spi-
ritu

Postquā trementes misera vires col-
ligit,

en, talibus mox astra pulsat vocibus
O dura fata, parcite huius quod voluitis
Quantū scelus spiratis? an pœnæ
placent,

In hoc caput jaculare vindices faces
Irate præter inocens quid admisit
puer?

quid meruit parvus quid infans peditur?
una ruina concutis totā domum

Non sustinet labante mox collo caput
Largo madescent imbre profusæ genæ
cor triste magnis æstuat doloribus
culū decorum reginæ vestis procul
removet, et eximii rubores muricis
Quieta nunquam constat, huc, illuc,
fugit,

tolli iubet iterūq poni corpora
Et semp impatiens sui status, citò

mutatur, et cœlū quærelis verberat
nunc filiū gemit, suorū nunc luem,
curamq serā, tanta sentiunt vulnera
dempti satellitis [reclamat anxia]*
Mox illa asylo purpurā servos iubet
aurūq fulvū rapere, supellectilem
et quas habebat regia excelsas opes,
Et ne leves obsint moræ vehementibus
hinc brevior ut pateret ad templū via
interna iussit pforari moenia
Regis, quā asylū clauditur patiū
Charūq demens filiū tenens sinu,
et, quinq mater filias vocans fugit
sacras ad ædes Interim tremens metu
qualis leonis faucibus vastis premi
fugiens timet, dum præda poscitur,
fera

Regina

A cunctane being Eboracensis urbis ca-
drawne, let the cellens pater
queene appeare Ergo deese quid malis
in yt Sanctu- ari, her s nobis potest?
ary, her s claugetis and aul sita vincere no-
maydis about her, sittinge quis potuit miser?
on packs, far dells, chests Frustra timemus jam
cofers the quene itting magna domus (heu)
on yt ground with fardells reliqua parvæ su-
about her mus

tantiq miserōs templa
tutantur sacra

Durū parant funus propinqui sangui-
nis

nec quis tenet regem locus, servi
sciunt

An non perimus ulla spes manet
domus?

Andræ Ebor

Metus remitte, pone curas anxias
Erioris istud omne quodcūq et malū
Quicquāne gravis animos levat miserōs
dolor?

* All bracketed words are supplied from the University Library MS

Quin mitius de reb⁹ istis cogita
 Mihi nup ubi suadet soporem cæca nov
 me suscitât somno sepultū nuntius
 Hastings heros misit, hic narrat mihi
 traxisse Northamptonæ moras duces,
 ubi subditis stipatus hæret rex suis
 Pectus mihi quisquâ timore luderet,
 nam cuncta tandem sorte foelici
 cadent

Regina

Ille, ille nostri durus hostis sanguinis
 Hastings, ille principi exitiū parat
 En, vindices mater deos supplex
 precor,
 Dnū caput flammis nefandis obruant

Archiep. Ebor

Lax furentis turgidos animi motus,
 et siste prudens impetus mentis graves
 testor deorū numen, astia qui sua
 torquent manu, si filiū præter tuū
 quenquâ coronant, proximo statim die
 fratri huic suo decora regni insignia
 trademus, en magnū sygillu nunc
 tibi,
 quod mihi tuus quondam maritus de-
 tulit,
 reddam tuo quem nunc tueris filio

Archiep. solus.

Rector potens Olympi, et altitonans
 pater
 Ergo placidam sana quietem patriæ,
 ut tractet hæres sceptrâ puerili manu
 Ne dura regnū poena victori cadet
 belliq spem fingunt novâ Lancastriæ,
 dum cæde se litabat hostis impia
 Sed quid facis? quæ mentis oblivio
 capit?
 Cuiquamne te magnū sygillū tradere?
 cui detulisti? foeminae? quoniam semp fuit
 invisâ, tum fidem duces ludent tuâ,
 dum magna Regni cure temere pro-
 duntur
 Num foeminae credis? facile resistitur

Et in tuū vis seviet solū caput
 Nunc ego mittā qui sygillū clam petat
 ut non meam duces levem damnent
 fidem

SERVUS GLOEC CHOKUS PROCLUAT
 MULTIANTIŪ CIVIS, HASTING
 HILROS, ARCHIEP EBOR

Servus Gloec

Jam quamlibet defendit excubitor viâ
 totamq densæ Thamesim sulcunt late
 ut nemo prumpat ad asylū profuga
 Nil Claudiane dux saciâ meturus fidem
 Quin matris ad templū surripiunt opes
 Let artificers Quos hic tumultus
 come running concitatis improbi?
 out with clubs Quo pellit insanos
 and staves Elizabethæ furor?

Prim⁹ proc

Urbs, urbs, Cives, ad arma, ad arma

Servus

En arma dolus vehuntur abdita
 quib⁹ necem ducibus rebelles clam
 parant.

2⁹ Procer

Some armed with Quodnā malū tantus
 privy coates tumultus parturit?
 with gownes
 throwne over

3⁹ Procer

Onerata navigis Tamesis horruit
 aqua

4⁹ Procer

Regina fugiens arma multa simul ve-
 hit?

5⁹ Procer

Quidnā parat regina crudelis malū?

6⁹ Procer

At arma feriant, si minentur, non ve-
 hant

7^o Procer

Dū feminae tam triste vindicent nefas

8^o Procer

At te deus pusille princeps, munit

Archiep Ebor

Regni potentis nobilis procerū cohors
An rumor audax credulos ludit, metus
Spargens novos? vel crescit in luctus
vetus

malū? fuensq̄ repetit agnitu prius
Ambitio thronū? et poscit in praeda
sibi?

Præceps moras tumultus haud patitur,
leves

Supplex ad aias sternitur mater tre
mens

Regina regnū suspicatur filii
plures atro clauduntur heroes specu
Quorū fides regis tutelā meruit
Imbecillis regis ætas admittit nefas,
Scelusq̄ facile concitat timidū licet,
Sanū statim expedire consiliū decet,
Donec quis errat qui dolos patat magis
sed clarus huc Hastings heros advo
lat

Hastings

Non vos latebat, chara civiū cohors,
Rex me quibus est amplexus amorib⁹
Arctius et ejus colere chara pignora
cogunt benigni tanta regis munera
Quorū nisi vitam mea luerem nece,
ingrata foedaret magis nulla nota
Lædi doleo rumore pacem futuri,
varioq̄ turbam Britannos murmure
Hospes video tumultuari subditos
pei tota raptare volantes mœnia
Quorsū metu vexare vano pectora
juvat? Ora quicquid mentiuntur gar
rula,
specta mihi fides Glocestria satis fuit,
En, ducit alacri Regulū pompa modo,
ut
tenerū corona cingeret fulva caput

At dura quos premit proceres custodia
Lacerare probis profidi Glocestrū
quærunt ducem cæcoq̄ frigent car
cere

litem sacratus dū senatus poneret
Unū precor supplex (patres) sententia
ne nostra mentem posterā preverteret,
ne publico lites vigerent funere
Ad arma ne nos via rebellis concitet
Justissima licet bella suadere queant
Hoiū feretur causa semp̄ iustior
Armīs suis quicunq̄ claudant prin
cipem
dum mœnib⁹ Regalis adventat puer,
urbis principi pacata giatuleti suo

REX EDUARDUS, PRÆTOR LONDIN
ENSIS

Eduardus

Ubi barbaras sedes mutavimus feræ
gentis, revertor sospes ad patrios lares
Urbis supbæ clarus hic pollet mitor,
Regniq̄ splendet majus inclyti decus
Urbs chara, salve tanta nunquā
gaudia

post tot runas Asiæ Argivis nunquā
Optata patriæ regna et Argolicas opes
cum bella post tam longa primi vise
rent

Vix hospiti tot iustura tam lætū tibi
reditū licet tantis miser naufragus
ereptus esses dux Cephalenius parant
Quam cressit amissæ voluptas patriæ
hospes diu postquā carebas, et suos
negant aspectus longam iter nihi

Prætor Lond

Illustre patriæ decus rex inclyte
en læta profudit cohors se civiū
ut giatuleti principi multū suo
sol nostro ut alter luceas fœlix polo
hæresq̄ patris jura Britannis daes
cives deū pulsabit anxius prece

Dux Gloc.

The King goeing Eduardus en rex ves-
about the stage. ter, o cives mei,
honore fulgens regio, en potens puer
chare Britannis principem vides tuū,
virtute præstantem fidelis abdite.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Hastings Heros.

Regina inædibus squalens sacris sedet
Duris propinqui comprimuntur vin-
culis

Tutorq declaratus Angliæ modo
suffragiis Glocestrius nostris fuit.
Magnū sygillū præsulī Eborū demitur
Hunc Claudianus jure potens vulnerat,
quod prodidit levī sigillū foeminæ
Fœlix beabit cuncta sors, hostes jacent
et Pontefracti, jam manent tristem
necem

Properate fato, mox graves poenas
luant.

Sed quid cesso sacrū senatū visere.

DUX GLOCEST DUX BUCK. CARD.
EBOR. EPISC. ELIENS. STANLEIUS
HASTING⁹ HOWARDUS, LOVELLUS,
BARONES.

Glocest.

Illustris o procerū cohors, quos Anglia
gens nobilis peperit, nil tandem mo-
vet

tam triste reginæ scelus? tantam pati
infamiam generosa mens adhuc po-
test?

Malitia tam diu latebit foeminæ?

En, gnatū asylo inimica captivū tenet,
ut querulo rebellis agitet murmure
proceres Britanniae, atque duris vul-
neret

verbis, tumultu turba conceito. Quasi
fides

incerta tutorū sit, anxius quibus
senatus Eborū ducis curam dedit
Nec parvulū hostis amotus procul
solū tenetur, aut bene notatus cibus :
Trahunt magis moderata puerū ludi-
cra

Aetas suis æquata deliciis placet.
Nunquā seni colludet imisius puer,
fratrisq ludo frater instabit magis.
Solere parvis magna sæpe crescere
Quis nescit? ingens regis esset dede-
cus

Nostramq damnet non levis fidem
labes,

Dum fama Gallis profuga obgannit,
sacras

quod fugit ad aras principis frater
metu.

Citiū nihil volare maledicto potest :
Opinio firmata nec statim perit.
Ergo viri mittantur assensa sacro
quorū dubia nunquam fides regi fuit,
Matri minū suspecta, cognita patriæ
satis,

ut filiū sacro solutū carcere, fratri suo
restituat. At tuam fidem
tantū negotiū requirit (Cardinis
honore præstans Archipræsul inclyte)
Præstare si tua non gravetur sanctitas.
Hoc regis ingens flagitat solatiū,
salusq fratris, certa patriæ quies.
Sin detinet regina gnatū pertinax,
nec matris infelix amor morem gerit :
Suprema regis jussa luctantem pre-
mant

Malitia constabit, odiū, protervia
Quæ mentis est opinio nostræ, lubens
audi (favente namq spiritū deo)
Nunquā meos urgebo sensus pertinax,
sed facile flectet sævior sententia.

Dux Buckin.

Quem solitudo principis non comovet,
procerūq deflectens honor, aut patriæ
Salus diu jactata? dū claustris sacris
gnatū premit vesana mater, dedecus

Ingens puer sejunctus affert principi
Nec tutū ent carere fratre parvulo,
Vulgus probis futile lacessit improbis,
quasi nulla regis cura magnates tenet,
Non solū prolis mater ortū vendicat
suisq̃ tantū stulta delictis putet
nasci vocat regni decus patriam
statim

cuiare dulcis matris oblitū jubet
Quōd melius hæc suadere Cardinis
pater
Antistes excellens potest, assentior
Sin pavidā amoris mater ignorat modū,
vi filiū sibi jubebit eripi

Hastin Heros

Quorsum sacris hæeret ulnis parvulus?
fratri triumphū Regis aut cur invidet?
Sin filiū tremebundā periculū tremat,
At hic paternū sepiet frequens genus
Hic à sacro jussus senatu tutor est,
Regisq̃ curabunt amantes subditi
Tum mutuū fratrum vocat solatiū
proterva mater sin iecusat mittere
Cardinis illū præsul ereptū avehat

Card

Ut fratris aula frater oblectet simul,
ut gratus Angliæ meus prosit labor,
meisq̃ recuso æquale viribus nihil
Gnatū sacra sin mater æde continet,
solusq̃ fratrem rex suū non impetrat
promissa templo jura nunquā rumpere
tamen decet, sanxisse quem divū Pe-
trum
primū ferunt, mox prisca firmavit fides,
et longus ordo principū pepigit bonis
multis sacra pepicisse pacta constitit,
nec ullus Isthæ audet Alanis feris
præbens fugam violare, nec rigens
nive
tellus perenni hircana, vel sparsus
Scythæ
Nemo sacrilegus diis datam rumpit
fidem

At Regulo fratrem dabit matris
sinus,
nec filiū invidet patiens solatio
Sin fratris aula fratre perpetuò vacet,
et filiū mater sacro carcere tenet,
Nihil meus damnabit castus labor,
solusq̃ matris impedit cæcus amor

Dux Buckin

Quin matris impedit magis proteſſa
Audebo vitam pignori deponere
nullam timoris vel sibi causā putet
vel filio, nemo lubens cum ſœmina
pugnabit optarem propinquis mulie-
briem
sexū simul perturbat Angliā minus
Quibus odiū peperit scelus tantū suū,
Non quod genus suo trahunt de san-
guine,
Sin clava nec regina nobis, aut sui
essent propinqui Regis at fratrem
tamen
odisse quid juvat? genus enim nobile
junxit propinquos at nisi invisus sibi
Honor esset, et minetur infamem
notam
Nolis, suū nunquā negaret filiū,
Suspecta enim nunquam fides procerū
fuit
Suū sibi proceres relinquent filium,
Sibi si loco mater decoro [manserit]

[Dux Glouc]

Nunc ergo vobis filiū si deneget,
quorū fides sibi satis est cognita
Imanis hæc erit protervia ſœminæ,
Non frigidae mentis pavor Sin adhuc
timet
Infausta mater, quæ timere umbriā
potest,
tantō magis cavere matris amor jubet
Suspecta ne furtū sacrū gnatū suū
ad exteros regina mittat Milles
promissa templo jura præstat frangere,
tantū senatus dedecus quam perſerat
Aliq̃ nostrūm luderent pulcrū caput

spectare qui flatem cadentem principis
possumus ergo filiū matris suū
Templo solum vi decebit eripi,
ne jure simus exteris ludibrio
Nec ego fidem lubens asylū laderem,
cui robur ætas longa struxit plurimū,
Nec primus olim privilegiū suū
Templis dedissem, Arisve nunc pacifer,

Si pertinax in debitores creditor
sœviet et illis vincula minetur hominibus,
adversa quos fortuna damnavit sibi
oppressit ære aut prodigū alieno male
ut corpus ereptū ara tueatur piū
sane impius et civibus, vel furiibus
quos nullus unquā continere metus
potest

Sicariusq; parcere, an non impiū
Sin pacta asylo jura tansū protegent
Iniqua quos fortuna vexat furiibus
cur sacra? cur sicarius? cui civibus
Nequā patent? abundat (heu) malis
sacrū

Nunquid deus patronus impius erit?
Num jura Petrus ista pepigit furiibus?
Aliena prodigos rapere pius locus
mouet sibiq; rapta furto credere
onusta spoliis deserit conjux virū
Ludens maritū furta templo condidit
Erumpit hinc cædi frequens sicarius,
tutūq; patrato locū sceleris putat
Ergo benigna sacra demū furibus
nec jus asylū violet, et gratū deo
Sanctūq; erit, quod pontifex mitis
nimis

principes ne pactus est misericors
nescio
quis, non satis prudens tamen, quod
laderent

nunquā supstitutione ducti posteri,
Sed sua sacris promissa servemus,
nihil

Ducem tamen tuentur inclusū sacra
Injusta damna, jus vetat, natura, lex,
Nec principem moramur aut Episcopū

Contraq; vim quisquis locus tutus, utis
Indulta sacra lege, impediunt minus
si dura veniam suaserit necessitas
Atquæ premit tristis ducem necessitas
Regi fidelem Regiū probat genus,
psuadet insonantem mali ætas nescia
Cur impetret dux innocens sacra
fidem?

Alius sacrū infanti lavacrū postulat
At pacta sacris jura quisquis impetiat,
Imploret ipse mentis impulsu suæ
Quid innocens poscat puer? quid
meruit?

Matura nunquā ferret ætas carcerem
Horreiet aras illico natus puer
Aliena si prædatus huc quis advolat,
corpus tuentur sacra si cedet bonis,
hæc pontifex transferre, vel princeps
nequit

Episcopus Elius

Ut pacta templo jura, creditorib;
erepta servent debitorū corpora
acea quos latere forsitan sors jubet,
divina lex psuasit indulgent simul
decreta pontificū sacra miseris fugā
Aliena cedent æra creditoribus
tantū labore rursus ut crescat suo,
cuiusq; damnum reparet assidua prius
Carcere solutus debitor excussis bonis
In nuda quis sæviret atrox tergoia?

Dux Buckingham

probabitur hæc sanc mihi sententia
Uxor virū linquens ad aras si fugeiet
non pace Petri hæc eripi templo Petri
potest? puer lascivus exosus scholæ
hæret sacris hunc pedagogus nunc
sinet?

at is tremet virgam, timebat hic nihil
Indulta novi sacra vires pueris nihil
sit ara consilium patrona dum lubet
huic sacra denegantur pacta, debile
quod nescit ingenium petere nec integra
merere vita patitur, aut tutus malis

princeps egei e potuit, haud lædit sacra
Is quisquis ut prodesse possit, eximet

Stanl Heros

Quòd expedit Regi, Britannis Angliæ,
ut fratris aula frater una luderet,
hæreie posthac mens dubia non potest
Mulcere mentem matris opto mollius
hunc forte sano ducta consilio dabit,
Sin filiū protei va mater detinet,
sacrisq; deneget parere jussibus,
suo ducem fratris satellites liberet,
ludoq; puerū armata restituet manus

Howard Heros

Concessa matris filii incunabula
et asq; fluxit ludicia deliciis suis
Nunc chara reliquos poscit annos
patria

questus graves Matris nihil moror
si filium negat solutū carcere
sacro, fratri illū liberabunt milites

Dux Glocest

Uno senatus ore matris nuntū
te poscit antistes, sacrum jussū expedi
le præsulī comitem dux Buckinghamiæ

Jungas, et Howarde præstans stemmate
Amoris at si mater haud ponit modū
natūq; nobis surripere demens studet
Mox eriment robusti asylo milites,
frustaq; prolem planget

After they bee ereptam sibi
come downe Nunc te negotiū grave
from the antistes vocat
seates Responsa matris prox
imi morabimur

ELIZABETH REGINA, ARCH EBOR
HOWARDUS HEROS DUX.

Archep. Ebor

Mater potens illustre regina caput
nunc ore quamvis verba dicantur meo,

non esse credas nostra decievit fre-
quens

procerū senatus, et Glocestrius simul
Protector, ut suadente natura licet
hæreiet uno matris amplevu puer, ætasq;
prima cum parente promptius
versetur haud sinit tamen regni decus
Maculas honorem filii demens tui
Denuo suis tui bata sedibus pax ruit
Britannia falso dum metu pavida sedes
squalens asylo, si tenetur carcere
conclusus unā frateri alteri principis,
dulci sui fratris carens solatio
Odium fratrum plebs suspicatur illic,
Sacra ad aedes quod fugit metu pueri
Ergo tuū reddes solutū carcere
Gnatū, tuos e vinculis sic liberas
et principi magnū creas solatium
et gestiet securā Nobiliū cohors.

Regina

Summo galeæ honore præcellens
pater,
Quod fratris in domo simul fratrem
debet

manere, non repugno quamvis tutius
uteiq; dulci matris hæeret sinu,
Quorū tenebra adhuc timere ætas jubet.
Et cum minus tuetur ætas junior,
tum morbus hunc premibat infestus diu
cuiamq; matris grande periculū vocat
Tantō magis minatur ægroto tabes
recidiva, nec vulnus secundū fortiter
Natura prius oppressa fert nec se satius
potest tueri Quam frequens operanti
dabit

Matrona scio, quæ filiū curet meū
sedulo, mihi tamen meū decet magis
Gnatum relinquī cum melius illū scio
nutrire, cujus semp ulnis parvulus
hæsit, hec illū mollius quispiā potest
fovere, quā quæ ventris mater sustulit

Arch. Ebor

Negare demens nemo regina aliā potest,

quoniam filius melius tuæ relinquitur
custodiæ nunc matris amplexu puer
ut vivat, hæroï incluta optaret cohois
simul decore si maneres in loco,
utiq; sin natura vitam consecras
sacris tuâ, et posthac piæ studet pieci
devota mens, at fratris aula luderet
frater, pueri, templo solutus, nec sacro
carcere piû matris suæ furtû hæreat
Prudenter matris ulnis eripitur puer,
nec usq; matris gariet petulans sinu
Infans ut alat sæva regem Wallia,
et barbaros luceret inter filius
nup fuit contenta majestas tua

Regina

Contenta nunquam cura non eadem
tamen

tenebat utriusq; matrem filii
Jussit nihil timere regis tunc salus
Huic membra multo lassa morbo de-
sident

O vix labantis tollit artus corporis
Quæ tanta gnati cura patruû tenet?
Si filiû imatura fata absorbeant,
et fila chara avidæ sorores amputent
Suspecta mors ducem tamen Gloces-
triû

reum arguet, nec fraudis effugiet no-
tam

An lædi honorem regis aut suû putet,
hoc si loco morabitur tutissimo?
Suspecta nulli fuit asylû fides
hîc incolere cum matre filiû sinant
latère templo tuta decrevi magis,
quàm cum meis diri timere carceris
poenas, asylò quos latère nunc malim,
quàm vinculis dedisse vestris dexterâ

Howard

Hos aliquid ergo patrasse nosti con-
scia?

Regina

Patrasse nec quicquâ scio, nec vin-
cula

quousq; premant sed non levis timor
fuit,
ut qui colorem non mirantur carceris
hi mortis omnem negligant causâ
simul

Card

Movetur nunc de suis posthac nihil
Parcet tuis agitata causâ judici,
nec tibi minuitur aliquis heroiû metus

Regina

Imò, timeere quid vetat manus pius,
cum vita non tuetur innocens mors
An hostibus Regina chara sim magis,
tristis malorum causa quæ fui meis?
Matrivi parcat juncta Regi chara
stirps?

Meos propinquû non minus laudat
genus
cum frater hic sit Regis, ille avun-
culus

Quoniam filius mecum morabitur simul,
Mens nisi aliud solertior psuaserit
Nam suspicor procerum magis tristem
fidem
quod absq; causa filiû avidè flagitent

Card

Hoc suspicantur matris at sinû
magis,
ne forte gelidus corda pstringens metus
ad externos relegare cogat filiû
Sin patruo negare filiû juvet,
Manus tibi violentas exprimet,
seioq; justis pulsa viribus dabis,
Non hunc asylò pacta jura muniunt,
quæ nec dedit imbellis ætas poscere,
et vita nil timere jussit integra
Lædi fidem promissam asylò non
putant,
si filiû sacris solutû liberant,
sacramq; vim minatur vitæ tibi
Est talis amor erga nepotem patruû
ut principis turpem fugâ tremesceret.

Regina

Amore sic teneri nepotis patiuus
aidebat amens, nil ut horeriet magis,
quàm ne suas pusillus evadat manus
nepos fugam suadere matrem filio
putat, tabes cui longa discessum negat
Aut quis tueri filium locus magis
potest asylo? quod Caucasus nunquā
ferox

Iñanis aut violavit olim Thracia
At sacra mei re iñocens nescit puer
Nunc ergo frustra parvulus templū
petit

Præclara Tutoris consultat carū caput
Furem tuentur sacra nequaquā piū
at parvulus non indiget puer sacris
Cuius timere vita prohibet integra,
metūq; vacuū jussit esse nescia

et as malī faxit deus tandem præcor
ut corde pellat jure conceptū metū
Hære re templo turpiter gnatū putat
Protector (at protector horū sit pre
cor,

nec in suos crudelis hostis sæviat)
An frater unā fratris ut ludat domo?
Lucisse morbus jam vetat tristis diu
pestisq; languens an deesse parvulo
possunt, quibuscū prima gestit ludere
ætas, pares honore nisi dentur modo
Regum supbo junctus atq; sanguine?
quorū minū concors ea esse ætas
solet,

falsō sibi promittit illustris cohors
Fratrum duorū mutuū solatiū
Ludit sui secūa juris æmula
Natura dū fraterna fingeret odia
pueris lites magis placent domesticæ
binumq; vulnus sentiunt statim fratrū
turbata pectora, atq; se minus posti
possunt magis lusore quovis gestiet
quam frater cognatus puer, et statim
admissa sordescit voluptas, nec diu
domesticæ placere delitiæ possunt
At sacra non poscebat nescius puer?
Quis ista sibi secreta dixit nuntius?

Tu quære, quærat Claudianus, audiet
At non negasse finge sine parvulū
non posse, sine ardore asylū linquere
Manebit invitus tamen teniplū mihi
si posco solū, bona tuebitur simul
Nemo Caballū sacilega sacris eripit
templo puer latē securus nequit?
Quin filiū matri pupillū detulit
Britania lex, posessa si nulli bona
accepta referat jura matri suū
mandent pupillū quæ suos vis sacris
Inimica tutrici pupillos auferet
cum matris virtus fugeret hostilis
manus?

Ednaldus inimicis suis linquens miser
extorta manib⁹ sceptrā, ad aras mov
sacras
fuga grāvida, rex ortus in lucem ibi
fuit

primosq; natales sacros nactus puer
Fuit timor non parvus hostibus patris,
Dubiaq; fecit pacis incertæ fidem
utriq; asyllum præbuit tutā sedem,
donec patris gnatum reversi amplexi-
bus

Templū relinquens læta tradelem,
fides

tam certa regis sit utinā suæ
Quæ sit timoris causa nec quisquā
roget

mecum sacris manebit ædibus puer
Quicunq; pacta jura asylo rumperet
precor sacra fruatur impius fuga
nec invidio duris opem hostib⁹ sacra,

Card

Quid agimus? ira cæcā mentem velli-
cat

et pungit interdū ferox Glocestrū
non flectitur preci pectus iratū levi
pugnare verbis non juvat, jussus sacros
sumi senatus differo, quibus times
parere frustra, grande suspicionis est
tormentū acriter errore torquetur suo
decepta Si regina charū patruo

mandas nepotem, et ceteris quos Anglia
 proceres suos gens nobilis jactat diu
 Charā mihi vitā tibi pio filio
 Nunquā timebo pignori deponere
 Sin filiū nobis tuum mater negas,
 rursus tibi psuasor haud posthac eio,
 et filiū coacta deseres tamen
 Tremescit anceps cogitationū Vincim?

Regina

Concussit virtus nostros horridus timor,
 torquetq; vinctus frigido sanguis metu
 Quid agimus, animū distrahit dubius
 pavor

Hic natus urget, fortius illic patruus
 Testor deū verū atq; quicquid possi-
 dent

Cæli beatū conjugis manes mei,
 Non aliud Eduarde in meo nata mihi
 jam quero, quam tua sceptra regali
 potens

gestaret aula, iura Britannis daret,
 Regisq; lætū vivat æternū genus
 Quid fluctuaris? ergo prodixisti filiū?
 An sponte quæsitū neci mater dabis
 An non tuorū injussa terrent vincula?
 Sin cogitet protector Anglorū decus
 En, possidet natū priorem principis,
 contentus illo sit non poscit istū
 patria

Is quærit unū, utrunq; mater postulo
 unum dari iogo, duos cui debuit
 At hujus horescis nihil demens minas?
 procerūq; vim tantū feris? natū tamen
 amittis, et tuo perire vulnere
 vides tuos, properare Cardinis patet
 matris quærelæ, nec moras parvas
 facit

statim vicinā vim minatur patruus
 promissa asylo iura nec prolem tegunt
 Nunquā fugæ miles viam celeri dabit
 Armatus omnes occupat hostis locos
 Aut quæ capit fidelis amorū sedes?
 Obscurā Cardinālis haud fides fuit
 sempq; sancti auctoritas erat patris

Huic filiū manda tuū, Quin eripi
 sinu videre filiū mater potes?
 patrisq; funus ultimum regis domus
 Horrida fulminet ferox Glocestrius
 potius, seiam, patiar, maneat gnatus
 modo!

Erras, utrosq; peditis et gratū simul
 tuosq; serie nec Glocestrensem potes

Card

Dum cæca vires na colligit, in tuā
 præceps iunā armatæ infelix amor
 Cui patruo charam nepotem denegas,
 cui curia major Angliæ committitur?
 meritō nos inicitia damnas simul,
 et esse stultos aiguis, quando nihil
 horum timemus, quale tu demens
 times

Cum nos tamen Glocestrio junxit
 duci

assidua regni curia, nec magis fuit
 pspecta cuiquā vita Richardi ducis

Regina

Tam stulta nunquā, mentis aut inops
 fui,

vos, esse stultos ut reor cunctos,
 fidem

vestramq; suspicionem læderem mea
 Acumen ergo desidero simul et fidem
 quorū alterum si desit, in nostrū caput
 ruet luemq; patriā magnam parit,
 nil sacra naturæ moriatur fœdera
 Regni cupido insana nobilis fuit
 Ambitio fratrum cæde, nec maculā
 timet?

Veterū parū mentita psuasit fides
 Romana fraterno madebant sanguine
 moenia suo sin regna fratri parere
 haud

verentur, an frustia nepos patiuū
 timet

Si regni diversa fratres incolant,
 erit salus utriq; servemus alterū,
 utrumq; servabis duos defendere
 unius in vita potes nec tutū erit

ædibus usdem vivere ambobus simul
 Merces non ponit una singulas
 Mercator in navi, procella quem fie
 quens
 jubet timere, nec marii turbines
 rabidi solent frustia licet mihi con
 sciæ
 irecti, loco seivare sancto filiū
 me posse sperem, dura quamvis in
 tonet
 crudelis horrendūq patius fulminet,
 En filium vestris tamen manib⁹ simul
 vobis in illo mando fratrem, quos pie
 servare vos decebit à vobis ego
 tum mater illū denuo repetam, caro
 quando omnis suū ante iudicis thronu
 posthac simul clangente sistetur tuba
 Tremebunda scio quæ vestra splen
 descit
 fides, spatiosa quam sit dexteræ po
 tentia,
 testata tot rebus simul prudentia,
 Nihil ut meis deesse tutandis queat
 suspecta sin vobis potestas vestra erit,
 Illum mihi vos p deos relinquite
 p regis Eduardi throni castam fidem
 Quantoq me nimis timere dicitis
 Tantū timere vos minis, decet parū
 O dulce pignus, alterū regni decus,
 spes vana matris, cui patris laudes ego
 demens precabar frustra, avi longas
 dies
 tibi patronus adsit tot procellis ab bite
 mundi deus, tutoq portu collocet
 impulsa vela, mæstæ matris accipe
 infixa labris oscula infelix tuis
 Is novit unus reiū habenas qui tenet,
 quando dies lucebit altera, tuis denuo
 cum nostra labris imprimentur oscula
 Jam quod timebis id genus dedit tuū
 Si vulnus haud statis miser, matris tuæ
 imitare luctus sin negat lachrymas
 tibi
 generosus animus, at suos planci⁹
 tamen
 concede matri, flere novimus prius

En, sume fletus matris, è misero patris
 quicquid relictū funere an quicquid
 potest
 flebilis esse regis Eduardi nece?
 at alteri Eduardus tamen erat, dui
 potens
 supba regni sceptrā gestaet patris,
 hic finxit ora gnatus Eduardi minor
 Dicendus at magis meo ex utero meus
 Tum turba suffulsit meorū nobilis,
 nec morte fatum flegit una singulos
 Nunc dira fratrem Carceris custodia
 avulsit ipsum possidet regem fides
 metuenda Richardi reliquias en
 patris
 solas in hoc fuit una spes lapsæ
 domus,
 in quo simul nunc auferentur omnia
 Quis te manet fiti exitus tristis? quib⁹,
 heu fluctib⁹ una innoxens exponitur?
 si dura parvū fata quæerunt, ultimū
 domus tuæ funus, petam mater simul
 viventis oculos ad mea claudā manu,
 et matris in sinu pueri pereas vale
 fili vale, matris vale solatiū
 Qualis remota matre crudelis leo
 prædam minorem morsibus vastis præ
 mens
 raptavit ore, talis sinu meo
 crudelis avulsit nepotem patruus

Howard

En candidas profusa lachrymis genas
 variis tenellos filii artus implicet,
 amplexibus suprema spargens oscula,
 nec plura singultus sinit anhelans
 loqui
 Hæstiq medio rapta gutture egredi
 vox jussa, nec reperit viam infelix
 amor
 Quid matris adeo cara veras pec
 tora?
 post terga discedens relinquit filiū.

Card

Noli timeere nobilis princeps, simul

cum fratre colludes tuo, regis domū
nil suspicare matris oribus sinu

ACTUS QUINTUS

CATESBEIUS, DUX BUCK

Cates

Plagis tenēte lætus imbelles feias
Glocestrus triumphat in manus suas
optata cæcidit præda, tuta fraus loco
versatus, obscuro tenetur carcere
nepos uterq; decora regni jam libet
spondere sibi, solumq; fratris mortui
Qualis feras odore longo sentiens
sagax cinis, postquā vicinā præda
percipit,

cervice celei pugnat, et presso vias,
scrutatur ore tallis omnib⁹ modis
optare dextris sceptrā fratris dimicat,
regnoq; sperato prope Britanniae inhiat
Regni futuri jacta jam sunt semina
procerū cohors irata Reginae nequit
perferre stirpem poscit ad poenā ferox
dum lite pugnant anxii, clā p̄dere
dum cogitat, quicunq; coeptis obstre-
pant

Duce absq; Buckinghamio, sed nectere
dolos sūos veretur, et fraudes timet.
Jussit ducis mentem supbā incendere
Et concitare prolis odiū regæ,
ut sceptrā parvis excidant infantib⁹,
patruq; Buckinghamius fraudes juvet,
Regnumq; dux incensus acquirat sibi
Ut suspicentur interim proceres nihil,
hi de creando rege jussi consulunt
Catesbei, quid cessas parere duci
thronū

Huc ferē Buckinghamiū video gradū
animo tumet supbus huic nectam
dolos

Flos Angliæ, præclara progenies Jovis,
Et maximū quassæ Britanniae decus,
Quid otii securus alis, inmemor

propiæ salutis? quare vulnus accipit
collapsus imperii status, si concitus
temere furor juvenilis opprimat insciū
Ætatis haud molletur ut servidæ

Dux Bucking

At si quis excelsa potens aula, levis
Imunis imperio dere suæ potest
jactare foelicem statū haud fragili loco,
Excelsus id Buckinghamus hero-
potest

Quodnam sed omen istud ambigui-
jacies

Dubio ore carceris nigri lecto specu
an hostis in nostrum caput frustra iuit

Cates

Locus sed omni liber arbitrio taceat

Buck

Nudate turba seivuli vestigia latus

Cates

Nil timet generosa magnanimi indoles,
Se posse vinci, magna virtus dum
negat
præmia ferunt fastus sui Riverius
heros, Grausq; primus hic gradul malī
Rex sceptrā puerili manu quassans
fuit,

Minatur olim non multas fore suas
injurias, nec dura fratris vincula,
nec avunculi tulit sui, mater comam
lacerata vindictam petit, minor genu
quicquid propinquus sit, sibi fieri putat
Nunc ergo prudens ista tecum cogita
Nam si pepersit hostib⁹ manus tuis,
et traxerunt matris propinqui spiritū,
Nunquā tuas cessabit in poenas furor
At si timori spiritū evomant tuo,
iramq; justam sanguine extinguant suo
Regem timebis, scelere dum vincet
scelus

domusq; cognatæ fremat diram luem.

<i>Buck</i>	<i>Cates</i>
Fuior brevis pueri statim restringitur	Nocere mortuus nihil gnatus potest
<i>Cates</i>	<i>Buck</i>
At ira præceps est magis pueri levis	Mari medela sola tollere principem
<i>Buck</i>	<i>Cates</i>
Minuet dies, vehemens quod est iuet illico	Vinci nisi scelere novo scelus nequit Quoddam scelus honestum necessitas facit
<i>Cates</i>	Plagis tenetur capta dispositis fera Quasi vinculis utiq; servatur nepos levi peribunt Claudii nutu ducis periere jam jam, si tibi nunc consulas Glocestrum munit satelles clam ducere mores notat secretos excubitor tuos qualem tuorum minimè falsam putes, adversus illum fortè si quicquam pares Nihil timendū si vides, time tamen incerta multorū fides constans nihil Inimica crede cuncta turbatus solet simulare multa vultus, et finget dolos Fratī Thyestes liberos credens suos, mistum suorum sanguinem genitor bibit
<i>Buck</i>	[<i>Buck</i>]
Criminis pars istius Glocestrus fuit	Quid nunc, cur hæres quodne consiliū diu
<i>Cates</i>	Vesane torques Carceri hæreas datos an pœnitebit? hoc inertis est viii Hinc regis ita terret an puerū times? An fœminā? nam fata cognatos pre- munt
Fuior satiatur ultione Sontem negligit punit scelus	Versantur illinc odia splendidi Ducis cujus potestas summa, quem cuncti tie- munt
<i>Buck</i>	Quæris salutem? tutus hinc eris magis confide sumis, et fidem præsta Duci,
Ducis potest autoritas ferociam pueri minuire	<i>Cates</i>
<i>Cates</i>	Properata Regem fata si vita eximant parabit hæres scepra Richardus sibi Tu sola jactatæ columnia patriæ ambire regnū ope dux tua Glocestrus facile potest utiq; vitam munies.
<i>Buck</i>	
est	
<i>Cates</i>	
Dum puer	
<i>Buck</i>	
At suū semp timebit patrum	
<i>Cates</i>	
Quenquam timeere nescit imperi decus	
<i>Buck</i>	
Quod nos tueri salubre consilium potest	
<i>Cates</i>	
Quod principi necem vestram solum vetat	
<i>Buck</i>	
Pulsabit usq; matris ira filium	

Buck

Nunquā meo ludet ciuore regius puer
 Cujus minas satiabit eleptū caput
 Jactura parua principis, vitam suā
 seivare si posses parum pueros de
 cent
 decora regni matris hoc regnū in-
 vidæ
 haud regis esset, cuius impulsu in
 necem
 solū suorū armatu iratus puer

DUX BUCK DUX GLOCEST CATLS-
 BEIUS

Buck

O Claudiane rector, Ebori domus
 spes una, nec non periculi consors
 mei
 nobis gravem tuus parat necem nepos
 Casus suorū mæstus Eduardo satus
 plangit, minasq; fletib⁹ miscet graves
 Abdenda vinculis opaci carceris
 infausta proles Regis, an nra nece
 suæ domus litabit ultlices deos

Gloc

Horrere vindicis potentiae faces
 cogunt trucesq; regis irati minæ
 salubre præcipitare consiliū jubet
 Quò longius serpit malū robustius
 fieri solet, brevisq; consilii moia
 datur

Buck

Medela tristis ingenti malo
 paratur en facile scelus vinci nequit
 Sempq; minatur ira cæca principis
 vindicta sceptro armata pugnat ace-
 rimè
 Testor deum verū, summūq; cælorū
 decus,
 quodcunq; consulas, sequor vitæ
 ducem

Gloc

Tiemulos p'rtus horroi excunuit vagus
 Juvenile novi regis, ingenii, ferox
 indocile, flecti non potest? frangi
 potest
 Si priamur, exitiū pirat nobis grave.
 redimere vitam vinculis regis licet,
 At heu pudet fraternæ regni demere
 undiq; fiequens idet Lancastriū genus,
 lapsamq; gaudebit domu amuli sui
 Consulere sed vitæ quia proprie iuvat,
 nec patriā decet onerare luctib⁹.
 fraterna posco scepra jure sanguinis,
 vestraeq; fautores salutis vos voco
 Cœptis tuā si spondeas nostris fidem,
 Juro supremos qui tonant cœlum
 deos,
 natus meus solamen unicū, tuā
 gnatam maritus uxorem ducet sibi
 Quod vendicas Herfordiensis eris
 comes,
 aquis carebit Thamesis, æquor pisci-
 bus
 partes prius quàm pfidus linquā tuas.

Cates

Nunc ergo cœpta vota demens pfice,
 primūq; Regulos ad arcem trans-
 feras
 famulosq; substituas novos nepotibus,
 dicto tuo quos audientes autumas,
 Et nulla deinceps ad Regem pateat
 via
 populi strepitū ad tuos transfer lares,
 et subditorum averte regi lumina,
 calcentq; tua posthac clientes limina

Gloc

Quin Anglæ proceres latere fraudem
 convenit
 dum rapta nostris scepra manib⁹
 caderent.

Cates

Adhuc corona regū cingi caput
 non posse dimissi docebat nuntii

tuoque jussu confluat procerū cohors
ut magna celebrentur comitia Britan
niæ

dum cogitabundi suū capiunt iter,
et urbe undati manebunt virib⁹,
et arma meditantēs priusquā junger
ent,

Incerta cū sit invicem fides sibi,
ēcepta puero sceptrā tutus posside

Bucking

At nobilem non fallēt Hastingū dolos
Stanleius heros urbe quoque confidet,
Antistes Eliensis astum intelligēt
Si clam coire sepatim senserint

Gloc

De reb⁹ Angliæ gravissimis ut consu
lant

coire proceres singuli jussu meo,
ne nostra cœpta intentus anim occupet

Bucking

At quis tui simul comes consili erit
Res magna paucis expediri non potest

Gloc

Quem non metu posessa sceptrā com
primēt

Deesse nostro authoritas voto nequit

Buck

Pervince multis præmiis vulgus leve
donisq; cumula plurimis, qui paritib⁹
ut hæreant tuis faciliè duci queant
vincere pecunia quos nequit, coget
timor

Cates

Difficile procerū animos statim cog
nosceie

Gloc

Quasi publicis de reb⁹ anxius nimis
quos suspicor sollicitus usq; consulā
dum multa proponā dubius, et vol
vimus

secreta regni, mens patebit abdita
Hastingus unus principi palā studet,
et debitos differt honores regulis
hic gratus Anglis et potens multū
mea

juvare sceptrā, vel mori prius decet

Cates

Is principi favebat Eduardo nimis
nunquā potest promissa convelli fides

Gloc

Tentare perversam decet mentem magis
Forsan virū frangas reluctantem metu,
ego interim rebus Britannus consulā

Cates

Quid nunc agis Catesbeie? quin tibi
consulas

nunc avoca astus animi, nunc fraudes,
dolos,

Totum Catsbeii Thronū si particeps
fiandis Ducis procuret Hastingus
fidem

tibi derogas, minusq; posthac creditū
si spiritū pentus inimicus expuat,
quasi p̄tinax amor colat pueros minus:
præesse solus tu potes Lecestriæ
successor Hastingi duces ciedent
magis

bene est perat, ut nostra creseat
gloria

Infausta dirus rumpat ensis viscera.
Studeie fingam Regulis durū nimis,
flecti nec ulla p̄tinax posset prece

STANLEIUS, HASTINGUS.

Stan

Pectus stupet, dubioq; pulsū metu
agitatur, huc illuc rotatur, nec potest
se evolvere omnatur aliquod mens
malū

divulsa quid consilia sibi locis volunt?
dum pars in arce, pars alia prætorio

deliberat novit tonans pater ill quid
disjunctus heros mente versat callide
Nervos vel imperio inhiare, vel necem
nobis, vel insidiis struere regi queat
Hoc quicquid est metuo nimis

Hast

Ponas metū
Illustre Stanlei genus, nec torqueat
suspicio mentem vana nihil in nos
grave
patiari possunt, quamdiu meus simul
Catesbeius adsit (inde qui nunquam
solet
abesse) quod velut ore prolatum suo
absens licet non audio

Stanl

fides et adultera
non rarò tecta fronte blanda abscon-
ditur
Virtutis umbra turpe pugnat vitū
falsumq; vultū haud expriment pauci
dies,

Hast

Cumulata meritis firma constitit fides
Jussu meo Lecēstri sumē colunt,
Multūq; Northamptonus potens valet
ierū mearū sumā in illo colloco

Stan

Serū est cavendū tempus in mediis
malis,
libido regni cæca nullā vim timet,
Imbellis ætas regis obruitur statim,
In nosq; secretū nefas post sæviet,
quoscunq; participes timet sceleris sui,
in nuda præda pñdis sumus hostib⁹
repetamus at patris lares celeri gradu
ubi sepiat suis clientes viribus
Incepta fortē pñdis metuet furor

Hast

Frustra timemus prosperam sortem
satis

verbis benignis alloqui, blandi Duce-
solent, mihiq; plurimum semp student
Et ipse populi vota, rumoris, metus
comunicavi Catesbeio dudū meo
Torquebit alios curi magni principis
quarunt ducem cives, nepotem neg-
ligunt

Quòd ista me celavit, haud reque scio
fugare lubet? nos arguet rurs fuga
atq; revocatos nō pderet magis
Futos manentes vita servat inocens
Sin nos malū maneret, alterius velim
scelestas mens, non nostra damnaret
fuga

Fiaus ista (crede) nulli quam demens
times

Rude prius in coelū chaos mutabitur,
prius astra terris hæreant, flamine
salū,
quam fallat astrinctam fidem Cate-
beius

Stan

Mox exitus tantis malis fidem debui

DUX GLOC, CATESBEIUS, HOWARD
EQUESTRIS ORDINIS

Dux Gloc

Spes concutit mentem metusq; tui
bidā,
trepidumq; gemino pectus eventu la-
bat

Imago regni semp eriat ante oculos
mihi,
et usq; dubium impellit ambitio gravis
turbatq; pectus flamma regni concita
nescit quiescere sceptras nunc tantū
placent

Non desinā dum sumā votorū attigi
Multum exagitat incerta nobiliū fides
cui nostra certus consilia credam haud
scio

Nec sunt loco tuto sitæ fraudes meæ.

Howard

Quid pectus anxiū tumultu verberas?
nescit timere quisquis audet magna,
jam
regnū petis, fortuna fortes adjuvat
ars prima regni posse te cives metu
retinere qui cives timet, rebelles
excitat
Audebit omnia quisquis imperio regit
et durā tractat sceptrā regali manu

Gloc

Pectus nihil ptulbat ignavus metus
Excede pietas, mente si nostra lates
Tuetur ensis quicquid invitū tenes
Aperire nunc ferro decet fraudi viā,
mactetur hostis, quisquis obstabat
mihi

Howard

Quid Pontefracti vinculis captos tenes
matris propinquos, nec mori tandem
jubes?
Indulta vita cæteris animos dabit,
et ultro pœnas mite supplitiū vocat
Ferro perempti spiritum infestū ex
puant
firmes amicos, cæteri metu labant

Gloc

Hostes simul perne præsentes volo,
obstare quos sceptris meis novi sagax,
et unus omnes occupet panter metus
Quorū dubia studio resistit meus levi
Illos prement mox dura captos vin-
cula
Quo flectit Hastings animū

Catsb

Tantū in tuū

caput

Gloc

Meis adjutor esse ptibus
renuit

Catsb

Prius profundat arctus Ithicū
VOL IV

fretū et rapax consistet aqua Siculi
maris,
Noxq̄ atia terris ante splendorem
dabit
Fraudes abominatur ferrox quassans
caput
Et semp̄ Eduardi fidelem filius
fore spondet, hostem regis hostib⁹
gravē

Gloc

Quid arma possunt regis irati, sciet,
iramq̄ nostram sanguine extinguet
suo
Discant parere principi metu sui,
At qua via mactabo vesanū caput?

Catsb

Conjugis amore captus insanit Shon,
Flammas libido nec furentes continet
Hanc arguas capiti veneficiis tuo
mortem struere causam suæ sin
pellicis
amore cæcis, et furore fervidus
tuetur infœlix patronus, consciū
sceleris nefandi suspiciis illico,
et proditoriæ patriæ incusa sure
mox amputet secuis infaustum caput.

Gloc

Proceres in arcem confluunt jussu
meo
statim faveie quos Regi scio
palam opprimam, reumq̄ criminis
arguā
satelles abscondet bipenni mox caput
nec sentiet senatus insidias stupens.

Catsb

Sin abstinet sacris cōmuniis callidus
heros, novus quærendus est fraudi
modus

Gloc

At illico invise inclytum Howarde
caput,

L

blandisq; vocibus morantem concita
sacris abesse comitiis noli pati.

Catsb.

Solumne pascis diræ Hastingū neci?

Gloc.

Stanleius heros, atq; Cardineus pater,
Præsul Eliensis comprimentur vin-
culis,
animum ut fidelem carceris donet
specus.

Sin impotenti ptinax snimo abnuat
quisquam nec Hastingi monet tristes
lues:

ferrū secabit triste noxiū caput:
Infida strictus ensis eruet viscera.
Res et profecto stulta nequitiae mo-
dus.

HASTINGUS HEROS, HOWARDUS
HASTING⁹ MILES CALLIGATUS.

Hast. Heros.

Miror quid huc eunti equus humi tur-
piter
pròsternitur, deus omen avertet malū
sed vana sortis quid movent ludi-
bria?

Et dura Stanleius tremebat somnia,
visū sibi aprū nuntiat somno caput,
lacerare dente, mox fluit humeris
cruor,
mihiq; demens consulit, turpem fugam
Lasciva nos fortuna gestit ludere
ridetq; turbatos levi casu viros,
quibus tamen nihil minatur invida.

Howard.

propera nobile Hastinge caput, celera
gradu.

Hast. Hæ.

Fœlix ades tandem sacrate diis pater,
secretas aures accomoda paululū mihi.

Howard.

Omitte tandem: quid sacerdotem diu
affare? confessore nil adhuc opus,
nihil sui securus infœlix videt
mox quàm sibi sacerdote damnato
opus erit.

Hast. Her.

Hastinge, nunquā excidet menti dies
olim nefanda, tristes et nimis, istius
quando sub arcis mœnib⁹ totus tre-
mens
diræ metu necis, ultimò te viderim?

Hast. Miles Calligatus.

O nominis decus unicū tibi, et genus
illustre, nunquā tam gravis casus
mihī
aut tristis excidit: tibi nullū tamen
(Diis gratia) malū tum necis lucrū;
fuit
Æquata sors utrisq; fuit.

Hast. Her.

Imo magis
hoc diceres, secreta mentis nostræ si
cognosces: quod singuli posthac
scient,
At nemo adhuc. Oh Hastinge nun-
quā quod sciem
vitæ magis dubius fui quam illo die
Nunc temporū mutata series. ad
necem
hostes trahuntur Pontefracti isto die
nostram cruore suo quitem sanciant.
Nunquā magis securus ex animo meo
Hastinge, vixi, nec metu magis vacat
jactata nullis fluctib⁹ vita.

Hast. Miles.

Id deus

faxit.

Hast. Her.

Quid hæres.

Hast Mi
Id precor

Hast Her
Scio satis

Howard

Quin rumpis heros nobilis segnes
moras
Nam te diu senatus expectat sagax
De reb⁹ ut tot consulant nobile caput
Descendit heu nescit miser tristem
sibi
luem parat Ah quid nimis pueris
faves?
Te te fefellit falsa Catsbei fides,
captuq; plagis praeda retineris miser

DUX GLOC DUX BUCK HAST HER
EPISC ELIENS SATELLLES

Dux Buck

Quam magna regni cura tutorem pre
mit,
Ducemq; vexat Claudianū, quis patres
Ignorat, hunc solum intuetur Anglia,
Suisq; reb⁹ poscit authorem ducem
Vestrā seorsim selegit prudentiā
quorū fidele consultant canū caput
Et ut procuret anxius negotia
celebrae comitia regis anxius studet
Quō regiū diademate caput cingeret,
ut gratus esse mortuo fratri queat,
cujus sepulti filiū exornat piē

Gloc

Veneranda o patriū cohors, et max-
imū
Potentis imperii decus faustū deus
indulgeat nunc rebus istis exitū
Nec somniator ego nimis tardus fui,
qui tam frequenti serus adsū curre,
Somnus negotiis consultor est gravis
meis
Tantumne mane lectulo elapsus senex

Elensis antistes venis? senem quies,
Juvenem labor decet ferunt hoitū
tuū
decora fragria plurimū producere

Episcop Eliens

Nil tibi claudetui, hoitus quod meus
producit esset lautius vellem mihi,
quō sim tibi gratus

Gloc

Quid imperii status,
Salusq; regni poscat, et patriæ decus,
vestris adhuc jactate consiliis patres,
Abesse cogunt paululū negotia
nec sit molestus fortē discessus, pcor

Hast Her

Operum navare maximam, patres
deceat,
ut dum gerit rex sceptrā puerili manu,
pellamus omnem fortiter discordiā,
quæ scissa nup regna diu exercuit,
Iloc flagitat secūa patriæ salus,
clariq; poscit mollis ætas principis,
et ultimo fides sacramento data
Regi sepulto majus hoc nullū fuit
Regni satellitū Eigo proceres si
invicē
concentrunt, florebit hoc regnū diu
Sin invicem dissentiant brevi ruet
Purgare tandem patriam macula de-
cet,
et scelere nosmet liberare pessimo.
Sed ecce retro dux venit dubio gradu
quassans caput torvo suspicio fuit
Duo o labellū dente comprimit ferox,
et pectore irato tegit dirū malū

Gloc

Quas destinatis his patres poenas, suis
Qui nunc veneficiis mihi exitū parant,
qui sum supbo regis ortus sanguine,
Iutorq; declaratus hujus insulæ

Hast Hur.

Quas patinæ pferre debet proditor
Nec maior honorem, nec excuso de-
cus

Gloc

Sensus mihi omnes fratris uiui fas-
cinat

Hast

Verbis stupentes triste dimittunt
caput

Iustas luat regina poenas pessima
parū tamen placet, quod aures hæc
meas

adhuc latebant fraude captivi mea
erant propinqui matris hodie jam
meis

hi Pontefiacti capite plectuntur dolis

Gloc

Comitata modò regina Shori conjuge
Suis venifica cantibus me prodidit
Fluit tabo corpus, oculi somnū neg-
ant,

Stomacho invidet lentū tibi fastidiū,
Venas hiantes deserit pulsus cruor,
exangue brachiū exaruit, officiū negat

Hast

Heu, frigido cor palpitat tremulū
metu

Num pulcra destinatur morti pallaca?
pereunt amores concubinā conjugis
Regina nunquā consuleret usquā sui
Timent loqui Securus alloquar
ducem

Si fecerint gravissimas poenas lunat

Gloc

Si fecerint? itanae mihi? si fecerint?
quid dico factū quod tuū luet caput,
Sceleste proditor.

Salut

Let y^o Protec- proditi, proditio
tor give a blow on

y^o counsel table and let one of y^m of y^o gard break in therat with his halbt and strike y^o I Stanley on y^o head

Gloc

Ie perduellionis esse aio ieu

Episcopus Ehens

Perussit (hic) clauū Sattelles Stanleū
An occidit, stillans rigat genas cruor

Gloc

Vos pduellem date neci, servi, statim,
Sacrū morituro mox sacerdos finiet
Juro sacrū Paulū, prius non prandeo,
Pœnas quàm mihi pendat abscissum
caput

Patremq Cardineū, Ehensem præsu-
lem,

Dominum Stanleium coerce vinculis
Sceleris poenas Shoria pellex impu-
dens
damnata psolvet, iubente iudice

Hast

Quis nostra digne conqueri potest
mala?

heu, quas miseri voces dabo? quæ
lachrimis

nostris Aedon exhibet luctus graves?
O machinator fraudis et diri artifex
sceleris, mearū prodidit fallax amor
blanda q tectū fronte secretū malū,
cur invident seveia fata vitam in
mea

quid morte tam potens erit versutia?
suūq cumulat gaudiū luctu meo?

Sed parce demens lachrymis Testor
sacrū

heu numen adversum mihi simul
voco

quocunq defugistis intus inferi
terris opacis inōcens mortī trahor,
Simplex fides non intrat aulā nec pie

Dedit supba pompa vivere, in meā
statim

Fortuna poenā mutat inimicas dotes

Gloc

An luctus attonitos muliebris comō-
vet?

tantas moras suadere lachrymæ que-
ant?

non abiurpatis hunc? impio ferro caput
auferte Quid cunctamini istū per
dere

Hast

Gaudet dolor sua fata multis spar-
gere

nec solus in poenam placet vestras
colos

sævæ sorores impetrat luunt genus
mortale cæca fata præmonstrant
malū

vitare, quod vetant tamen Perter-
ritus

somno nihil Stanleus hæros comōvet
Iheu visus est laceiare caput utriq
aper

frendens cruento dente, longus de-
fluit

cruror p humeros insignia dederunt
apri

nomen Glocestrio ter lapsus insi-
denti equus

cecidit, senatū dum nefandū viserem

Gloc

Isti malū sibi quærent satellites
qui dum moras faciunt inanes fletib⁹
demetere cessant impiū ferro caput

Hast

Hei mihi, salutis nulla spes? nunc
ad necem

trahite, quib⁹ fortuna jus in nos dedit
quid lachrimis miser moror? pio

manus
cuore spargite Ultimū solis vale

cæleste jubar proditum repaians
diem

Vale cohorte nobilis nitida soror
Phœbi quæta longa jam nox obruet

DUX GLOC CIVES LONDINENS
NUNTIUS

Gloc

Cives properate hic adestis piope
licet,

Serò nimis nobis, in aice quos modo
Hastingus impiū consortes sui

sceleris pmissent, Deus si non opem
tulisset idq licet diu celaverint

astu ante decimā solis (ut sit) istius
pcepimus metuq subito pcati

quæcunq casus arma dedit (ut cern-
itis)

miseri induimus, ipsiq jam opprimun-
tur aut

Virtute nostra, gratia vel Coelitū
magis doli hujus principis in pessimos

ac sceleris authores redundabit malū.
Nunc ergo vos jussu vocati estis meo,

imane quia constaret omnibus nefas,
p vos ut inotesceret quærentib⁹

Cives

Jussus fideles exequemur sedulò

O ptinax scelus mendacio cædem
tegens

blanda q tantū fronte contentū malū?
quis nescit imanes dolos sævi ducis,

dubitatq captū fraude nobilem virū?
suū scelus plerunq in authorem redit,

prius in alios postquā crudelis sævit.

Nunt

Corurcus Hastingi hausit ensis spiritu

Cives

Ut gesta res est, quæso paucis ex-
pedit

Nunt.

Postquā ad locū durus satelles trax-
erit,
ad astra tollit heros lumina :
Ex ore casto concipit Deo preces
Quæcunq; nostra contumax supbia.
supplia meruit (inquit) ô nūmen
sacrū,
utinam meo jam jam luatur sanguine.
Vix ultimas moratur carnifex preces
quin solvit illico ense corporis obicem.

Cives.

Extinguit Hastingū suorū ingens
favor,
animusq; lætis credulus rebus nimis,
nec triste suspicatur integer scelus,
authore donec miserè amico plectitur.
Sed hic gradum confert ad arma ser-
viens,
Quid civilis clamare quærit publicè.

Serviens ad Arma.

Cœptis nefandis hic scelestus prodi-
tor
Hastingus, horrendi caput primū
mali
Et turba p̄juro gerens morem duci,
struxere tectos principis Glocestrii
vitæ dolos, altiꝝ Buckinghamii,
Ultriꝝ dum sacro senatu consident :
Ut sic ruinosæ pemptis Angliæ
Rectoribꝰ, sedis supremæ culmina
Spandant supbi summa, celso vertice.
quamvis inepti, qui ruentis maxima
Regni gubernarent Britanni pondera.
Quis nescit Hastingum parentem prin-
cipis
traxisse secū ? turpiter quis regiū
nescit malis fœdasse nomen moribꝰ ?
Splendore vel spoliasse regnū pristino
dictis suis, factis suis, turpem virū ?
Quis nescit Hastingi libido p̄dita
quot virginū passim pudorem p̄didit ?
Lectiq; rupit conjugalis fœdera,

amplexus infames adulter pellices.
Nam Shora pellex nota scortū nobile,
hujusq; cædis p̄iceps et conscia,
Hunc nocte polluto suprema lectulo
accepit amplexu parū castè suo
Ut morte pœnas jure pendat maximas,
turpem gravi qui scelere vitam pol-
luit.

Ne si diu dilata damnati foret
mors traditoris, marte funesto suā
jurata poscat turba demens principem
Quæ pœna festinata fallet singulis,
Dirosq; in tantū tumultus comprimet.

Cives.

Præceps agendi magna pturbat modus
foctumq; festinans parit serū canis.

Civis alter.

Hæc scripta sunt alto prophetæ
spiritu
Nam tantulo quī tanta possent tem-
pore
vel cogitari dicta, vel sic exprimi
Pulcræ mihi sanè videntur literæ,
pulcrèq; depingi videtur chartula,
et pulcra postremo loquendi formula,
Illud tamen mirū videtur maximè,
tam pulchra tam p̄vo parari tempe.

Civis.

En Shorā tremulū cereum gerens
manu,
Indutā pœnas linteo infames luit,
Regum inclyta meretrix tyranno dat
duci
pœnas, pater descende Jupiter, et
thoro
tam grata pignora nunc tuo rape :
nam tuā
Lædam vel Europā, puta deserere
polū,
Oh misera, me miseret tui, piget,
pudet :
(Licet impudica mulier, et minus
proba)

Privatae vita dum nequit Dux Claudius
spoliare fora quaerit natus tibi

Exempla sanent posteros
Futura ne foedel Venus

PROCESSIO SOLEMNIS

CHORUS

Preces Deo fundamus oīe supplices,
Ne sit nota polluta mens adultera

- 1 Fidem tuere conjugū
Lectum probio libera
Defende privatos tholos
Furtiva ne lædat Venus
- 2 Quemcūq; facti poenitet
Purga solutum crimine

EPILOGUS

Quas dius admovit Richardus machi-
nas,
quantisq; regnandi libido luctibus
affectit afflictam videtis patriam,
Ut celsa regni scandat altus culmina
Fiendens aper, regni lues, Glocestrus,
Illustris Hastingi ciuor defunditur,
quod regulis vivus faverat pvulis
Regno repugnantes novo Riverus,
Vahanus et Gaius repressi carceris
horrore, læthali præmuntur vulnere

THE SHLWE OF THE PROCESSION

A Tipstaffe
Shore's Wife in her petticoate, haveinge a taper
burninge in her hand
The Verger
Singinge men
Præbendaries
The Bishoppe of London
Citizens

ACTIO SECUNDA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mr PALMAR, Dux Glocestrensis
M1 STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamiæ
M1 BAYLY, Lovellus Heros
M1 ALMY, Prætor Londinensis
Mr WEBSTER, Fitz Williā, Recorder London, ut vulgo
loquūtur, Civis amicus Shawi
Mr CLAYTON, Doctor Shawe
Ds MORRELL, Civis Primus
Ds FRAUNCE, Civis secundus
Mr SMITH, Hospes

	Nobilis	
	Servus unus et alter Buck	
	Foggs	
	Fagge	
Ds RFMER	} Duo Epis	} Muti
Ds MATHEN		

ARGUMENTUM

Postquā hos omnes in potestatem suā Richardus dux Glocestrensis rede-
gisset, quorū eiga regem fidem metuebat quorum Hastingsū nobilem morte
affecit, cæteros in carcerem coniecisset, in id studiū sedulao incumbit, ut
citò sui in Regni injustam possessionem veniat Itaq ut Londinensis fraude
induceret, ut ultro cum cæteris nobilibus regnū sibi deferant, Regis ortū,
fratrisq sui ducis Eboracensis parvuli damnavit, Regem Eduardum fratrem,
non ita multò antè defunctū, adulteri p ducem Bucking in Curia Prætoris
accusavit, neq sui ipsius matris Ducissæ quondā Eboracensi pepercit Tandem
delatam sibi Majestatem, quam tantopere inhiebat, ægre ut videbatur assu-
mens soleñibus comitiis coronatur

ACTUS PRIMUS

DUX GIOC DUX BUCK LOVELLUS
HEROS

Gloc

Illustris heroū propago, Ducū genus
insigne Buckinghamiorū, particeps
nostriq consilii Lovelle nobilis

Quin iumpimus segnes moras strenuū
deceat

fore, magna quisquis cogitat, res nihil
habet

Isthæc periculi audire deceat haud
amplius

quis influentis dona sortis respuit?
Regem potest creare Buckinghamius
donor ducis erat semp hic amplissimi
virtute te natura firma roborat,
et corporis vestivit anxia dotibus
Tibi rursus aciem inclusit ingenii pa-
rem,

Nec te magis Mineiva quinquā lumi-
nat

Sequi decet, natura quo præstans
vocat

tantū potest excelsa Buckinghamius
Tolluntur hostes ecce suspecti mihi,
omnesq diri carceris vincula premunt,
Regis favor quos armat in regnum
meū

Jubere cunctos voce licet una mori
Hastings interemptus heros occidit
Stanleus heros continetur vinculis
Et Ehemsem Episcopū carcer domat
reliqui jacent, tetra specu clausi, meis
quicunq ceptis impii favent parū

Buck

Puerum levem regnare? fortunæ jocus
Insciva ridens sceptrā miscet litibus
Virtus suo succumbet infans ponderi
Tuo cogita quosnā stituis regno dolos

Nunquā tuos jussus relinquā ptinax.
res expedire magnas nescit illico.

Gloc.

En ipsa temporum jubet securitas
audacter aggredi prius quæ consulis,
animis oportet prævidere singula,
res arduas nec aggredi temere decet.
Quis exitus rerum futurus cogitat
Sapiens pius. [Gerenda cuncta provide.]

Lovel.

Quicquid timendū, juncta consilia explicent
En temporis nimium premunt angustiae,
quo regiū caput corona cingeret !
Nunc ergo cunctis impandū publicè,
Ut non sacris statim comitiis confluant

Regni moras psuadet occasio gravis
ne cingat antè caput corona Reguli,
quam luceat secunda Novembris dies
Hic destinatus est dies solennibus
dum cogitant mora tarda quid velint
sibi

Patrios lares procul relinquentes suis.
dum viribus nudati adessent, Nobiles
Incerta dū dubios opinio torqueat,
mutuāq̃ suspicentur incerti fidem,
agitata mente consilia nec digerant
suam priusquā vim rebelles jungerent:
tu rapta pueris sceptrā tutus posside
Mox nomini devicta succumbet tuo
invidia, dū ferro repellat principem.

Buck.

Ferat licet decepta nobiliū cohors
animusq̃ prudens ferro tentaret nihil
ad arma junget ptinax populi foror,
motuq̃ cæco rapitur, in præceps ruit,
quocunq̃ fertur: verba convenient
feris
pjuste factis: victa nec cedet metu

concepta rabies temere, qualis
ferro Mæander funditur rapiens, pati
Neque scit resistantem sibi, et dirū
fremit.

Lovel.

Mulcere blandis plebis ingeniu ferox
deceat, sequitur lubens, et ultro pellitur
At quem suorū civiu favor beat
inter suos, nec parva micat autoritas,
tractare mollius rudem mentem potest,
tuū psuaderi regnū civibus,
Urbs Angliæ præclara Londinu tuis.
Inducta votis si faveret, vicinus :
errore capti cæteri cedent pari :
Possessa regna facili ferro munies,
At quis color regni probetur civibus,
ne decepi captos rvgaces senserint ?
irata se plebs graviter illudi feret.

Buck.

Infausta gens tot lassa vincitur malis :
stragemq̃ majorem minantur parvuli
Lasciva regna : Anglia novas lites
timet :
et matris haud cessabit in poenas furor.
Tua regna luctus auferent teterrimos,
qui natus es regū supbo sanguine,
tantamq̃ regni sustines molem sagax.

Lovel.

Istum facile plebs sentiet callida dolū,
causamq̃ regni credet injustam fore.

Gloc.

Quidni dolis facilis patet nostris viā
Palā fratris damnentur infames thori
pudica sceptrā non ferunt probri :
spurijs vetant regnare jura filios.
Amore postquam rex flagraret Luciae
ætate tam calcante dum notas prius
iterum Venus furtiva delicias petat
et libido sævis nec modū flammis dedit,
temere sponsondit Luciae regni thoros,
illāq̃ participem sui regni vocat.

Experta sepe Venus parit fastidiū
sordent amores Luciae tū principi,
Nec furti lecto quærit obscuro impio
bus

Decepit animū conjugii obstrictū suræ,
et possidet Regina promissos thoros
Tum Lucia locū pulsa pellici dedit,
adhuc rapaces nil timens fati minas
Hinc filio generi suo infames præter
genuit adulteri (vulnus Angliæ grave)
Nec adhuc thionus maculā tulit solū
patris

Lectū priorem lusit impudens amor
Nostrī parentis Eboracensis ducis
Thalamis ducissæ turpe mentiti viri
Vestigiū secretus invenit comes,
Cortus nefandos nec dolus tegere po-
test

Socium tædæ sciunt, pudetq; criminis
foedæq; matris foeda proles rex fuit,
Eduardus, ignoto deceptus filio
incesta sceptrā detulit falsus pater
Diversa fiatūs ora patiem denegant,
moresq; degeneies fratī meus pater
vultus habebat, talis aspectu fuit,
Imago dissimilis fratris stuprū docet
Amoris hæres turpis, haud regni fuit

Buck

Et jure vendicas dolos quid quæri-
mus?

fatetur æquitatis istud plurimū
Iter patet cœptis Quid utendū arti-
bus?

quomodo ista turbæ verba constabunt
levi?

aut cujus in tantis dolis sequēris
fidem?

Gloc

Nil frigidus cor torqueat tiemulū me-
tus

Quæ non secreto vincitur prælio
fides?

Civem potentem facile Londinū dabit,

Et qui dolos tegere sagax nostros po-
test,

animosq; blandus commovere civiū
Multisq; vincere Londinenses premus
Inter suos Prætor valet plurimum
vires honores ambit et fluxa opes,
multūq; rerū mentis instigat furor
Reddet fidelem pes honoris improba
et pellit usq; longā numerū sitis

Jorell

Falsis sacris nihil fallacius fuit
plebem facile mentitur ludunt numina
Animus statim devotus impetum dabit
Si præco scripturæ fidelis, dū sacra
inculpat auribus piis oracula,
divina vel præcepta populo pronet,
Comemoret olim fraude deceptos
thionos

Lectiq; probiū, vulnus et clare domus

Buck

Vii litens insignis est Doctor Shave
Prætori eadem matre conjunctus frater
Hunc laude ditarunt frequentes literæ
Fucata cives sanctitas mirè allicit,
cujus tamen menti facile labes sedet,
hoc munus exequi fidele qui potest

Gloc

Alqui meorū accersat urbis Londini
Prætoriem, honore inter suos magno
virū,

sumūq; tinctū literis fratrem Shauū
Ubi Prætor animos civiū demulcerit,
Et nostra regna civib⁹ psuaserit
hos convenit pleno senatu te alloqui
Minatur illustrem ducē vulgus rude
Fulgore populus captus attonitus
stupet,

lapsūq; cælitus deū putat sibi
Vultu tuo plebs victa succumbit statim
dulci veneno mox stupentes opprime
ut filios pari insequantur et odio,

Promitte libertatis alta præmia,
urbem beabit lecta civiū quies,
et sine nullo crescat mēnsū decus,
si vindicent lecti stupio infamem
domū,
et scepti nobis jure reddant sanguinis

Loth

Dum predicet coitus nefandos et
fratris

novos amores, matris et probiū ture,
domusq regis dedecus sanctus pater,
donec turri præco laudum maximis
virtutib⁹ decorat intentus Shaus
Quasi calitus repente lapsus advoli
Te principem divinitus ciearier
populus levis putabit, atq spiritu
ductū sacro, dictasse te Regē Shai
ciedet levemq distrahēt mentē stupor

DUK GLOG PRÆTOR LOND DOCT
SHAA

Dux Gloc.

Pæclare prætor uis bis illustrissimæ,
et sancte præco, disq sacratū caput
en, magna molimur futura comoda,
et maximā regno quietem quærim⁹
Hujusq laudis magna vobis pars erit
quos novimus regno precari prospera,
uterq votis anxius si p'reat
Nunc ergo vestīā posco secretā fidem,
tam magna quib⁹ arcana regni pan
dim⁹
Honorib⁴ magnis fidem pensabim⁹
laigisq fidos piæmus ditabimus.

Prætor

Protector illustris, propago splendida
Regis, tibi lubens fidem conservo meā
Quod impas, fidele munus exequar

Gloc

Contrita mutuis cædib⁹ Britannia
heu teriet, et majora suadent vulnera

infirmæ pueri sceptia, matris et furoi
scelei mederi quis facile demens
potest?

deponat animo justa qui Regis timet,
et malè p'uebit regis imperio pudor,
viro potenti vera laus non contigit
Fortuna quos impellit, invitos malè
vetatq sepe facere quod cupiunt piè,
Justus facile erit, cui vacat pectus
metu

Suadent mihi decora regni nobiles,
regnaie quem regalia jubent stemmata.
Vos civiū suadere mentib⁹ velim
in ube, quorum fama tanta splendide
celebratui, ut mihi sceptia regni de
feriant

Prat

Quo jure tu Regnū nepotis vendicas?
ne temere plebs irata turbas concitet,
ubi senserint spoliātū honore p'inci
pem

Gloc

Talia tuis clam sparge Prætor civib⁹
Lecti stuprati natus incestus fuit
Eduardus olim frater, alienos thoros
dum matris amor avarius admisit, ducis
atq soboli falsos pepotes miscuit
Facti probiū pudibundus invenit
comes,
stupiūq secretū fatentur famuli
Imago dissimilis patris nothū vocant
moresq degeneres fratris me filiū
legitimē imago nota psuasa ducis,
idemq moies patris et vocēs pares
neq tulit hanc solū labem infelix
genus

Majore dedecore domū infamem
gravat

matrem secutus frater Eduardus suā
Nam conjugali Lucie junctus fide,
repudia sponsæ nunciat amator novus,
thalamisq primis ludit injunctā fidem
Elizabetha sero regali face
uxor secunda, juncta principi fuit.

Possidet iniqua mater alienos thoros,
 foedosq; patri filios pellex tulit
 Dum populus ista cogitat secū, statim
 in curia cives tum dux inclutus
 corā docebit ista Buckinghamius
 Ptoerūq; quē sit omniū sententia
 Splendore populus raptus insignis
 viri,
 me fortē principem suis suffragis
 clamabat, et regem vocabat Angliæ
 Hæc cruce Pauli sacra fundens dog-
 mata
 populo simul divine præco edisere
 Sed turpe probiū matris invitus quosī
 pstringe nostrā cautus offensā gravem
 metuisse fingens, laudib⁹ ubi nos tuis
 copiosus ornabis, subito quasi cœlitus
 Princeps datus Britanniae, laudes meas
 Stipante pompa intercipiā, miraculū
 dum creduli meditantur, illico no-
 minis
 spes falsa seducit facilē, nunc exequi
 vos expedit fidelitei quod iussimus

Dī Shau

Mox tua fidelis impata psequare
 nunquā meā damnabis incertā fidem

ACTUS SECUNDUS

CIVIS PRIMUS CIVIS SECUNDUS

Civis 1

Quousne scinditur Britannia litib⁹
 Luctusq; cumulat luctib⁹ fatum grave?
 durum premit recens malū? pene
 modū
 severa fata nesciunt Nunquā domus
 Irata plena cœdib⁹ pacabitur?
 hæresve nullus sceptrā impune geret?
 At jam nihil stirpem timent Lancas-
 triā
 Erepta ferro regna jam novū scelus
 infausta sibi domus parat, quantū
 luem

presagit assuetis malis animus? fides
 Est nulla regni, nec suis parcere
 potest
 ambitio domens Glocestriū ducem
 ambire regnū murmurat societa plebs
 Patri nefas crudele, tetrū, pavuli
 latent in obscuro nepotes carcere,
 en Comitibus de cœto ascriptus dies
 Glocestrii tantū ducis frequens
 Chens
 attita pulsat limina illic emicat
 illustris aulae splendor, istuc con-
 fluunt
 mitiora quisquis supplici implorat
 prece
 Quicunq; Regis nudā calcat limina
 Et principis servus fidelis veseret
 illū minū edocta vulnerat cohors

Civis 2

Chrū caput, duræq; sortis piteps
 fidelis, heu, quā nos premūt casūs
 graves?
 fessam repetit en turbo sævus Angliā,
 veresq; iuste repaiat amissas malū

Civis 1

Effare quæ cives manent lasos mala

Civis 2

Brevi scelus complectar horiens
 impiū,
 dum reb⁹ otiosus intentus novis
 vagarer, et cōmune regni gaudiū
 revolve præceps ecce feittui impetu
 insana plebs, cæco frequens curu ruit
 Denso statim miscebar agmini stu-
 pens
 Ad templa rapimur dubias aures
 porringo
 Expecto sacra cogitabundus steti
 Divinus ecce præco scandit pulpitū,
 quem literis lucere clarū jactitant,
 sordere foedis moribus, doctor Shaa
 Mox è sacris sic orsus est oraculis,

SEMEN BEATUM THORUS ADULTER
DENEGAT
PROLES NEC ALTAS SPURIA RADICES
DABIT

Postquā diu regni decus quā vulne-
rat

Lecti probiū præmonstrat, et falsæ
faces

thori fidem quantū beabunt numina

Lectiq̃ decepti scelestos filios

peccata testantes patris quantū hor-
reant

bona falsus hæres quamvis occupat
patris

furtū tamen mox prodit ignotū deus,

suoq̃ restituit sua hæredi bona

Qui posidebat regis infandos thoros

fidemq̃ lusit conjugālē pelluca

Elizabetha falsa mater, impio

declamat ore quodq̃ primū Lucie

promissus olim lectus Eduardi fuit

Ergo thoros hæc possidebat Lucie

Injusta mater Elizabetha, liberos

et polluit macula suos adultera

nec filios mentita fædabat fides

solū regis patris, polluta mater ar-
guit

spureosq̃ natales, suis dum liberis

adulteros furtiva miscuit Venus

summi ducis, falsūq̃ patris filiū

diversa suadent ora solus exprimit

Richardus effigiem patris regem
vocat

vultus ducis Nunc ergo jure vendi-
cat

amissa patris regna Mox Glocestriū

ad astra laudibus ferebat Regis

quod splendor hic lūcebat, hic verus
nitet,

vultus patris, virtus frequens quantū
beat

hunc intueri jussit, hunc solū coh

omnes stupent vultumq̃ demittunt,
fremunt,

mox intuentur invicem, venit Gloces-
trius

surs laudes serus amittit comes

stupabat ingens Ubi ducem vidit
Shaus,

Rex Angliæ, quasi lapsus esset cœ-
litus,

En (inquit) en chari Britannī, en
principem

hunc intueri iussus, hunc coh jubet

Perisse quasi frustra blanditias pudet

jam tum priores, dux prius cū ab
fuit

hæ vera imago patris, hic vultus
ducis,

Nescit mori pater Richardo sospitus

Stipante pompa, spiritus altos gerens

p̃ densa pumpens viroīū, civib⁹

spectanda præbet ora dux, alto sedet

Civis 1m

Quis hujus at sermonis eventus fuit.

Civis 2d

Postquam Shaus perisse laudes cer-
neret,

populū nec acclamare lætis vocib⁹

Rex vivat æternū Richardus (nam
stupet

tum populus, admiratur infandū ne-
fas)

cœpti pudet, seroq̃ cognovit scelus .

reparare vires quærit amissus pudor

frustra prius spretāq̃ virtutem timet .

En civiū vultus miser fugiens, domū

subducit ipse se clam At hinc quid
vult sibi

in curia corona tanta civiū.

Civis 1

Coire cives prætor hic jussit suos.

de rebus ut nos consulat gravissimis

Propago Buckinghamiorū nobilis,

Civis sec.

Avertet omen triste propitius Deus,

DUX BUCK. PRÆTOR LOND. NOBITIS, SERVUS UNUS ET ATTER BUCKINGHAMIL.

Dux Buck.

Amore vestso ductus (ô cives mei) de reb⁹ alloquar hodie gravissimis. Sunt ista patriæ decora maximè vobis nec auditu seorsim tristia, Quos nunc beat fortuna lætos undiq. Quæ namq. vestris expetita sæpius votis, diup frustra defessis erant sperata tempora, pretio quæ maximo parasse, vel labore summo non piget, oblata vobis gratis adsunt omnia ! Si tanta, tamq. optata quæ sunt quæ-

ritis, tranquillitas sæcuræ vitæ, liberū dulcis tutela, salusq. conjugū. heu quis prius tot explicatis sæculis vos pculit metus gravis ? Nam p deos cœlumq. quicquid possidet, quis tot dolis

tantisq. tutò pfrui suis rebus potuit ? quis esse liberis solatio ? quis in suis regnare solus ædib⁹ ? Mens horret illam pseui tyrannidem, p ima quæ grassata regni viscera exhaustit cedes neq. pestis invida insontibus novit pcere. Quid explicem

exacta quanta sunt tributa sæpius ? extoriā vi, quanta visa luxui ? Nec grande civis ferre vectigal postest

Exhaustus, mulcta crevit imensum levis,

pœnaq. gravis pcussit offensū brevem. meminisse Burdetti arbitror (cives mei)

cui, quod jocus est lepidè, demi caput

Rex jussit indigne, nefas iudex licet horreret nefandū, locusq. nobilis urbis senator qui diu vestræ fuit,

heu quam graves ppressus est pœnas miser,

viris quòd illis ipse multa debuit quos intimè rex invidebat impius ?

Non est necesse ut pseui aradesse pene neminem vestrū puto qui tam cruenti tempis non sit mem-

mor, metusq. non sit ipse conscius sui, quem vel nefandus regis inject furor, vel civiū tot improborū ingens favor, Rex nām ferro nactus imperiū grave: hunc victos iratus decora lædere regni putabat impiè, qui sanguine affinis esset aut amoris vinculo conjunctus his princeps, prius quos oderat

At huic malo quem majus accessit malū vitæ dubius hærebat, haud belli exitus

Qui vexat lucertus modo : sed (quod foedius)

urget tumultus civiū esse maximus qui tum solet, cum nobiles odio invicem

tacito ardeant, nec optimates acrius se maximis exulcerabūt litib⁹

Quam, sceptrā cūm gestaret infesta manu

Eduardus, intestina tandem prælia sic æstuabant undiq. ? ut tristi nece pars interiret maxima civiū, hæc, hæc fuit tam foeda strages omniū,

qualem vidit devicta nunquā Gallia : Hæc præpotens exhaustit Anglorū genus

hæc pristinis spoliobat illos virib⁹ Sumant tot urbes tanta clades omniū dubia minatur pax pares bello minas Numos luunt domini, atq. agros quisquis tenet

Mactatur, irā principis quisnā fugit ? Jam nemo non timore languebat miser,

nec ulla non plena periculis erant
tempa

At at quis illi charus esse creditur,
cui frater odio erat suus? confidere
quib⁹ potest, cui frater esse pfidus
videtur? aut quib⁹ pepercit mitior,
fratru suo qui toties damnu intulit?
At quos colebat intus, nihil moror
honore vei quales decore pinxerat
quis nescit unā plus potuisse pelli
cem,

regni viros quā totius primarios?
Invitus ista sanē vobis affero
Sed nota quae singulis quid attinet
tacere, quo non impulit libidinis
imānis æstus, amoris et cæcus furor?
Quae virgo paulo pulchrior? quae
fœmina

plus cæteris decor, matris è sinu
quam non mariti vel rapuit am
plexib⁹?

ubivis at licet tyrannis ingruat
hujus tamen quae cæteris sensit minas
urbs nostra, cujus potius ornasset de
cus,

quod prima regni sedes est, et præmia
defensus olim sæpe princeps debuit
Majora benefacta vivis spreverat,
nec mortuus referre gratiā potest
Alter en eodem restat ortus sanguine,
rex gratior suis futurus subditis,
quiq⁹ meritis referre vestris debita,
votisque respondere possit affatum
Nec animus illa (credo) vestris ex
cidant,

doctus sacrorū præco quae sparsit
prius
Nunquam fidem fefellit interpretes
dei

patruū sacerdos fratris ad regnū vocat,
Glocestru regnare quia jussit deus
nec sceptrā patris tractat impius
nepos,

aut polluat regni decus lecti probū
Richardus hæres fratris unicus fuit
huic civiū decrevit et procerū cohors

magnanimus, supplex ut rogaret pa
tium,

Regni velit decus tueri principis,
sumeret onus pollentis hæres insulæ,
facturus est ægie, scio regni labor
deteriet ingens, certat invidiæ rapax.
Ingiata pacem sceptrā nequaquā co
lunt

Quantis cietur fluctib⁹ fallax decor?
mihi ciede (cives) non potest tantū
puer

onus tueri pulsat aures vox sacra,
Infausta regna levis quib⁹ puer præ
est

Fœlix acumen invidū decet thronū,
ætatsq⁹ plena, patiā qualem vides,
Si chara vobis ergo civiū salus,
aut si juvent optata pacis fœdera,
tam fausta procerū vota laudetis
simul

uno creetur ore rex Glocestrus
tantum laborem promptus assumet
magis,

Si vox fatiget vestia nolentem prius,
mens ergo quae sit vestra, palā dicite
Altū quid hoc silentiū? plebs cur
tacet?

Prator

Vix forte populus aure dicta concipit

Buck

affabor illos ergo iursus altius,
Elapsa sunt iniqua (cives) tempa
pax alma tandem soite fœlici viget,
Nisi suo demens quis invidet bono,
Aut nescit uti, dū premebat Anglā
Eduardus atrox sæviens vultu trucis,
Insula quib⁹ jactatur usq⁹ fluctib⁹?
Non vita tuta civiū, nunquā bona
sunt clausa cuiq⁹, dissipatq⁹ singula
luxus, nefandi tum libido principis
Quae virgo fuit intricta? Quae conjux
labe

carebat injusti? licet quicquid lubet,
misera fuit cunctis potestas civib⁹

sed Londinensib⁹ longè miserima,
illis licet benigna psuasit locus
Sed unus est, pericula qui tot vindicet,

Dux ipse regio creatus stemmate,
quem singuli colunt, Glocestriae de-
cus

Regnare quem leges jubebant patriæ,
hæresq^{ue} solus Regiæ manet domus
furtiva proles matris injustæ, patris
frustra sibi vindicat thronos adulteri
Vir nup ista vos docebat optimus
dum sacra vobis præco fundit dog-
mata

divina nullus oia dāmurabit pius
Hic nobilis cōmota Magnatū cohors
et magna civiū corona, supplices
Oraie statuunt patruū, ut hæres suū
capessat imperiū, decus nec patriæ
falsus nepos corrumpat Id faciet
lubens

si sponte id vos exoptare senserit
Clamore mentem publico ergo effun-
dite

Ye Mayor and Quid hoc? adhuc tacet?
others goeing Mirū nimis
to y^e Duke

Prætor

Unus solebat ore jussus publico
De rebus alloqui cives magnis suos
Hinc forsitan responsa querenti da-
bit

Effare cives, urbis interpres tuæ

Fitzwill Recor

Quàm sorie felici cadant magis
omnia
quàm fratie quondā rege, quis demens
negat?

Mihi nec est necesse singula psequi
memoravit hæc dux omniū claris-
simus

Estis duorū facile testes temporū
Quautū prior premebat ætas, postera
quam grata lucet, quem latet? cupit

magnanimus heros ergo nunc cognos-
cere,

regnare num Glocestriū placet ducem
Quod singulos statuisset constat or-
dines,

Regemp proceres Angliæ verū vo-
cant

Vir ille quis, quantusve sit, quis ves-
ciat?

Quo jure poscit hæres imperii decus,
Admonuit omnes doctus interpres dei
et arte qui pandit polū, doctor Shaa
Edatis ergo voce mentem Rounding the
publica Mayor in y^e
eare

Dux Buck

Est ptinax nimis istud silentiū
de rebus his (amici) longè maximis
vos alloqui, non jure queror concitus
Amor sed cōmotus, ignotū bonū
vobis adhuc referre quod cupio lubens
Hoc singulis erit salubre civib⁹
manifesta mentis signa precor edite
statim

Servus unus et Aller

Rex vivat æternū Richardus

Prætor

Aula levi tota susurrit murmure,
Cives tacent, spectant retro quæ vox
fuit
mirantur, acclamant nihil regnū duci

Dux Buck

Vox hercule læta, clamor atq^{ue} maxi-
mus,
dum nemo voce contrā quicquā mur-
muret

Vox ergo civiū una cum sit omniū
pariter mihi comites (precor) cras
jungite

Præcemur una supplices ducem, velit
Nomen deinde sustinere principis,

Nobis

Heu quid genas fletu rigas miser,
dolos

Weeping behind juvato nefandos plan-
ye Duke tourn- gere haud pcis tibi
ing his face to- Furtū piū si lachry-
wards ye wall marū, sed tamen

læthale Solus fata mundi qui vides
tremende pater, insontib⁹ miseris nem-
cem

aveite, tristem sed sequor comes ducē

ACTUS TERTIUS

DUX BUCK CIVES

Buck

Let ye Mayor Veneranda civiū co-
come first ac- hors, quos affatim
companied with Uib⁹ possidet præ-
citizens, then clara Londinū, en
the Duke with sua
other nobles
they assemble
at Bernharden jam quisq³ sponte con-
Castle tulit faustū gradū,
et quilibet confluit

ordo civiū,
ut dempta sceptrā Adulteris nepotib⁹
Glocestrio gerenda reddant patruo
Ne regiā mentita proles inquinet
Sed tu prius nostri ducem adventus
mone

Ne tantus anxiū tumultus illico
pturbet, Illū supplices cives petunt
quos Angliæ torquent graves casus,
sui

dignetur aditū subditis fidelibus,
de rebus illū maximis dum consulunt
Ingens onus regni labor, nec allicit
Statim bonos blandū venenū, quos
favor

vexabit intestinus æternis minis
En delicatas eligunt fraudes domos,
et nulla cingunt tela principem satis,

cautusq³ licet, at seimo popularis pre-
mit
Sed ista quorsū psequor? Quod si
piū

onus coronæ cura comendat gravis
nihilq³ suspectū facit illū fides
at illū metuo deterreat, nepotib⁹
vivi adhuc, infame regnū patru
honore plenus est latere dux cupit
His servant re a turbidus semotus
tourneth and invidiæ malis
secretly report Aditum negat Pro-
eth to ye Duke whome he send tector (o cives
eth againe mei)

Tantāq³ turba suspicatur, nisi prius
Adventus hujus causa quæ sit, audiat
Quod magna procerū turba supplex
consulit

cinctusq³ multo cive prætor, nuncia.
Domesticū torquet malū, quod auri⁹
tantū suis sollicita mandabit cohors
At nos Glocestrū rogemus supplices
Rogamus [inani] reluctantē prece
Ut sceptrā regni justus hæres occupet
Sed nunc duob⁹ cinctus esse Episcopis,
apparet in summa domo princeps pius
ah, sola dux divina felix cogitat

Cives

O fraude pugnas pjurax audacia
colore dum ludet alieno, nil timet
secura nescire cæteros putat
tectum malum, sibiq³ blanditui nefas.

DUX BUCK DUX GLOC. CHORUS
CIVIUM

Buck

Te civiū profusa flagitat cohors
excelse præses, ut tua de re gravi
præsentia alloqui liceret Afferunt
ignota regno bona, decus magnū tibi
Non audet eloqui jussus pios tamen,
Id nisi licere voce testaris tua

Gloc

Quicumq; mens jussit, licebit dicere
publica juvat decrēta scire civiū

Buck

Diu nimis ppressa plebs tyrannidē,
lætatur hæc luxisse tandem tempa,
se pristino quib⁹ timore solveret,
vitaq; grata sit sua securitas.
De rebus ergo dū corret publicis
statumq; regni plena civium cohors
tractaret, hæres unicus, regni decus
ut vendices, sanxere sacris jussib⁹
nec sceptrā prolem fratris impurā
ferunt,
injusta quam matris Venus suæ pie
mit,
Nunc ergo turba civiū frequens adest,
ut voce supplex publica mutū petat,
ut pristino cives timore liberes,
regnum et sagaci debitū tractes manu

Gloc

Quam vera cives sanxerint, licet sciā,
fratris tamen manes veneror olim mei,
nec in meos ferox nepotes patruus
demens ero, verbisq; nec populus feris
pulsabit natus, thronū quod ambiā
Fratris mei, nec exteræ piobris simul
gentes lacessent, si dolis patruus meus
Nepotib⁹ regnum scelestus auficiā,
aut sceptrā tollam dubia cognati laris
Potius latebo tutus invidiæ malis,
nec cæcus animū pulsat ambitus meū
satis premunt sceptri propinqui mu-
nera,
vos attamen mihi dixisse non piget
Cogit potius amor referre gratiam
Nec vos nepotem obsecro colatis nunc
minus
cujus magis privatus imperiū ferā,
Regnare qui puer licet novit parti
Laborib⁹ meis adjutus is tamen,
Regni decus puer satis tuebitur

Viguisse quod nup magis nemo nega
tutela postquā tanta regni traditur
veterata cessat ira, sianguntur minæ
bonoq; languent pulsa consilio odia
partim, Dei sed maximi nutu magis
Nil sceptrā damnes regis (ô civis
probe)
debet mihi nomen placere subditi

Buck

Da pauca rursus alloqui (ô dux in-
clyte)
regnaie non sinant nepotes subditi
summi vetant pioeres vetat vulgus
rude
Regnū student pungere adultera labe
sin justa regni sceptrā spernas ptinax
At posse flecti nobilem sperant prece,
qui regio splendore cultu gaudeat
de rebus hisce quid ergo statuas,
audiant

Gloc

Quod invident regnū paternū liberis,
doleo, fratris qui honore manes mortui
Utinam queant nepotis imperiū pati !
Sed regere populū nullus invisum po-
test
Hæc quia video statuisse consensu pari,
regnumq; spuris auerunt nepotib⁹
Cum jura regni solus hæres vendicem
quod filius relictus unus sum patris,
cum sit necesse civibus cedere meis
Vota sequar en, regna posco debita
votis creari subditorū principem
Magis reor Curā Angliæ accipimus,
simul
Et Galliæ rex gemina regna vendico
Sanctius habænas Angliæ princeps
regā
Magis pacata civiū quies monet
Tum nostra discet fræna victa Gallia
hæc Angliæ subacta ditabit genus
Cujus miser si gloriā non quærerem
utinam sorores filum rumpant pfidæ,

Chorus

The Duke and no
blemen go in to
the Kunge, the
Maor and Ci
tizens departe
away

Richardus rex, Rich-
ardus rex, Rich-
ardus rex

Civis

Quærit colorem triste virtutis scelus
pudet sui deforme vultus vitii
Heu quis secretos nescit ignarus
dolos?

Et mille patui machinas? quis sibi
prius

Promissa fratris regna fraude non
videt?

Dolis petitū publicè regnū negat
Inventa damnat sceptra ficta sanctitas,
Qualis negat bis consecrari pontifex
qui sacra tamen ambit colenda forsi-
tan

Talis sua rex sponte compulsus gerit
eriepta pueris sceptria Sed decit
magis

Spectare tantas plæbeos tragædias,
Quicquid libet, regi licet, nec legibus
Semp pius nec vota metitur sua
Crebro iuvat nescire, quod scias
tamen

ACTUS QUARTUS

DR SHAWE, CIVIS AMICUS

Civis

Cur sic pigro miser gradu moues
stupens,

Dubiusq sese pes incerto tenet?
corpus cupis referre progressū licet?
Hæret animus, ponisq nolentem pe-
dem

Quid triste consiliū diu torques?
modū

Nec invenis? quid civiū vultus fugis
Insane? vince quicquid obstitit,
expedi

Mentem tuā, teq restituas tibi

Doct Shaw

Heu mihi animus semet scelere plenus
fugit

vetat quæ scie pectus oneratū malis,
mentisq conscie pavor, dolor æstuat,
animus non potest venenū expellere
Scelerisq mordet sæva conscientia
Quis, quis coegit dæmon adversus
mihi,

scædare stupro regis Eduardi thoros?
heu mihi tuos Eduarde natos prodidi,
et ore nuntio nefando adulteros
tuā coronā possidet jussu meo

Richardus, hei mihi, voce scædavi
mea

natos tuos mendatus sacra miscui
et ore scripturas iūmani pollui

Civis

Cui triste poenis gravib⁹ infestus
graves?

nutritus alias colligit dolor faces,
renovatq durū molle sanari malū,
Frænos capit prudens dolor, et ex-
tinguitur,

vincit dolorem, quisquis eximere
cupit,
et pfidū sanare conatur malū

Doct Sha

Psæceps monentem mens fugit, redit
statim

concepta frustra concilia repetens,
sequi

cogit scelus priora, virtutem timet,
Accendit ipse semet infestus dolor,
lapsasq vires inregrat, nunquā meas
cessabit in pœnas scelus, nunquā quies
nocturna curis solvit, alit altus sopor
Noctu diem voco, repeto noctem die,
semp memet fugio, non possū scelus.

Civis

Malū nequis sanare

<i>D Sha</i>	<i>Civis</i>
Sī possim mori	Dum cogitas severa, nil cuias reū
<i>Civis</i>	<i>D Sha</i>
At dedecus demū licet magnū potest	Dolor doloris est medela nescit pcere
<i>Dr Sha</i>	coelū cūmen videt nefandū conscia
Nisi turpis hæret usq̃ vestigiū labis	tanti fuit dedecoris et tellus vaga
<i>Civis</i>	Ruina mentis fœda tam me disparem
Mois sola maculā demere infanda po- test	fecit mihi, ut memet nil fugiam magis, et factus infœlix mei sum pfuga,
<i>Dr Sha</i>	animusq̃ serū corporis divortiū
Fœdata nescit vita crimen ponere	precatur anxius, necat quisquis jubet vivere quisquis mori jubet vitam dedit
<i>Civis</i>	tantū potest placere quicquid dis- plicet
At poenitenti sera parcunt Numina	de me viri quid loquuntur futiles?
<i>Dr Sha</i>	<i>Cives</i>
Sceleris novi mater prius natu scelus	Te sceleris arguunt nefandi conscii
<i>Civis</i>	<i>Dr Sha</i>
Sanare cessas, qui nimis vulnus times?	Sed quid tumultus civiū istuc convo- lat?
<i>Dr Sha</i>	<i>Civis</i>
Sanare non potes facilè vulnus grave	Ubi civium regnare jussu coeperat princeps Glocestrius loco primū studet
<i>Civis</i>	rex prius ab illo subditis facti suis,
Nulli parcat quisquis haud parcat sibi	Ubi voce lex Anglis loqui viva solet
<i>Dr Sha</i>	Nunc ergo ab aulā cōmigrat West- minsteri
Prius ipse crimen solus accusa tuū	Rex ut prius legū peccatis imperet
<i>Civis</i>	Ne prava mens legū minas adulteret, discescit infœlix, pati nec civiū vultus potest huic verba pandā principis
Absolve te quem iudicas ultus satis	<i>Dux Glocest</i>
<i>Dr Sha</i>	Juvabat Astreæ locatū sedibus, et hoc tribunalī tremendo Minois, auro caput sepire primū fulgido, Justaq̃ cives lege regere patriæ Rex providere debet id potissimū
Nemo satis ulcisci scelus dirū potest	
<i>Civis</i>	
Crimen nimis iudex acerbis vindicas	
<i>D Sha</i>	
Nisi mordet acre, fœda sordent vul- nera	

ut urbiū columna lex firmissima
in curio dominetur aequali potens
vestrū domare pectus haud metū de
cet,
quorū superbū claruit titulis genus
Non cæca regnat ira vinci nescia
Nunc ense fessum miles exoneiat
latus

Omnes amoris vincula jungere juvat,
contempta nec pati ū jacebūt stemata,
Vos laudo patres jure doctos patrio,
qui continetis legibus rempublica,
ne jurgis lacerata mutuis Anglia
languescat amplo vos honore pse
quar,

et mente cives gaudeāt lassa licet,
e sordidis qui nutiuntur artib⁹,
nec causa vos agitata judici p̄met,
nec fera clangor bella pstrepat tubæ
Nam concidunt res prosperæ discor
dus

Hinc falsa mens vultu minatur inte
gro

Hinc omne fluxit civitatib⁹ malū
Sedabit hos fluctus amor, pietas,
fides

his vinculis foelix cohoiet Angliā,
quæ nec furor contundet domesticus,
Nec robur hostiū potest infringere
Odi recentis pereat omnis memoria
Statim mihi Foggū satellites libeiet,
supplex asylo qui metu nostro latet
Sit finis iræ, nec minas jactet furor,
Sumo laborat impetu mens impia
à subditis vultu benigno conspicī
Iheu quā velim fides vigeiet aurea,
tantū vetustis nota quondā sæculis,
aut quæ fucos expeita virtus non
fuit

Mox sit decorū numen adversū mihi,
si lingua mentis fallat interpret suæ
Noli timere (Fogge) concedas propē
sociemus animos pignus hoc fidei
cape,
conjunge dextram, et me vicissim de
lige

ACTUS QUINTUS

IIOSPES, CIVES

Hospes

Domesticum natus malū, terū, grave
Imensa regni moles invidiæ capax
quantis cietur fluctib⁹? victū licet,
potuisse vinci non sibi credit tamen
Graves procellas concitat regni fames,
Dum cæca quassavit libido principis
Quot urbiū projecta sunt cadavera?
Qualem maris salis secantem gurgitem
puppm benignam turbo concussit
gravis

et volvit horrens concitū flatu fretū,
dum latera scindit, et geminat minas
Talis premit vehemens statim mu
tatio

Affare (quæso) cur frequens huc con
volat
populus, notatq proximos oculis
locos?

Theatra stupidus specta usq splen
dida
et singulis sternuntur omnia fulgidis,
legale spendat atq soliū principis

Civis

Hospes fidelis mihi, coronā cingitur
Rex Angliæ Richardus assensu pari
cujusvis hæres approbatur ordinis.

Hospes

Hoc sparsit olim rumor ambigu⁹,

Cives

Locus

Hic maximis datur comitibus, immet
horā

Hosp

Bona diū pius creatur rex mala,

Si nequior rex si bonus sit, civiū
salus
rex si malus sit, civitatis pestis est

Civis

Qui regio natus supbo stemmate,
duos nepotes principes tutor suā
suscepit in fidem patruus en Angliæ
rex ipse conventu creatur maximo

Hosp

Ubi reguli duo? nefas regere patruū
hi dum supsint

Civis

Hoc facit regni situs
in aice regni carceris cæci lumen
patiuntur

Hosp

O scelus!

Civis

Sed principis tamen

Hosp

Magis hoc nefandū

Civis

Piopter imperiū simul

Hosp

Pietas decet regem, nec impio licet
parare regnum pretio

Civis

Semp tamen
imperia constant pretio bene quolibet

Hosp

Nunquam diu male pta succedunt

Civis.

semel est regere

Satis

Hosp

Statim labi duplex malū
foelicitas brevis labori regni gravis

Civis

Piout lubet, regendo minuitur labor

Hosp

Crescit magis odiū

Civis

Hoc metu restringuntur

Hosp

Potius fide

Civis

Quin deme tantos spiritus
Lacerare dictis principem diuis grave
est,

statimq suspectos sibi mori iubent
Jam parce dictis tempori decet ob-
sequi

nuper nimis blande salutat obvios
abjicere se cogit mens mali conscia,
regemq vultus pene servilis docet
Hinc liberavit Cardinalem vinculis,
Et Stanleium emisit solutū carcere
Hujus timebat filiū Lancastriæ,
Ne sæva patris vindicaret vincula
At Eliensem præsulē clausū domi
retinere Buckinghamiū jussit Ducem
Sed regis adventū sonat clangor tubæ
Comites, Ducesq, Marchiones, Præ
sides,
præne torquibus mirantes cernimus

Hosp

Effare (civis) nitida quid calcaria
aurata signant, quæ comes manu gerit

Civis

Sunt Bellicæ virtutis hæc insignia

Hosp

Baculū quid

Civis
Eduardi fuit regis pui
id illius nunc memoria pferant

Hosp
Sed absq cuspide gladius, quem fert
caput
nudus, quid indicat ?

Civis
Clementiā
Hosp Aure⁹
Clavus, quid ?

Civis
Officiū Comestabilis Angliæ
Equitum magister publico hunc coetu
gerit

Hosp
Enses quid à dextris feruntur pui
cipis
et à sinistris fulgidi duo simul ?

Civis
Sunt arma justitiæ scelus clei
simul
Laiciq puniunt salubri vulnere

Hosp
Nudi duo feruntur enses cuspide
nullo

Civis
[*Hiant Codices*]

Hosp
Quidnā loquuntur sceptrā ?

Civis Pacē
Hosp Quid Globus,
Cujus sup crux elevatur verticem ?

Civis
Monarchiam
Hosp Ecce alius vagina conditū
et arte sumā fulgidū gladiū gerit
itemq magnū

Civis
Sumā dignitatis est
honore sumō spatha.

Hosp
Quis locū
splendore mediū maximo, radiis quasi
nitidis micans, rubroq tinctus murice
tenet

Civis
Iste fecialis est sui ordinis
primus atq regis ipse nomine.

Hosp
Virgula quid alba pæ se fert ducis ?

Civis
Hanc sumus Angliæ Archichamerinus
gerit

Hosp
Quid alba Reginæ columba denotat ?

Hosp
Notat avis inōcentiā nihil nocens

RICHARDUS TERTIUS

THE SHEWE OF THE CORONATION

Trumpetts
Choristers
Singing men
Præbendaries
Bishopps
Cardinall
Heralds
Aldermen of London
Esquires, Knights, Noblemen
Gilt spurs boine by the Earle of Huntingdon
St Edward's stafe Earle of Bedford
The point of ye sword naked E of Northumberland
The great mace Lord Stanly
Two naked swordes, E of Kent L Lovell
The grete scepter Duke of Suffolke
The ball wth the crosse E of Lincolne
The sword of estate E of Suney
Thre together The Kinge of heralds
The Maior of London with a mace
On the right hand the gentleman usher
on the left hand,
The King's crowne Duke of Norfolke
The Kinge under a canopy betwixt two Bishops
The Duke of Buckinghã wth a white staffe caringe up the
King's traine
Noblemen
The Queen's scepter
The white dove wth a white rod
The Queene's crowne
The Queene wth a cuclet on her head under a Canopie
The Lady Margaret bearinge up the Queene's traine
A Troupe of Ladies
Knights and Esquires
Northren Souldieis well armed

During the solemnity of the Coronation
lett this songe followinge be songe wth
instruments,

*Festū diem colamus assensu pari
quo principis caput corona cingitur*

Decora Regni possidet
 Regis propago nobilis
 Illustre principis caput
 fulva corona cingitur
 Nunc voce læti consona
 cantū canamus principem
 Regnū premebat dedicus
 Libido Regis polluit

TERTIA ACTIO

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mr PALMER, Richardus Rex
 Mr STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamius
 D SHEPARD, Elizabetha Regina
 D TITLEY, Filia Eduardi regis major
 D PILKINGTON, Ancilla
 Mr STANTON, Epis Eliensis
 Mr FOXCROFT, Biakenburius præfectus arcis
 Mr SNELL, Tyrellus generosus
 Mr ROBSON, Ludovicus medicus
 Mr GARGRAVE, Anna Regina uxor Richardi
 Mr SEDWICK, Nuntius primus
 D HILL, Nuntius secundus
 HOULT, Nuntius tertius
 Mr BAYLY, Lovellus heros
 Mr ROBINSON, Catesbeius
 Ds MORRELL, Nuntius quartus
 Nuntius quintus
 Mr HICKMAN, Henricus comes Richmondiae
 Mr. DIGBY, Comes Oxoni
 Mr HILL se Dux Norfolciensis
 Mr LINSELL, Rhesus Thomæ Wallicus
 Ds HARRIS, Nuntius
 Mulier
 Alia Mulier
 Anus
 D HARRISON, Hungerford
 Mr ROBINSON, Burchier
 Miles

} equestris ordinis

Mr HODSON, Stanleius heios
 Mr CONSTABLE, Gent Filius Stanlei Dominus
 Stiange
 Centurio
 Braa servus comitissæ Richmond
 REDFERNE, Dighton cainifex, a big sloven
 Mr DUCKET, Comes Northumbriæ

MUTES

The yonge kinge and his biother lyinge dead on a bed
 Foure daughters of King Edward
 Souldiers unarmed and armed

A R G U M E N T U M

FUROR

Quorsum furor secreta volvis pectora
 minasq; spiras intimas, nec expedis
 faces tuas? scelus expleas Glocestriū
 Glocestrios invise rex olim tuos
 et sceptrā jactes, prætiū sane necis,
 dubiosq; regni volve fraterni metus
 Decora spectant ora Eboracū stupens
 mietur excelsū decus vulgus leve
 Quorsū moras trahis lenes? totus miser
 fias, magisq; sæviat nefas breve
 Aude scelus mens quicquid atrox cogitat,
 Regnūq; verset ultimū Regis scelus
 Nondū madebant cæde cognata manu
 nondū nepotes suffocantur Regi
 et frustra poscas neptis incestos thoros
 imple scelere domū patris tui, illico
 discat furor sævire Buckinghamius
 macta tyrannū, deme sceptrā si potes
 sed non potes pœnasq; dignas pferes
 tanti tumultus En venit Richmondius,
 exul venit, promissa regna vendicat,
 regniq; juratos prius thoros age,
 stringantur enses, odia misce, funera
 dirāq; stragem impone finem litibus
 En regnet exul, rex nec auxiliū impetret,
 tuaq; cadat (Henrice) Richardus manu
 Actum est satis paucam furor Britanniae
 posthac, novasq; jam mihi quæram sedes

ACTUS PRIMUS

BRAKENB ORDINIS EQUESTRIIS,
TIRELLUS

Brak

O rector alme coelitus et terræ decus,
quisquis gubernas, parce Brakenburio
Clemens furorem siste dūri principis,
pœnaq̄ certam libera gravi fidem
Horrere nunquā cessat imperii sitis,
curis nec usquā solvitur ægia ambitio
Regni metu Richardus æstuat ferox,
injusta sceptra possidet trepida manu,
novasq̄ suspicatur insidias sibi
Stipante dum magna caterva rex suā
inviseret Glocestrīā, famam occupans
incerta sortis cogitans ludibria,
quāmq̄ facili injusta ruunt impetu po-
tentia,
regniq̄ ludibriū nimis statū tremens,
dum spiritu vescatur ætherio nepos
mox ut suo reddat dolori spiritū
geminus nepos, et sanguine extin-
guant suo
Regni metū pueri, ferox patruus studet
Nuper Johannes Gieenūs intento
sacris
Mihi, traditas à rege literas dedit
Parare tristem Regulis jubet necem,
Et principib⁹ adferre crudeles manus
quos vinculis præfectus arcis com-
primo
Solutus potest mactare Brakenburios
natos tuos Eduarde? solus p̄dere
stirpem tuā? mandata regis exequar
Lubens tibi Richarde promptus servio
Necare stirpem fratris, ah, pietas
vetat
Intus jacent squalente miseri carcere,
Solusq̄ captivis ministrat carnifex.

O principis dūi nefas, tetrū, ferox
Inter metū animus spemq̄ dubius vol-
vitur,
mentemq̄ distractā tumultus verberat
Nunc regis horreo minas notus mihi
animus satis vetat timere conscius
nihil mihi, quò fata vellicant, sequor
Quid in tuū Richarde subditū paras?
crudele quid spiras? quid atrox
cogitas?
Prius fui cruore regem pollui
nunquā manus meas quid incusas?
fidem
tuebar ulcisci bonū inmensū paras
Testor deorū numen innoxens eram
insons eram Solumne regnū uon
timet
maculā? quid aula ptinax fugis pudor
humilemq̄ casā quæris? aula deserat
quisquis piē vivet micans splendor
nimis
Sortis beatæ lumen impedit piū,
Et turpiter collisa mens impingitur
sin fata me moientur, adveniā lubens
tibi de tuorū cæde tristis nuntius
Eduarde, pcusus miser ferro simul
A rege sed Tirellus huc quid advolat?
an non perimus? heu metu cor pal-
pitat
Quā, quā parant pœnā gravē fido
mihi?
Ferrē libenter quicquid est, ruā licet.

Tyrell

Ignava mens, quid jussa regis exequi
dubitas? manes et metus fingis tibi?
Haud leve timebit, tristis quisquis
cogitat
Quid principi Tirelle gratam times?
rex imperat. erit innoxens necessitas

magna anxii cura Richardū liberas,
et longa te regis beabunt præmia
Principe suo Eborū domus contenta
erit,

prolesq; regis spiritū inimicū expuant
pro mortuis pugnare quis stultè cupit?
aut principum demens tuen cogitat
exangue corpus? quicquid est auden-
dū erit

malus minister regis anxius pudor
Equestriis ordinis decus Biakenburi,
regis parentis adulteriū vivit genus?

Brak

Tantū moriatur ultimū vitæ diem

Tirell

Nihil horrescis tremendā principis?

Brak

Sequar lubens, quocunq; fata me vo-
cant

Tirell

An non decet mandata Regis exequi?

Brak

Nunquam decet jubere regem pessima

Tirell

Fas est eos vivere, quos princeps
odent?

Brak

Nefas eos odisse quos omnes amant

Tirell

Regni metu angī Principem nū æquū
putas?

Brak.

Scelere mederi vulnē scelus reor

Tirell

Constare regnū illis nequit viventibus

Brak

Illis mortuis invisum erit

Tirell

Ars prima sceptri posse te invidiā
pati

Brak

Quem sepē casus transit, aliquando
opprimit

Tirell

Regnare non vult esse qui invisus
timet

Brak

Invisa nunquam imperia retinentur
diu

Tirell

Tua interest vivat puer vel occidat

Brak

Paiū nisi ut occisore me non occidat

Tirell

Tua ecquid imbelles timet pueros
manus?

Brak

Qui castra non timeo, scelus tamen
hoireo.

Tirell

Hanc inmemor regi reponis gratiā

Brak

Quod in scelere nullā repono gratiā,

Tirell

Nil sævientis principis iram times?

Brak.

Generosa mens terrore nunquā con-
cidit

Tirell

At multa rex tibi miniatur horridus
En serus alto jungitur Phœbus salo,

Nudumq̃ lustrandū sorori deserit
coelu? ergo sume regis ad te literas,
claves ut arcis illico mandes mihi,
hac nocte regis exequi jussa ut queā

BRAKENB TYRELL, JOHAN
DIGHTON.

Brak

O cæca regnandi libido, ô scelus
Regis furentis triste nimis, ô patru
Nefanda sceptrā, quæ suorū sanguine
madent Propinquæ vos manus heu
destruunt,

ô nobiles pueri, pupillos opprimunt
Hostemq̃ dare genus vestrum potest
Amisā postquā regna cognovit puei,
et possidere rapta sceptrā patruū
Sic fatur infelix lachrymis genas
rigans

ab imo pectore trahens suspiria,
Regnū nihil moror precor vitā mihi
hanc patruus ne demat Heu quis
Caucasus

lachrymis potest, aut decus Indus
pcere?

Nunquā deinde ornare se miserū
juvat

Nullō solutæ vestes diffuunt nodo
Imago semp̃ errat ante oculos mihi
tristis gementis principis, nec desinit
pulsare moestum animū quærela
Reguli

Sed huc refert Tirellus infaustū gradū

Tirell.

Cædis fidele munus intus occupant
Vastusq̃ Dighton, et Forestus carnifex.
Mortem morabor principū dū pferant

Brak

Uterq̃ fato cessit inimico puer?

Tirell

Vivunt adhuc, illis tamen necem pa
rant

Brak

Aliter placari regis ira non potest?

Tirell

Regem metus non ira crudelem facit

Brak

Effraie quo rex ore responsū tulit
quod ense nunquā cæderent meo

Tirell

Ut ista primū novit, ingenti statim
stupore torpet, sanguis ora deserit,
totusq̃ cinerū similis expallet simul
suspiria mis effiat è pccordis,
lævaq̃ cordi proximū feriens latus,
regale subito deserit solū, furens
graditur citatus passibus, quassans
caput,

tacitoq̃ secum diu inungit sinu,
ubi sanguis è fornace veluti denuo
proruit adustus, fervidis torret genas
rubeatq̃ totus, punctio velut mari
immersus, aut minio fuisset pluitus
Oculi scintillant flammæ obtutu truci
velutiq̃ setis horret erectis coma
His tanquā Oiestes accensus facib⁹
fuit

Nam de suorū cæde convellunt pares
utrumq̃ furæ discrepant uno tamen,
Agitatur umbra matris ille mortuæ
gravi nepotū ast ille vivorū metu.
Et graviter in te exarsit ira turbida,
responsa rex qua nocte pcepit tua.
Coram tacendæ functionis assecra
ingemuit et in hos moestus erupit
sonos

Proh, cui quis ullā sanus adjunget
fidem?

Ubi gratus animus, quove pietas ex-
ulat?

Terras relinquens scelere pollutas
latet

Vix nec ullis iam licet confidere
Quos ego velut gnatos parens enutrio
si quando tristis uigeat necessitas
Hi me pentem deserunt, violant
fidem,

meoq; jussu prius audebunt nihil
Respondet illico principi astans as
secla,

At proximo stratus cubili vir jacet
(audacter istud audio nunc dicere)
id esset arduū nimis, quod is neget
unquā subire, placeat modò tibi
Quū rex ab illo tū quis esset quæreret,
me dixit ad cubile rapitur illico,
ibi me fratremq; offendit in lectū datos
Rex tū jocose, Tam citò (inquit) vos
thoro

componere iuvat? tū seorsim me vocat
panditq; mentis triste consiliū suæ
de Regulorū celeri et occulta nece
Ego quis moneret intuens, qualis simul
ipse fuero, lamentata nec regis ferens
meā ultro regi tū lubens opem tuli
Quocerca primo mane mihi literas
dedit

ad te notatas, quas mea ferrē manu
Jussitq; claves turris excelsæ mihi
ut traderes, quò Regis exequar
Fidele mandatū nocte commissū mihi

Dighton

Uterq; suffocatur exanguis puer

Brak

Hei mihi, p̄ artus horror excurrit va-
gus

Tirell

Quo sunt perempti genere læthi par-
vuli?

Dighton

Cū triste coelū stella lustraret vaga,
serasq; gallus cecinit umbras p̄vigil
en, dum nepos uterq; lecto sternitur,

dulcesq; somnos capeiet geminus puer
cubile nos intramus occulto pede,
fiatesq; subito stragulis convolvimus,
sumis volutos virib^{us} depressimus,
Ubi plumeā clauduntur ora culcitra,
vocemq; prohibent pressa pulvinaria
mox suffocantui adempto uterq; spiritu,
quia peivū spirantibus non est iter,
En, ambo cæsi lectulo strati jacent.

Brak

Videone corpora Regulorū livida?
funestus heu jā cæde puerili thorax
Quis lachrymas durus malis vultus
negat?

Hei mihi, perempti fraude patrum
jacent

Quis Colchus hæc? quæ Caspiū tan-
gens mare

gens audet? Atq; sedis incertæ Scy-
tha

Nunquā tuas Busiris aspersit ferox
puerilis aras sanguis, aut gregibus suis
epulanda parva membra Diomedes
dedit

Tirell

Bene est fratris Richarde nunc soliū
tene

securus, et decora regni posside,
Sepelire tetri carceris giadu infimo
satis profunda fossa fratres contegat,
et saxeo mox obruuntur aggere,
de morte passim sparge rumores
vagos,

quod fato sponte trina condulsit soror,
Perisse subita morte finge regulos
Sunt Regis hæc mandata, cura sedulo,
Jam sume claves [ptinax Brakenburi]

Brak

O sæva nostri temporis credulitas
ô regis animus dirus! ô mens barbara,
secura turbans jura naturæ ferox!
Tunc innocentes principes, pueros pios

monstrū Plocustes, tunc mactasti
tuos?

ô terra, coelū, mcestūq regnū Tartari,
scelus videtis triste? Sustines nefas
tantū, trisulco horrens Saturnie ful
mine

Acheronte toto merge Syderū caput
radiante Tytan, pereat et mundo dies,
Quis quo suo generi hostis infestus
fuit,

adeo ut cruentet cæde puerili manus
Jam Neio pius es? scelere materno
madens

nefande Pelops cæde, majus hic nefas
Sola teneros Medea mactat liberos

Jugulae civem semp indignū fuit
privare luce foeminā tetrū nimis
at inōcentes, parvulos, infantulos,
(qui vita quid sit, non p ætatem
sciunt)

spoliare vita, facinus horiendū nimis
Quid paucet alius qui suos ferox necat?
qui nocte pueros mulctat atia innoxios,
quos summa charos cura cōmendat sibi
Heu, heu, quib⁹ jactatis Angla flucti-
bus?

Discede pietas, et locū quærat fides,
en longa sanguinis sitis regno imminet

REGINA, ANCILLA

Regina

Eheu recenti corda palpitant metu
gelidus per aitus vadit exangues tre-
mor,

Nocturna sic me visa miserā territant,
Et dira turbant inquietā somnia
At tu pater qui clara volvis sydera,
et igne flammiferū vago regis jubar,
omen nefandū averte, funestū, tetrū
Jam cuncta passim blanda straverat
quies,

somnusq fessis facilis obrepsit genis
vidi minantem concito cursu heu aprū
natosq frendens dente laniavit truci

utrosq sævus mactat Ætheriæ po-
tens

dominator aulæ, fata si quid filius
dirū minantur, in hoc caput crescat
furor,
matremq prius jam fulmen irati petat

Ancilla

Quando vacabit tempus ullū cladibus?
modūq ponit matris attonitæ dolor?
Nam triste matris nunciū demens
taces?

totas an animus gaudet ærumnas suas
tractare, longos et dolores claudere?
O regio quondā tumens fastu, potens
Regina

Regina

Misera voce quid media stupes?
exire jussus non reperit viā sonus?
fususq turpes lachrymis genæ madent

Ancilla

Sæviti cruento dente frendens aper

Reg

Adhuc

quicquāne scelesti restat

Ancil

Ah, gnati tui

Regina

Audire cupio miserias statim meas

Ancil

Heu ambo scelere suffocantur prin-
cipes,
Labefacta mens succumbit assurge:
hei mihi,
rursus cadentem misera spiritū leva-
spirat, revixit, tarda mors miseros
fugit

Regina

Regnare nunc sceleste patruæ potes,
nihil
timebit imbelles ferox pueros furor

scelesta vibres sceptia adhuc unū
deest
sceleu tuo, jam sanguinē nostrum
pete,
tui fuoris misera testis haud ero
Quem defleā infelix? propinquos?
liberos?
anne malis superesse fata quem si-
nunt
tantis? Ego meos mater occidi, latus
Eduarde quando comite nudavi tuo,
et tunc asylū deseris dulcis puer
Te, te, piecor supplex mater genib⁹
minor,
qui vindicās flāmās vibras tonans pa-
ter,
et hunc vibrentur tela puiū tua,
Spolies Olympū nate fulminibus tuis,
et impiū celi ruina vindicet

Ancilla

Quin placida cogites, animūq mitiga,
mentemq sana turbidā curis leva

Regina

O patruī monstrū nefandū, quale nec
Dirus Proustes novit, aut Colchos
ferox.
O Cardinalis impu fallax fides,
cui filiū vesana mandavi meū.
O fili charissimū, ō liberi,
quos patruī crudelis ensis eripit,
suo nec unū sufficit sceleri nefas
vestrumq matri funus invidet mihi

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

DUX BUCKINGHA EPISC ELIENSIS

Buck

Venerande præsul Eliensis insulæ,
depone mœstitiā prius liber licet
nunc ædibus captivus hæreas meis
nam te meæ cum crederet fidei ferox

Princeps, parū promitto sæverū fore
Pariem tibi potius amicū possides
Jam pristinæ vitæ status reminiscere
et non quis es quis fuisti cogita,

Eliens

O me beatū (pace quod dicā tua)
caicere quōd isto liberū me sentiā
Sed fata quid non graviter incusem
mea?
Quod mentis initū benevolæ desinit
virtus sed animi rebus afflictis tui
solamen est quæ non potentis iespi-
cit
tam copiā, quā quæ voluntas indigi

Buck

Gratū est voluntatis tuæ indicū mihi,
Adversa quamvis singula videntur
tibi
Cum sic amicè me colis indignū
tamen,
conabor, ut quæ voce jactentur mea,
hæc verba tandū expertus affirmes
fore,
Nec fata damnes dura, quin potius
probes,
tantū nec æstimes malum, te liberū
Non esse quantū est gaudiū vita frui
duras tyrannus regni habenas dū
tenet
Quin capite quod non plecteris lucrū
puta
vitā dedit, dum non admit audax
fuor
Quot cædibus cruentat insanas manus?
Quot destinavit ad necem mentis
furor?
dicere nequeo, nec verba sufficiunt
mihi
dolor tacere jussit O nullo scelus
credibile in ævo, quodq posteritas ne-
gat
Patruus nepotes patris heu regno ex-
pult

Tantū exiit regno? necem miseris
dedit

Frænos dolor vix patitur, ulcisci cupit

Elms

Piæclara suades, inelytū duiū genus
Hoc patribus peicrebuit olim pris-
timis,

IMPERIA SCELERE PARTA SOLVUN
TUR STATIM

Tanto medelā vulneri nisi feceris,
quæiet lues secreta regni vulnera
Perdere tyannū laus vel hostem æqua-
lis est

Buck

At sceptrā tutus ut regat potius ve-
lim

(cujus furor paucis nocebat forsitan)

quam sede dimoveri pulsū regia

Nec talis est, ut in suos sic sæviat

Stimulo coegit ita, quæ nescit modū

Cujus tamen regno scio prudens ca-
put

consuleie, pax florebit æqua civibus

Laudandus ergo, cuiā quem regni
tenet,

et cui suoiū civiū chara est salus

Elms

Superbus eructat animus, nec con-
tinet

sese, secretā miscet nā laudibus

Sic principes illi cautus odiū concita,

ut te tāmen seqūi puteris nunc magis

stultū est diu occultare, quod prodas
statim

Nullā mihi fidem dabis cet̄o scio,

diversa modō si vellem juvare tibi.

Testor deū, si non fuissent irrita

Vota mea et Eduardo quod obtigit
duci

Stetisset Henrico, stabile regni decus

Henrice, partes non reliquisset tuas

Sed cū secus tulere fatorū vices,

sceptraq̄ regi deferant Eduardo, magis

VOL IV

quæ voluerā Henrico remansisse inte-
gsa

non sic furore pcitus miser fui,

ut mortui patronus illudar pius

Calceat victorem quis audent invidus?

Post ego sequens victoris arbitriū
sagax,

in gratiā receptus illico fui,

vivoq̄ nunquā fefelli tibi tu fidem

Eduarde liberis precabor, et tuis

decoia regni sceptrā longas Angliæ

tractent habentis regis orti stemmate

At quæ deus contexit, retevere

non est meū, sed qui fuit regni
modō

protector, is nunc regio fulget throno

Colubebo me. quin sacra præsulem
vocant

senem magis, non studia regni jam

meis

doctus malis satis at preces decent

modō

Buck

De rege fatus obmutescit audio

lubens, sagax de rege quidnā cogitat

Quin perge patei, egressa verba ne
piemas,

animiq̄ tutus vota psequere tur

Hinc non modo periculi nihil, sed
gratius

votis tuis mox cōmodu eveniet tibi

Consultor eris in rebus incertis mihi

Quod cogitabā, a rege cū precib⁹
meis

impetro tuā domi meæ custodiā

Alterius esset fortē caucer tibi magis

molestus, hic te liberū potius puta.

Elms

Factis parem habeo gratiā (dux in-
clyte)

at non placet tractare gesta principū

Hic sæpe blanda tecta fronte frau-
latet

Quæ dicta sunt bene, sæpe torquent
non bene,
curamq; fabula suadet Æsopi Phrigis
Legem tulit princeps talem fœnis leo
passim necis pœnâ minatur hominibus,
Cornuta silvas bellua nisi deserat
tantû tumens vesana fronte bestia
Jussus tremens regis, parat miserâ
fugâ

Fortè properanti vulpes occurrit sibi,
causâq; mirabundus exquirit fugæ
Sylvam fugio Leonis (inquit) horreo
mandata Ridet vulpes, affatui fœiâ,
Falsò times demens, nihil de te Leo
tantum tumet frons tibi, genit coinû
nihil

Satis (inquit) hoc inimis et novi
fera,
Sin esse cornu dixerit fiendens Leo,
quid tum perempta pulchiâ sane dis-
puto
Subridet, omnia sorte felici cadent

Buck

Nihil time, leo nil nocebit rugiens,
aper ne dente vulnus infliget tibi
Nû audiet princeps eorum, quæ tu
mihi
Narras secretus

Ehens

Heic aures si suas
hic sermo pulset, ipse nec sumat
male
Nû tû timerem, forsitan grates daret
Sin mala (quod auguror) potiùs
affectio
interpres esset, veritatis nec penditur
utriq; verba grande conflarent malû

Buck

Hoc quicquid est audire mens avida
cupit

culpam lubens præstabo quamlibet,
haud time
tantû meis moriem geas votis pater.

Ehens

Nihî herclè dico, sceptia quando
possidet
Protector, hæc quo jure princeps ven-
dicat,
Præcærei at suplex tamen, quod pa-
triæ
salus requirit, cujus ille fœna jam
moderatur, et pars ego fidelis extiti,
dotes ad illas addat ut clemens deus
(his licet abundat, laude nec nostra in-
diget
Quod in tuo numen benignû fusus
spassent honore, dotibus abundat
magis
regniq; tractet meliùs habenas sui
Cohibebo me hæc tacere me decet
magis

Buck

Miror quid hæret, voce quid media
stupet?
Quin seriò cum patre tremulo collo-
quor?
Venerande pater, ammû quid incertû
tenes?
seseq; vox egressa continet statim
dum fundis interrupta, conclusis nihil
et crebrò spiras Qua fide regem
colas
neq; scio, nec tuus amor in nos quis
fuit
nostras quòd ornas præco virtutes,
(licet
in me reperio laudibus dignû nihil)
id me magis nunc mentis incertû
tenet
sed tuâ odio ardere mentem suspicor
vel amore ductus ista cæco concipis,
vel obstat ut audias vanus timor,
vel impedit pudor senem parû decens,

Effare honorem pignoro dubio tibi
tuti recessus, suidus audiā

Ehens

Quid est
Promissa cernis, dux nimis fastu
tumet,
avidus honores haurit, odit principem
secretus huic aperire mentem quid
times?

aut regis exitiū parias, vel dū faces
accendas irarū duci, tuā fugā
Captivus ex quo Regis arbitrio tuus
fueram (liceat hac voce pace uti tua)
Quancūq̃ molesti carceris sentio nihil,
libris levabam pectus attonitū malis,
sententiā dedici revolvens optimā,
quod nemo liber nascitur solū sibi
Victurus, at partem parentes vendi
cant,

partem propinqui, maxime sed patria
debet parens cōmunis allicere piū
dem mente volvo, debitū patriæ
juvat

præstare, cujus (heu) statū dum cogito,
quantū micabat summa regū gloria,
tantū tyrannus nunc jugo premit
gravi

Regni ruinā sceptrā promittunt sur
Sed magna miseris non deest spes
civibus

dum corpus aspicio tuū, pulchrū de
cus,

ignis acumen, vimq̃ dicendi pacem,
sumas opes raramq̃ virtutem ducis,
præ ceteris cui chara patriæ salus
patriæ labanti gratulor, cui contigit
heos mederi quis malis tantis potest
qui regni habenas tractet æquali
manu,

quas nunc tyrannis opprimit Gloces
tria

Retineat ille nomen antiquū, novū
parum placet, quod iure sceptia non
tenet.

Nec invideo regnum, pios si non
honor

Mores simul mutasset efficiens ducis,
novamq̃ mentem nomen acciperet
novū,

O gravia passū nobile imperiū Angliæ
graviora passurū, tyrannus si imperet
Imanis usq̃ scelera quid psequar?

Agnosco qualem stravit ad regnū viā,
En optimatū cæde fœdavit manus,
obstare votis quos putabat improbis.

O sacra regnandi sitis, quo animos
trahis

mortalū? scelestus at p̃git fuor,
quantūq̃ libuit audet, scelestis haud
modū

ponit, patiavit majus et fide scelus
Ætasne credat ulla, matrem filius
quod damnet insanus probri solus
suā?

Impius inurit criminis falsi notā,
fiatresq̃ geminos spurios falso vocat,
nec non nepotes impia notat labe,
stirpemq̃ fratris damnat ambigū sui
Hoc est familiæ nobile tuæ decus
Sed cur queroi? nū sceleris hic finis
fuit?

gradus mali fuit, hactenus non stat
nefas

Jam regna firmitis possidens non timet
rudire majora miseri heu implet
manus

funere suorum patiurus, insontes necans,
Erumpat ergo vis corrusca fulminis:
an paucet aliis qui suos mactat ferox?
speiare quis meliora nunc demens
potest?

Majora monstria triste præsentat nefas
Nunc ergo moveat temporū tandem
status

Per numen æternū, p̃ Anglorū decus,
titulis superbū si genus charū tibi,
succurre miseris, rumpe fatorū moras,
capesse regnū, sede pulsū deprime
tyrannū, ademptū vindica regni decus
Nec justa dubiū causa teireat nimis,

defende cives, chara sit patire salus
Comes laboris haud deesse jam po-
test

plebs totū defectū rebellis murmurat
magis subibunt barbari Tuicæ regnū,
quam rex suo impius cruore ludeat
Quanto magis nunc te crearet prin-
cipem,

in quo genus refulget excelsū? meis
quiesce votis, Angliæ oblatū thronum
Nec respuas, prodesse multis dū potes,
nec te labor deterreat, si quem putas
inesse, sed sit arduū minime tamen
pro pace patriæ deserendū publicæ,
Quod si recusas pūtax, nec te sinas
vinci precibus adjuvo p verū deū,
p maximū ducis fidem, sancto simul
quondam p astrictā fidem Georgio
insignis ascitus eques ordinis Gautei
quando fuisti pūmū, ut in nostriū
caput

sermonis hujus culpa grassetur nihil
Hoc publicis imploio precib⁹ civiū
Sin alterius optanda scepra dexterae
queris throno Lancastræ pulsū ge-
nus

addas paternō, aut filiū Eduardi patris
throno superbo nobilis jungas viri
Sic impiū tyrannus exitiū feret,
et cladibus defessa gens ponet modū,
habet meā de rebus his sententiā
Cur sic tacet? miroi metuo multū
mihi
suspiciū ducit fidemne decipit?

Buck

Video timore distrahī pectus patei
doloris ansā (doleo) quod tacens dedi
tu macte sis virtute non fallā fidem
O magne cœli iector, et mundi ai-
biter,
quantū tibi devincta gens est Anglica?
qui fluctuantem sepius regni statu
Clemens deus manu benigna protegis?
Jam statue tandem gravibus ærumnis
modū,

clementer animi spiritū inspira pater,
ut principem quæramus auspiciis tuis,
qui justa tractet scepli i legali manu,
statimq rebus colloceat lassis opem
Reverende sedis præsul Eliensiū,
specimen dedisti mentis erga me tuæ
clariā satis amoremq testoi patriæ
par culpa nostri, quare nil time dolos
de rege mentis sensa prius eloquar,
vires cui illi adiutori adiunxi meas
retinere postquā non potest fati color
Eduardus ejus nominis quantus, mori
sed fata cogunt liberis patri suis
fui benevolus, ille quod meritis parū
dignū referiet pramiū, generis mei
titulos nec altos æstimavit invidus
Ergo minū orbos tū colebā liberos
patriis inimici Vulgo jactatur vetus
dictū facile regnū libi, cujus tenet
rex puei habenas Cœpta tū comes
tua

Richarde faveo, judicavi tū virū
fuisse clementem, atq nunc video feiū
hac fraude pluriūm allicit mentes
pias,

ut publico Protectori assensu Angliæ
renunciatus esset, et regis simul
accensa sic honore mens fuit novo,
ut cū secundū possidet regni locū,
tantū placere scepra cœperunt
statim

Regni decora poscit ad tempus sibi
teneros nepos dum complet annos de-
bilis

Dubitare postquā nos videt, regni
fidem

nec fallimus, spurios nepotes tū pro-
bat

patrius scelestus credimus tandem
sibi,

statimq nostri fræna regni tradimus
damnavit hæredem ducis Clarentiæ
crimen paternū, jura avita pdidit
Regni thronū, Richarde sic patrias tibi
ruisq tandem, quō furoi traxit tuus
regnare liceat (ut lubet) jam nemmē

æquū est metuere, nullus est hostis
ferox,

obstare sceptris nemo jam potest tuis
At quis minister funebris tanti fuit?

Tu, tu tyrannus natus ad patriæ luem,
tu prole matrem sævus oibaris sua,

nec abstines à cæde cognita miser,
teneros nepotes patruus injustus necas

Quoiū necis cū famā penetrasset meas
aures, trementes horror occupat vrgus

aitus, venas deserit hiantes intusus
cruoi, soluta membra diffluunt

Nobis salubrie pollicemur inscui,
incerta dū sit propriæ domus salus

Mihi damnat injustū frequens injuria
Avita si ad justus hæres prædia

sumiq̃ vendico munus comestabilis
graviter repulsā læsus ingrātū tuli

Nunquid dabit nova, qui suū nunquā
dedit

At si dedisset, non tamen gratis daret
Ope namq̃ nostra possidet impem

decus
Agnosco culpā, quū mea carens ope

Nunquā feroci sceptia gestasset manu
Fiatius redundat in meū cimen caput,

manuq̃ patriæ vulnus infixi meæ
Hoc expiabo si medelā fecero,

medeboi ergo, sicq̃ dei ievi prius,
justā querelā diuis ubi tū respuit

Non amplius me contineo dicā ordine
quodcunq̃ mente absconditū tacita

latet,
Cum iegis animū sceleris plenū cerneiē

in odium amor imutatur, ulcisci paro,
Quem sū passus ejus aspectū statim

tuli molestē, ferre nec vultū queo
Aulā relinquo regiā, domū peto,

dum cæpi iter, mea facile tunc dex-
tera

erepta posse sceptra transferri puto,
regnae postquā populus iratus jubet

Quo mihi placebā ludicro titulo diu,
et justus hæres domus Lancastriæ

mihi falsō videor, ambiens regni
thronū

Hæc cogitanti subito me rogat obvia
Richmondiaē cōmītissa, redditū filio

precaier exuli si iex benignus an-
nuat,

tum regis Eduardi relictæ filiaē
natū suū despondet ad castos thoros

dotem nihil moratur, una dos erit
Regis favor, nec amplius mater petit

Hic nostia peieunt iegna tū mihi
excidere animo filio primū suo

matriq̃ jus patēre regni somniū
thionus fuit, regnū frustra vendico

Contemno primū vota Cōmītissæ pia
Mens altius dum cogitat matris preces,

tum spiritu impulsā sacro matrem,
bonū

sensisse regni nesciā imensū puto,
Infensa si domus thronos jungit pios,

quæ sceptia jure dubia vindicat suo
æterna fieret civib⁹ tranquillitas,

solidamq̃ pacis alliget rectæ fidem,
hæresq̃ dubiæ certus esset Angliæ

Ehens

O recta patriæ spes, salus, solatiū
respicere cœpit mitis afflictos deus

O sancti lecti iura legitimi, Anglia,
tibi giatuloi, letare, solamen venit

Buck

Nunc tata quib⁹ arcana tuti pandim⁹
Matris prius mentem decet cognos-
ceie

Ehens

Jam nostra votis cœpta succedent
satis

Servus fidelis ecce Cōmītissæ venit,
ut nos licet lentus juvas miseros deus

Bras potentis servū Comitissæ, tuæ
domine salutis gratus esto nuntius

Jactata pacis appulit portū ratis
mox natus horæ sceptra gestabat

manu,
si iure jurando suā astringet fidem

face velit sibi jugali jungere
quæ nata major regis Eduardi fuit.

Nati ei⁹ faustos mater ambiet
thronos,
ut sede pellatui sua rex impius

Bra

Tam læta domine, nuncius fei^a
lubens
quamcunq vobis atq prestabo fidem

Buck

De rege tandem memet ulciscar
probe
de sede malè paita triumphabit parū
Nunc sævus infensū inveniet aper sibi
fortem leonem, qui unguib⁹ tantū valet
quantū ille dente jã scelere cumula
scelus

Crudelis imple cæde funestas manus
adhuc iniquè iura detineas mihi
dominare tumidus, spiritus altos geie
sequitur superbos ultor à teigo deus,
Reddes coactus, sponte quæ negas
mihi

Nuper superbus Eboraci fastu tumens,
Cinctus corona, vestibus clavis nitens
spectanda præbet ora stupidis civibus,
diadema pariter cinxit uxoris caput,
celebratq plebs honore divino levis
portendit excelsus ruinā spiritus

Ehens

Tu tu tyranū morte mulctabis feiox
si liber essem, vinculis nudus tuis,
meaq septus insula tota satis,
nihil furentis horieā regis minas
nunc ergo liceat pace discedā tua

Buck

Dispersa perdit turba vires debilis,
unita fortius minatur hostibus manus,
morare paulū, milites dū colligo
defendet armatus tuā miles viā

LODOVICUS MEDICUS

Comitissa mater læta Braui nuntia
postquā sui nati de nuptiis acceperat,
ut regis Eduardi priori filiæ
si sacia lecti iuia sponderet comes
Richmondus, speraret amissū thronū,
adue reginā jubet celei gradu,
tentare mentem sponte quasi pulsā
mea

ut qui peritus ante medicorū fui,
fœdera medelis sacia miscerem meis,
Lectumq promissū comitis Rich
mondū

Nunc ergo Lodovice, jussus exequi
debet fideles, vince matrem, ne thronos
comiti negaret conjugales filæ

EPŪS EIIENSIS FUGIENS

Deserere nolens cogor hospitū ducis
turbata magnū consilia suadent meū
Nunc ergo consulā mihi celei fuga
Quam nunc manus miser hostiū sævas
tremo ?

sed cautus incedā, insulā petā meā,
sulcabo salsa nave mox et æquora,
hopesq tutus bella spectabo procul
Te, te potens mundi arbiter supplex
precor,
ab hoste seivū protegas sævo tuū

LODOVICUS, REGINA

Lod

Regina seivans conjugis casta fide
lectū jugalem, siste misera lachrimas,
adesse speia jam malis finem tuis
Parumper aue verba facilis percipe
vacato nostris precib⁹ inveni modū
quo trux tyrannus debitas pœnas luat,
tiactentq rursus sceptia felici manu
tui nepotes, rege dejecto truci
procerū sibi, plebisq concitat odiū

Richardus, invisū eximere regno student
 Jam vulgus insano crebescit murmur,
 quān serae possunt gravius imponi
 jugū,
 an sceptrā speremus benigna principis?
 neci nepotes patruus infantes dedit
 Quērela civiū frequens pulsāt Jovem
 amare nequunt, quem execantur publice
 servile collo populus excuteiet jugū
 si notus hæres esse imperii sibi
 Richmondæ (nunc exul) Henricus comes
 hæres familiæ certus est Lancastriæ
 huic filiæ sociare si thalamos jubes,
 nullus de regni iure hæses disputat

Regina

Quod pepulit aures nuntiū lætū meas?
 quid audio? nū misera mens est ciedula?
 hæc facile credunt quod minis miserivolunt
 Sed quod volunt, fortuna contumax vetat
 Prona est timori semper in pejus fides
 Regnat tyrannus, exul Henricus comes,
 est vulgus anceps, dubius et populi favor
 Quæ filiæ facilis patet mœre via
 ad sceptia?

Lodov

Voto tremulus obstat timor
 Confide causæ, civiū pugnat salus
 prudens familiæ consulas mater tuæ
 cædis recentis mœmor sobolis jaces
 cur sic multā te sinis? stimulet dolor
 cædis tuorū, et conjugis chari probrū

Regina

Spem pollicetur animus invitam tiahens
 Dotare thalamo filiā Elizabeth velim
 sed spernet illā forsā Henrici parens
 illam petas, sciutare nū maneat vetus
 domus simulas, exulis gnati potest
 Flecti malis, ut fieret ex misero potens.

Lodov

Regina, peragam jussa

Reg

Respiret deus
 consilia læta, perge non dubio gradu

DUX BUCK AD MILITAS

Ultice dextra, milites, sævus cadat'
 cōmunis hostis ille, tum quisquises comes
 fuerit tyranni, jaceat et pene comes
 Quid ira posset, durus expromat dolor
 Utinā cruore capitis invisio deo
 libare possim! multa mactatur Jovi
 opima magis arasve tinxit victima
 quam rex iniquus [aut tyrannus impius]
 Violenta nemo imperia continet diu,
 sperare tanti scelæris quis demens potest
 regnū salubre, vel fidem tutā dui?
 vobis scelæstæ mentis exponā dolū.
 Bellū parari dū videt, mox lites mittit benignas, spondet agros, nū negat
 sensi dolū, morā traho, veniā peto
 Agre repulsā passus imperat statim
 venire? adhuc recuso, sed veniā tamen,
 Veniam, Richarde, sed malo tandem tuo

Et ultor adeo inimicus infensus tibi
 miseris Britannis pacis autori publicæ
 Fugiens asylū Marchio Dorcestrius
 vim militū magnā Eboraci colligit
 Ducem sequuntur Devoniensis Cui
 nati
 viresque fratris adjuvat saciū caput
 Episcopi Exetiensis infesto agmine
 Gilsfordus impiū tyiannū eques petit,
 frequensq; Cantu caterva militū
 Mactetui hostis, bella poscunt, im
 pias
 dirus suorum carnifex poenas luat
 Ergo tyiannū patriæ pestem suæ
 trucidate, cū sit grata civibus hostis,
 præsidia cum sint tanta, quæ partes
 student
 nostras tueri, et patriæ vitā dare,
 omnesq; dux feda lubens angustias,
 ut hostis pereat vestes ferox Neio
 Quid edidemus? arma cur cessant
 pia?
 cedendo vinci ut perfidos hostes putes
 stultē nimis votisq; pulsando Jovem
 vibrentur enses, copias jungi decet,
 ad arma ruite, vos ferox hostis manet
 pugnare validi, vir viro inferat manus
 tollantur altē signa, bellū tuba canat,
 et excitetur classico miles truci

ACTUS TERTIUS

RICHARDUS REX SOLUS

O sæva fata semper, ô sortem as
 peiā
 cum sævit et cum parcit ex æquo
 malā
 Fortuna fallax rebus humanis nimis
 insultat, agili cuncta pvertens rota
 Quos modò locavit parte suprema,
 modò
 ad ima eosdem trudit et calcat pede
 Subituo labantis ecce fortunæ impetu

quis non potentem cernit eversā
 domū?
 Heu gnatus, heu primò unicus perit
 meus
 (ô dura fata, et lugubrem sortem
 nimis)
 qui clara patris regna sperat mortui
 Ut ille magni prius alimentum comes,
 primisq; vixidum comibus frontem
 geiens
 ceivice subito celsus, et capite arduus
 gregem paternū ducit, et pecori im
 perat.
 O suave pignus, ô decus domus
 Regalis, ô Britanniae fumus tuæ,
 O patris heu spes vana, cui demens
 ego
 laudes Achillis bellicæ, et Nestoris
 annos precor bar, luce privavit deus
 Nunquā potenti sceptia gestabis manu
 felix, Britanno iura nec populo dabis,
 victasq; gentes sub tuū mittes iugum
 Non Franca subiges teiga, non Scotos
 trahes
 in tua rebelles imperia, sine gloria
 jacebis alto clausus in tumulto miser
 Porro exul hærens finib⁹ Britanniae
 dirū patat bellū Comes Richmondius,
 viresq; cogit sceptia rapturus mea.
 Domi cruorem populus en nostrū
 petit,
 incendit animos ptinax nimis furor,
 sceleris ministros armat in nostrā
 necem
 Quidā minantem virib⁹ Richmondii
 juvare, quidā firma præsidia arcibus
 locare? quidā clanculū armatos domi
 servare, quidā subditos, fidem ut suā
 fallant, iogare precibus infensi student
 Nescie velim, cuncta simulavi lubens
 dum cæca potui coepta, concilia dolos
 sentire, militūq; vires jungere
 Hujus fuloris cū ducem Bucking
 hamii
 caput esse sciem, et totius fontem
 mali

Vel maite aperto tiahere, vel precibus piè

allicere cepi, ne fidem muttat suā,
Dedi benignas ad ducem magis literas,
Felix ad aulā convolet celeri gradu
Sentit dolos dux, texuit causas moræ
stomachiq; se dolore rudit premi,
Omnem statim morā jubebā rumpere
Ventui ūd hostem patriæ sese negat
Et milites cogens suos dux pessimus,
in me nefanda bella demens cōmovit
Quid facio? amicus qui mihi sumus
fuit

auferre regna quærit odit maxime
qui maxime colebat ô scelus impiū
et dux profundo devovende Tartaio
At plebs velut procella ventis tur-
bida,

agmine scelesto principem neci petit
Solutus Richardus causa cantatur mali
Quid nunc agendū restat? aut quem
consulā?

Infecta facta reddere haud quisvis po-
test

Si populus odit, peior? sed populi
favor

servetur, isto macula tolletur modo,
qua nomen indui scelestus heu meū,
ut in Britannos si quid eiumpat malū
damnent nihil, jam mitis, humanus,
pius,

et liberalis civibus meis ero,
et scelere vindicabo nomen impio
Centū sacrificus alta surgent mœnia,
cuius soluti ut precibus incumbant
piis

Legesq; patriæ utiles serā meæ
fortasse nostras populus in ptes iuet,
pietate falsa ductus aui montibus,
blandisq; verbis ducitur vulgus leve

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS

Nuntius

Adfero ducem fugisse Buckinghamū,
magnæq; quid nunc dissipantur copiae

Rich Rex

Quæ causa subito terga vertendi fuit?

Nuntius

Ubi Wallicorū numerat ingentē manu,
qua sylva sese porrigit Danica, viā
pandit superbus, et Sabrinā nobile
superare flumen propeiat, agmini suo
ut Courtneorū jungat agmen, at
minas
dum spirat horrens impio dux ag-
mine,

at non genus mor tale curant Numina?
dum milites vicina spectant flumina
altasq; ripas non datū adhuc tangere,
subito gravis terrā ruina cœli verberat
divesq; pluvius laxat imbres humidus
Auster, et agros altū tegit frequens
aqua

En piscis ignotas in auras tollitur,
Lectis jacentes arboribus hærent, agris
eversa, tecta vagit in cunis puer
passim per agros, montibus natant
ferre,

terrā diebus obruunt aquæ decem
Stupet miles, cū Courtneorū copus
jungere plusus agmen haud fluvius
sinit

At Wallicorū turba nulla præmio
invita serviens duci, carens simul
misera cibariis, statim illū deserunt
Nullis minus gens Cambia adduci
potest

aut precibus, ut maneat simul bellī
comes,

aut pergat ultra Præda nudus hos-
tibus

suis relictus, cepit infelix fugam.

Rex Rich

Fœlix ad aures nuntius nostras venit
prius labantem fausta tollunt numina.
Portus ad omnes miles undiq; sepat,
dux exteras ne eiumpat ad gentes.
Comes

Richmondus quidnā parat, quæiat
simul

nun cocepta linquat, an minetui am-
plus

Princeps honorem testor, illū qui mihi
captū ieducet, præmiū dignū feret

Si servus ille fuerit emitā manu

sin liber, illū mille ditabo libris

Classis Britannū armata sulcabit mare,
ne perfidus premat Angliā Rich-
mondus

Aude scelera, ne crescat malū
exprimere jus est ense, quod nequeant

preces

Quicunq̃ scelestis socius in nostias
manus

veniet, piabit sanguine inceptū nefas

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS

Nuntius

Captus tenetur vinculis Bucking-
hamius

Rex Rich

Sacris colamus prosperā votis diem
O mihi propitios, sed tamen lentos

dies [a' deos] !
hostis quib⁹ captus dolis sit, explica !

Nuntius

Ubi Cambrio dux milite orbatū vidit,
obstupuit illicō, atq̃ sorte tā gravi
pculsus, animū pene despondit suū
consiliū egenus, sed sibi fidit tamen,
Banisteri tremens ad ædes clā fugit,
cui dux amore eximio prius favebat,
et semp auxit dignitate plurimum
hujus latere clā studebat ædibus,
donec cohortem repararet, et belli
ruinas
nudusve mare fugeret secans Britannū,

Comitiq̃ sese jungeret Richmondio
At malē deorū si quis invisus duci
fuerit, paratū non potest fugere malū
Servus Banisteri, seu vitæ timens suæ,
tuisve ductus præmiis, Salopiæ
Proconsul, tum Milton proditum
ducem

Is militū stipante pgit agmine,
servi præhendit ab adib⁹ sui hūd
procul,
dum fata sylvis diu solus cogitat,
tibiq̃ vincitū fidus adducit virū

Richardus

Si non fides me sacra regno contin-
ent,

tentabo mea stabilire sceptrā san-
guine,

et regna diuio sævus imperio regā
Nunc ergo dux pœnas gravissimas
luat

Obrumpat ensis noxiū tristis caput,
nullamq̃ pene canifex reddat morā

Regnare nescit, odia qui timet nimis
Non tua mihi Stanleie dubia fides
fuit

Comes sitit Richmondus honores
meos

Gener tuus sibi sceptrā despondet
mea

uxor suo comitissa quærit filio
Victrice dextra iapta sceptrā tradere.

rapidis volabis gressibus Lancastriā
illā intimis reclude mox penetralibus,

pateat nec nullū foeminæ servoru iter,
ad filiū nullas matei det literas,

ne patriæ demens luem tristem paret,
et sceptrā mihi mulier rebelis auferat,

At Stangeū præstantem honore filiū
fidei tuæ mecū relinques præsidem

testabitur puei patris constantiā
Natura mentem foeminæ pronā malo

dedit, dolisq̃ pectus instruxit, negat
vires, malū ut tantū queat vindicare.

Dux Buckinghamus

O blandientis lubricæ sortis decus !
 ô tristis horrendi nimis belli casus !
 heu, heu fatis mortale luditui genus
 Quisquæne sibi spondeie tã finimû
 potest
 quod non statim metuenda convellat
 dies !
 Cujus refulsit nomen Anglis inclytû
 modò, pallidos nunc ad lacus trudor
 miser
 Quid (heu) juvat jactare magnos
 spiritus ?
 Fallacis aulæ fulgor (heu) quos per
 didit ?
 Heu blanda nimû dona fortunæ !
 mare
 non sic aquis refluentibus tuiget, aut
 undis
 turbatus ab imis pontus Euxinus
 tumet,
 ut cæca casus heu fortuna magnatû
 vocat
 Funestus heu dirusq; Richardi favor
 quid illa deplorem miser tempora,
 quibus
 fretus meo consilio aper fiendens, sibi
 regnû cruento dente iaptû comparat ?
 En, hujus ictu nunc atroci corruo
 Natale solû, illustre decus ô Anglæ,
 horrenda quæ te fata nunc manent ?
 feiox
 postquã jugo tyranus oppressû tenet
 heu, heu, mise Stygeas ad undas de-
 primor,
 Crudelis et collo securis imminet

ACTUS QUARTUS

RICARD REX, NUNTIVS, LOVELL
 HEROS, CATESBRIUS

Richardus

Quid me potens fortuna fallaci nimis
 blandita vultu graviûs ut ruerem, edita

de iupe tollis ! finis alterius mali
 gradus est futuri diu conspuiat
 manus
 in me rebellis, torqueor metu misei
 disrumpor æstuantem curarû salo
 Richmondiensis ille pfidus comes
 in transmarinis ambit (heu) regnû
 locis
 In cujus arma jurat turba civiû
 inimica mox hujus mali tanti metu
 famulos cruenta morte mulctavi meos
 at fama vexat turgidû pectus magis
 thalamos jugales filie Richmondio
 Comitû studet regina mater jungere
 O triste facinus, hostis in nostra
 potens
 regnabit aula, meq; fatis destinat

Nunt

Richmondiensis incubat ponto comes

Rex

O flenda fata ! Gesta quæ sunt, ex-
 plica

Nunt

Ubi ter, quatuor, impleset October
 dies,
 Oculis profundû mane spectantes
 fretû,
 Vagas carinas vidimus appellere
 Portû petunt Dorcestriû, quem Polû
 vocant Dubia nos turba spectantes
 diu
 manemus illic Nave tum prætorum
 comitem ferocem novimus Rich-
 mondiæ
 Auxilia forsitan alia sperantes manent
 aliquot diebus ut nos celsas vident
 ripas tenentes, litus appellant simul
 Num simus hostes, miles an charus
 duci
 quærent vastros nos fingimus vultu
 dolos
 ibi milites locasse Buckinghamium,
 ut comitis adventû maneret exulis,

dubiūq̃ mov ad castia deducant ducis
Junctæ faciliè possent phalanges vin-
cere

Rex maximo sepultus obruitur metu
Hic blanda verbis suspicantes, carbasa
complente vento laxa committunt manu,
velisq̃ prorsus advolant Britannia

Rex

Cur ludis inconstans nimis miserū
dea?
nup̃ locatū me levas suffra rota,
auraq̃ molli prosperos offers dies
illico supinū lubrico affligis solo
Quam varia? quam maligna? quam
levis dea?

Lovell

Cur vixit animū cura vesanū gravior?
ubi prisca virtus? pellat ignavos
metus
excelsus animus [fortis haud novit
metum]
Mullo periculo nobilis virtus labat
Quorsū ducis manes tremiscis mortui?
quorsū rebelles cæteros? an non ja-
cent
terra sepulti? pulverem demens times?
Promissus hymen, et fides Scotis data
illos fideles pacis officio tenent.
Mandata legati duci Britanno
tua deferunt, agros sibi rebellū
promittis, armis sceptrum si juvet tua
Quem non movebunt ampla promittā
præmi
desine timeere quod satis tutū est
times

Cates

Si præmus dux pertinax ductus tuis
non exiretur aliud inceptū manet
Richmondio disjunge promissos thoros
neptis tuæ Lancastriis si non opem
ferat domus Eborū (fremat licet ferox)
frustra minatur differa connubiū

Richmondū, nec filie Eduardi fides
celebrent jugales, si fuit voto vellis

Rex

Rapietur illico, finietq̃ nuptias
distinctus ensis, Tutatio nubet prius

Lovell

At est asyli grande violati nefas
meliora cogita ista non prodest tuo
medicina morbo culpa non sanat
teos,
nec est aperto scelere pugnandū
scelus
Et nuper allectus tibi populus fuit
quem plurimis dudū modis colere
studes
stratum scelestiæ pulsus manu, odent

Cates

Quod impetrari mollibus precibus
potest,
non est minus dūis parandū, voce vel
sævæ tyranni neq̃ frigido metu

Rex

Tædasne demens patiar invisas mihi
meoq̃ sceptro contrahi? nunquā ac-
cidet
Scelesti nostrū firmat impietas thronū
audebo quodvis scelere vincendū
scelus
violare jura faciliè regnanti licet
In rebus aliis usq̃ pietatem colas
Stringatur ensis Regna tutatur cruor

Lovell

Regina tenera mollibus verbis potest
utrinq̃ torqueri faciliè, mox deferant
jussus tuos legati ad illā, ut filias
suas in anulā adduci matei sinat

Cates

Si socia thalami fortè moriatur tui,
neptem statim vince ducendā tibi,
illoq̃ pacto fracta spes comitis erit.

Rev

Placet, quod inquis ! potius quā
regnū iuat,
tentanda cuncta tūste consiliū tamen
dum vivit uxor hanc decet lætho
dari

Lovell

Frequentet illā rumor esse mortuā

Rex

Cum salva fuerit illa, quid rumor po-
test

Lovell

Fortasse longa oppressa curarū tabe
moriatur utq̄ mox sit illi certior,
illico suborna qui susurret clanculū
fecunda quid non sit, fore infestā tibi
Arcenda thalamis sterilis uxor tuis est
Aulā beare sobole foelici decet
Regem doloris sæva ppetua lues
matura timidæ fata foeminae dabit

Rex

Mactabo potius, ense læthali, prius
tollam veneno, quā mea pestis throni
cladesq̄ fuerit vosq̄ quos semp colo
faciles animi, fida Magnatū manus,
adite templū, tum meis verbis pie
matrem salutantes, colere me dicite,
vitæq̄ sordes esse mutatas meæ
contendo, quævis opprimat silentiū
Populi favorem nequeo nancisci prius
quam fratris ut complectar olim filias,
quorū duos miser fratres neci dedi,
natumq̄ Marchionem honore prose-
quar
amplos agros promitte, magnas et
opes,
si gratus Anglia exul illico venerit

RICHARDUS REX SOLUS

Animū tumultus volvit attonitus, rupit
regni metus, quiescere nec usquā
potest,

sanaie nunc malū quoque solū, face
neptem jugali si maritus jungerem
Uxor sed obstat scelestia novimus
prius

quid conjugem cessas veneno tollere ?
aude anime, nū peccata formidas tuā ?
seid pudet peiacta pars scelestis mei
olim fuit maxima piū esse quid
juvat ?

post tanta miserū facinora, nihil facis
Parat animus nefanda, parva nec pla-
cent

Regnū tuemur omnis in ferro salus

LOVELL REGINA ELIZAB REX
RICHARDUS

Lovell

O socia thalami regis olim, scemina
illustris, ad te nos legatos principis
fecere jussus, ut soluta sacro carcere
aulā sequaris splendidam mater po-
tens

Nec moveat ante Regis mēensū scelus,
quem tantopere vitæ scelestæ pœnitel .
matura sanctē suadet ætas vivere
Vitā cupit mens lapsa spurcā ponere,
seiumq̄ cepit vitū fastidiū
Dum vincere cupis, arma delectant
magis

nescit modū sibi structus ensis ponere
at placida victori magis pax expedit,
quem civiū quivis tumultus territat
Patā prius ne perderet iterū gloriā,
a plebe rex quæsitiv ardentes coh
Hoc efficere prius nequit princeps
pius,

nisi te tuasq̄ filias sancte colat,
et splendidis illas locaret nuptus,
cujus necavit filios heu turpiter,
En concidit dolore confectus gravi,
fletu rigantur ora sceleris vindice :
vitæ tantum corrigendæ defuit,
honos tuarū, filiusq̄ marchio

Doicettus heros, qui p oras nunc
vagus

incognitas perat exul Si domū
reversus, arma deserat Richmondū,
floiebit alto clarus imperio statim
illustris heios, sibi patebunt omnia
fulgentis aulæ dona nil frustra petet
Nunc ergo quæras lumen aulæ splen-
didū,

In gratiā, Regina cum principe redi
nec regis animū spei ne tam charū tibi
sed dulce pignus filias animi tui
mittas ad aulā, adhuc nec obscuro
horreant

loco, pius quas diligit rex unice
Quid mæsta terram conticescis in-
tuens?

errore quid pectus vago versas tuū?

Regina

Ergo filiorū sanguine madentes
manus?

non liberos crudelis occidit fratris?
nostrosq; conspersit thoros falsa labe?
an non potest matri scelestus parcere,
infame generi vulnus infixit suo
Sævire ferrū cessat, ubi regnat furor?
Quisquamne putet ullū deesse nequitæ
modū?

Sævire cum ratione num quisquā po-
test?

Strictus tuetur ensis, invitis tuis
quicquid tenebre te scias, quicquid
scelus

peperit, tuetur majus admissū scelus
Haud dulcis aula, cruore quæ meo
fluit

Quas nuptias meorū meorū sanguine?
An filiarū nuptias celebret? prius,
reddat sepulcrū filiorū, plangere
funera meorū mater efflagito prius,
suis debetur atq; mortuis honor

Lovell

Sepulta quid renovas odia? pectus
premet

æterna vesanū ira? patiatū liceat
scelus expiare quid juvat gemitu
adeo

oppleire cælū? vel lamentis æthera
pulsare? toties vulnere quid heu
manus

adfers? medellā nec pati potes malū?
Si quisq; quoties peccat, illico Jupiter
iratus ignes vindices jaculabitur
oib; jacebit squalido turpis situ
et tanta damna sobole turpis situ
et tanta damna sobole repararet sua
nunquā Venus cunctis petita viis?
adhuc

seirūne terret

Reg

Cujus ictu concidi

Lovell

At melius infligens mededetur vulnere

Reg

Ad arma nova perumpit ira sæpius

Lovell

Despecta magis nascitur clementia

Reg

Veteratus at nescit furor clementiā.

Lovell

Quid arma metuis, ira quando extin-
guitur?

Reg

Haud sanguinis saties sitim, nisi ex
pleas

Lovell

At in cruore quod est necesse sufficit.

Reg

At triste furioso necesse quod libet?

Lovell

At non vana luditur sine viribus,
coeptiq; mox timerari nimis pudet
Quod si furore pectus attonitus times,
Et regis horres impias adhuc minas
hæc sola spes relicta pugnandū
prece

Luctantibus nihil valebis viribus,
Sed fortius commota mens ebulliet,
nullamq; vim patitur sibi resistere

Reg

Heu mihi mulier, heu, heu, quid infelix agā?

animus vacillans fluctuat, timet omnia,
sperare rursus jussit omissus thronus,
Tradamne regi filius? egone meas
honore privabo? aula filias decet
At quid facis? cui credis? insontes
tuos

mactavit, an parcat sorori? Jus idem
utriq; regni Cujus heu thoro meas
Rex filias commendat, has qui turpiter
matre editas mentitus est adultera?

Lovell

Errore quorsū pectus uris anxium?
Sin vita regis sancta nil psuadeat,
Sed hujus animū adhuc ferocem som-
nias

quantū tibi natus minetur, cogita,
Hujus benigna vota si contempseris

Reg

An morte quicquā minatus amplius?

Lovell

Exosa vitā filias num destrues?

Reg

O filiae charissimæ, heu, heu, filiae
dotare vos thalamis beatis rex parat,
abite, vos fortuna quò miseras jubet,
et supplices ad genua patris sternite

dedisce regnū infausta proles princi-
pis,
privata vos decent magis regnū
nocet

sacre juvet, quicquid necessitas jubet
Omnia timore plena metuendū ta-
men

palam nihil nunquā preces spernit
leo
timidæ feræ, nec supplices temnit
sonos

Si sors beabit fausta, jussit en parens
vos ne sin crudele fatū pderet,
Ulciscar ipse morte eadem me simul,
meiq; poenas mater incepti ferā.

Adsis fidelis particeps mentis meæ
celeri gradu oas Galliae mox advola,
gnatoq; Marchioni reditū suadeas,
dubium nil rei exitū pavesceret,
nec horreat minas cipienti principis
Sceleris sui regem nefandi poenitet,
deflet cruenta miser nepotū funera,
sibiq; larga pollicetur præmia,
magnosq; honores, atq; liberā malis
vitam ergo præceps vela pandat
prospera,

charamq; rursus patriā reddat sibi

Ria Rich

Geminas video sorores ô faustū
diem

Compone vultum, amplectar illas
arctius

Neptes amandæ, quàm libens vos os-
culor

vestræ miserandam doleo fortunæ
vicem,

itaq; sacro ægrè carcere inclusas tuū.
Quapropter hunc mutabo luctū flebi-
lem

in gaudium, atq; veste præclara induā,
vobisq; magnatū parabo nuptias
Jam gaudet animus, pace sperata
fruo

Has nuptias uxoris invisū caput

perturbat. Anna huc confert tristem
gradu :

Concepta mente scelera vultu contegā,
ægraq̃ verbis molliā mentem piis.

REGINA ANNA, RICHARD. REX,
NUNTIUS.

Reg. Anna.

Heu quantis curarū fluctibus æstuo ?
Quid mihi horrendi præ sagit animus
mali ?

In lugubres rumpamne suspiria voces ?
et quæ rulis ferā corusca sydera planc-
tis ?

Quid misera faciam ? fata deplorā
mea ?

En, rumor pcrebuit vitā oblata mihi,
et garrula volavit fama funeris mei :
ergo vivæ mihi sepulcru quæritur,
Et nostra lachrymis viva decoro
funera,

cogorq̃ jussa mihi nunc psolvere.
Cur mihi meus minatur ingratus ne-
cem ?

nihilq̃ nostros amores crudelis æsti-
mat ?

Cardinalis antistes mihi gravis pater
fletu genis madentib⁹ nunciat.

Rex (inquit) jamdudu saturavit amore,
nec dabit amplexus, aut oscula figet
ducia :

Te sterilem esse, Regali nec aptā
thoro.

Talem regiæ conjugem poscunt faces,
Qualis liberorū possit procreare magnū
decus,

qui tenera patris sceptrā gestabit
manu.

Variis animus curarū fluctib⁹ æstuat,
rumorq̃ vexat scelestus augur fati
mei

Quid faciam misera ? en quærunt neci
Nostræq̃ vitæ ultimos claudere dies,
vitæq̃ rupta fila eripere sororibus.

Illustre Britanniae decus, rector po-
tens,
quid misera merui ? quid ad morte
trahor :

En moitem pstrepunt garrulae voces,
et ad sepulcrū funesta turba vocat.
Si non placet thalamis fides tuis
data,

aut si tuu demens honorem læsi, in-
vida

aut manibus pudica moriar tuis,
et scelestā tuus fodiat ensis viscera,
nec populi millies suis vulnerent ro-
cibus,
et sordidis regina civibus occidam.

Rex. Rich.

Nunquā miser charæ pararem con-
jugi
mortem, castasq̃ tuo cruore manus
spargerem.

Nec te minæ pturbent, cu futilis
erroris esse populus magister solet :
nec principi plebs novit garrula par-
cere.

Jam siste lachrymas, teq̃ cura mol-
lius.

En nos graves premunt curæ Brit-
anniae,
motusq̃ turbidos cives rebelles con-
citāt ;

Hos maximu decet ducem compes-
cere :
post, mutuis simul fruemur amplexi-
bus.

Nuntius.

Fugit manus Comes Richmondi⁹
tuas.

Rich.

Effare, carcerem cur evasit tetrū ?

Nunt.

Postquā sinus complente laxos vince-
rent

Impulsa vento vela fluctus turbidos,

littusq; puppis tangeret Britannicū,
mandata monstiamus duci statim tua
Hujus dolor premebat aitus languis
dos

nec rebus ullis aeger animus sufficit,
Hinc jussa rerū cuius Thesaurario
soli fuit, Petiū vocant Landosiū
Huic mox agros promittimus re
belliū,

fortuna vel benigna quicquid addidit,
si patriæ restituat exulem suæ
Richmondii, comitesq; cæteros fugæ
Promissa vincunt ampla thesaurariū,
Anglisq; tanti gaudet autor muneris,
quò se tueri possit Anglorū potens
viribus, et hostis frangat iras invidi
Mox concito quærit gradū comitē
velox

at sensit astus callidos comes prius,
furtoq; se subduxit ille Parisus
Tum diu quos fortuna jungit trans-
fugas

comites sequuntur at dolet Lando-
sius
prædam sibi eleptam esse, sed sero
dolet

Cæleri cupit vi prævertere elapsū
hæc, terramq; calcantes pede ruunt concito
hastas vibrantes extra equites, si
queant

tardare fugientem tamen redeunt
statim

illisq; tantus cessit incressū labor
Nam Rege fretus Gallico tutus satis,
implorat adversā tuis sceptris opem
Nec finis hic mali solutus carcere
Oxonii fugit comes Callisus
Comitiq; jungit supplici supplex comes

Rex

'O nuntium infestum ' ô nitida pal-
latia,
passura graviorem exitū Oedipodæ
domo '

O luce splendens principis falsa de-
cus '

O sois acerba ' ô fata Regnis in-
vida '

Sed parce diis demens scelestis quos
iuritas

Opaca regna Ditis, et cæcū Chaos
exangue vulgus, numen abstiuxi Jo-
vis,

et quicquid arcet, huc novos spargite
dolos

Vestias manus Richmondii vocat
nefas,

ut spiritus illico scelestos expuat,
nisi graviores expetat poenas dolor

NUNTIUS, REX

Nuntius

Regina florens Anna dudū mortua
est

Rex

O dira fata ! sæva nimis ô numina !
ies possident mortaliū certi nihil,
Consors unica vitæ, et cara conjux,
vale

Crudele tristis indica exitū genus

Nunt

Postquā lugubris sedisset mœsta diu,
suspensa gravibus mista cū singultu-
bus

heu sæpe fundit sæpe falsis lachry-
mis

diris querelis conjugem ingratiū pre-
mit

Tandem inquietam capit attonitus
furor,

nuncq; huc et illuc currit erianiū gradu,
tanquā tumultū patiens in se turbidū
Statimq; quærit (voces infractæ sono)
Quæ cor revellit dextera crudelis
meū ?

An non est manitus, inquit ? heu
fidele cor

valde est ineptū munus ingrato viro
 Postea pupillæ proisus occultæ latent,
 et solū aperta pallidè albugo micat
 vomitiones inde crebras extulit,
 animaq; in altū sæpe deliquit cadit
 Artus p̄ omnes frigidus sudor meat
 orisq; subitō nitidus evanuit color
 frons flava maicet, livida ardent tem-
 pora
 et palpebrarū omnes defluunt pili
 Cærulea turpi labia liquescunt situ,
 et lingua (visu horrible) specie lurida
 prominet hiante ex ore solito gran-
 dior,
 unguēs nunc haud amplius clau-
 nitent,
 sed quasi veneno perliti pereunt
 cadit
 tandem misera luctatū fatis foemina

Rex

Nunc fausta neptis ambio connubia,
 neptisq; fallam frustra promissos
 thoros
 Sed neptis huc dubio venit gradu
 mea,
 tentare procus hujus instituā thoros

REX, FILIA EDUARDI MAJOR

Rex

O regia de stirpe derivans genus,
 et digna sceptris virgo postquā
 (proh dolor)
 rapuere fata conjugem tam tristia
 quæ sit magis mihi juncta Regali
 face,
 quā genere quæ regis superbo nas-
 citur?
 Sociemus animos, et thori sponde
 fidem,
 accipe maritū. Quid truci vultu siles?

Filia

Egone, ô nefandum scelus, expiandū
 iogis
 nullis! egone manus misera conjux
 meas
 iubente mortuorū sanguine imbuā?
 Olympus uxori deest antè suc,
 Luanq; gubernabit diem, noctemq; sol
 Pius Ætina gelidas emittet ardens
 aquas,
 Nilusq; vagus ignitas laminas vomet
 Egone silebo parvulos misera invidos
 tibi nepotes, at mihi charos fratres
 crudeliter tua pemptos dextera?
 Scelestē patrue? prius ab extremo
 sinu
 Hespera Tethys lucidū attollet diem
 Lepus fugabit invidū prius canem
 Punit nefandū quamvis abditū scelus
 Jupiter, et astutos sinit nunquā dolos
 Humeros premebant saxa Sisiphi
 lubrica,
 sævus Proustes aspeia poena luit,
 quoniam suos vim necarunt hospites
 Non hospites tu, sed nepotes (heu)
 tuos
 nupel relictis fuscus miser necas

Rich

Agedum effienatas virgo voces amove,
 ne ob unū scelus corpora pereant duo.
 Cruore solū fateor acqui meū
 et innocentū morte sic fatis placet
 Cecidere fratres? doleo, facti poenitet
 Sunt mortui? factū prius nequit infici
 Num flebo mortuos? lachrymæ nil
 valent
 Quid vis facerem? an fratrū geminā
 necem
 hac dextera effuso rependā sanguine?
 faciā? paratis ensibus pectus dabo
 et si placet magis, moriar ulnis tuis
 ignes, aquas, terram, aut minacem
 Caucasū

petā, petam Tartara, vel umbrosū ne-
mus
atræ Stygis, nullū laborem desero
si gratus essem tibi [virago regia]

Filia

Sit amor, sit odiū, sit ira, vel sit fides,
non curo placet odisse, quicquid co-
gitas

Tuus prius penetrabit ensis pectora,
libido quā cognata corpus polluat
O Jupiter sævo peitūs fulmine
Cur non trisulca mundus ignescit
face?

Cur non hiulca terra devorat illico?
Imane portentū ferocis principis,
terrore superans Gorgoneū genus

Rich

Pessima, tace solū silet in armis
fides

nihilne valet amor? nihil thorū movet
regius? acerbæ neq lacyrmæ valent?
est imperandū principi duplex via,
Amor et metus utrumq regibus utile
Cogere

Filia

Si cogas mori sequor lubens

Rich

Morierere

Filia

Grata mors erit magis mihi
et præstat ærumnis mori oppressā
statim,
quam luce cuius obsitā frui diu

Rich.

Morierere demens

Filia.

Nil minaris amplius?
mallem mori virgo, tyranno quā viro
incesta vivere, dūs, hominibusq invida

Rich

Hem quid agis infelix? thoirōs sper-
net tuos

Regina vivas, sis mea, miseros sile
fiatres

Filia

Miser non est quisquis mori sciet,

Rich

Anne lubens? en nullus est ferro me-
tus,
strictusq nescit ensis unquā parcere

Filia

Neronis umbiæ, atq furæ Cleopatriæ
truces resurgite, similem finem date
his nuptiis, qualem tulit Oedipodæ
domus

Nec sufficit fiaties necasses tuos prin-
cipes?

Et nobili fœdare cæde dexterā?
quin et integrā stuprare quæras vi-
ginē
maritus? ô mores, nefanda ô tem-
pora!

at sæva prius evadat ales viscera
in me feras prius tuas atrox nemo
emitte, vel quod triste monstrum nu-
trias,
quā casta thalamos vugo sequor
adulteros

Rich

Discessit, et nostros fugit demens
thorōs

negligit amores stulta virgo ięstos.
Nunc ista differam, minæ forsā ca-
dent

rabidæ puellæ, patriæ dū consulo

NUNTIUS, REA

Nunt

Gerebat altos nup animos insolens,

Richmondus, celso superbus vertice
tunebat at cecidit miser tandem
sui
serò pudet coepta, atq; fraguntur minae

Rex

O grata lux, quæ sceptrâ confirmat
mea!

Jam solida certe pacis emergit fides
at cuncta narras nam spes miserios
alit

Nunt

Adhuc juventæ flore vix primo viget
rex Galliae, nec prima depinxit genas
barba, nec sceptrâ puerilis manus
satis tuetur, quin tenera tutoribus
curanda datur ætas, virilis post vigor
dum regna discat hos frequens pulsât
comes

votis iniquis, rebus et fessis opem
implorat ardens, nec preces frustra
sinit

perire Dum multos fatigat anxius
multo labore, nec pati potest moras
mens lassa, plactus atq; frustravi suos
ægrè tulit tam sæpe, dū longâ pati
cogit repulsâ multiplex procerû favor
desperat animus, optat exul vivere
potius, inanis et laboris pœnitet

Rex

Festû diem celebrare jam lætos decet,
ô mihi dies albo lapillo nobilis!
Jam sors beatis mitior rebus fluit.

Quot modò procellas concitat fustia
Comes

et quàm graves nuper minatur exitus?
Quin in suû redibit authorem scelus
Jam frustra placido classis incumbit
mari,

Richmondios jam falsò reditus excu-
bat,

ergo ratès hærete nunc ponto veta,
milesq; portû quisquis adversâ cavet,
deponat arma, finis hic malorû erit

Tutò licet regnare jam cessit timor,
nisi quid timendû non sit, id timeas
tamen

ACTUS QUINTUS

NUNTIUS, MULIER, MULIER, ANUS

Nunt

Quis me p' auas turbo raptat concu-
tus?

fuge, fuge, civis, hæret à teigo Comes
minatur horrendû furor Richmondus
portû pedite Milfordiû inani premit
totamq; calcat proditâ sibi Walliâ
furens comes toti minatur Angliæ

Mulier

Quo, quo fugis charâ marite conju-
gem?

frustra tot perire patieris preces
uxoris, en fletu genæ multo fluunt
miserere, sin fugere lares dulces juvat,
det simul conjux itineris p'vû onus

Alia Mul

Heare let divers Te p' deoiû numen et
mutes run over datam fidem
y^e stage from
divers places thori, p' annos filii
for feare teneros precor,
ne deseras inmitis ali
tristem domû

Anus

Matus tuæ solamen ô fili mane
Sin hostibus domû relinques pfuga,
scrutetur ensis nota quondam filio
ubera, tuo mater peribo vulnere

HENRICUS COMES, RHESUS THOMÆ
WALLICUS

Hen Com,

Optata tandem tecta cerno patriæ,
miserisq; nosco maximû exulibus bonû

ô clara salve terra, sed salve diu,
fiendentis apri dente lacerata impio
Da (patria) veniam, bella si geiam
pia,
da quæso veniã causa comovit tua,
diuinq; principis nefas bellũ vocat
Rex est peremptus occupat iegnũ
Neio

cum rege fratæ parvulus perit puer
Solũ tuentur templa reginã sacra
Regũ cruoris ultor adveni pius
pœnas dabit Richardus Henrico
dedit,
si nostra clemens vota concedat Deus
Rhesũ Thomæ de stirpe video Wal-
lica

Rhes Thom

O clare princeps regia stupe edite,
honore præcellens Comes Rich-
mondæ,
heios Britannæ gentis auxiliũ unicũ
Optatus Anglis civibus venis tuis

Henricus

Post multa vota, et temporis longas
moras
natale semper mente complector solũ
servile collo stenuus excutiam iugo

Rhes

Tu patriæ nunc columen, et veĩu ca-
put
tu solus affers rebus afflicto opem
Læt rege tanto læta gaudet Anglia

Hen

Non quem fatentur ore principem suo,
hunc corde semp intimo cives colunt

Rhes

Deus trisulca qui quatit flammã polos,
et in profunda pfidos Proserpinæ
detrudit antra, me premat vivũ nigra
tellure, si datã fidem fallã tibi

Si signa campis Cambiæ poneie
jubes,
in Wallicũ agrũ messor impius, ruam
Quoscunq; velles disjici muros, citò
hac aries actus saxa dispeiget manu
Nec miles ullus in meis castris erit
quin te sequetur

Hen

Rhesæ, grata est mihi fides
Si cœpta Numen prosperet mea,
spondeo
te præsidem toti futurũ Walliæ

BURCHER HUNGERFORD MILES

Hungerf

Splendens equestri clare Bucher or-
dine,
lætus scelestas hostis effugi manus
agmenq; lubens Ducĩ Brakenburio
p noctis umbras abstuli densas miser.

Burch

Quot per recessus labimur Hunger-
ford vagi
huc usque nostro terga vertentes duci ?
At ô quieta noctis rimæ tempora,
tuq; miseris præbens opem Phœbi so-
ror,
adhuc tuere differas Titan diem,
donec tyranni tuti ab armis, inclyti
tentoria Henrici comitis attingimus.

Miles

Let heare aliso
divers mutes,
armed soul
diers, run over
the stage one
after another
to ye Earle of
Richmond
Fœlix tuas fugio p um
bras cæca nox
mactetur ense quisquis
obstabit mihi

Hen Rex [Comes]

Quis hic locus, quæ regio quæ regni
plaga ?
ubi sũ ? ruit nox heu ubi satellites

Inimica cuncta fraude quis vacat
locus
quem quod rogabo? tuta sit fides,
vide,

nativus artus liquit internos calor,
nigore frigent membra vix loquor
metu
tremesco solus, cuius mentem conco-
quit

Hos vitricus luctus dedit meus mihi
Stanleus illū tantæ quæ tent moriæ?

Dum varia sortis cogito ludibria,
dumbiamq; solus civiū volvo fidem,
exercitum pœire jussi tum moriæ
damnare tantas vitrici cœpi mei
Postquā metus col, spesq; dubiū ver-
berat,

et quicquid obstat mente dum volvo
satis

densas per umbras lapsus aspectū
fugit

exercitus, suo erat orbatu duce
sum nudus hostib⁹ relict⁹ perfuga

Com Oxon

Ingens premebat cura sollicitos (comes
illustris) animos horror excussit gravis,
dux milites quod absens deseris,
dum nocte cæca summa montiū juga
vincunt, nec ullus jussa privatus facit.
Mox triste pectus mœror invasit
gravis

nunc voce miles frustra compellat
ducem

nunc civiū timemus incertā fidem,
lætique sero fruimur aspectu, licet
animus adhuc turbatur excusso metu

Henri

Quorsū times, pellatur ignavus me-
tus

solū juvat secreta sæpe volvere

Hunger.

Sævi tyranni ereptus insidus miser

supplex tuo vivere sub imperio, comes
illustris, atq; signa cupio sequi

Henri

Piopago clara, equitūq; generosū ge-
nus,

jam vos sequetur digna factis gloria
me grata delectat voluntas civiū,
vestiamq; tantā lætus amplector fidem
At quas tyrannus cogias ducit, doce

Hungar

Pauci sequuntur sponte signa militis,
et cogit anima jungere Richardi mi-
tus

sese magis dubius metuit exercitus,
suis nil armis miles audet cedere

Henri

Tu transferas ad castra milites sua

HENRICUS COMES, SPANLLUS
HEROS

Henri

Nisi vota fallunt, vitricus venit meus,
domus suæ Stanleus eximii decus
verumne video corpus? an fallor tua
deceptus umbra? Spiritus vires ca-
pit
exultat anlmus, et vacat pectus metu

Stan

Et nostra dulce membra recieat gau-
diū

generū juvat videre complexus mihi
redde expetitos Sospitem qui te
dedit,

det tua vicissim cœpta pficiat deus,

Henri

Dabit, tuo si liceat auxilio frui.

Stan

Utinā liceret quæ velim.

Henr
Quidni potes?
quid non licebit

Stanl
Sæpe quod cupis tamen
non absq magno pfici potest damno

Henr
Quidnam times, dū patriā juvis tuā?

Stanl
Quod vita chara filii fuit mei

Henr
Sciat Richardus obsidem fidei tuæ

Stanl
Ne te juvarem, pignori datū tenet

Henr
O subdoliū scelus, ô tyrannū barbarū!
amoie quos fidos parū credit sibi,
horū fidem crudelis exprimit metus

Stanl
Iiā coerce, pectus et nobile doma
palā juvare si nequeo, furtim tamen
subsidia nunquā nostia deerunt tibi

Henr
Discescit heu, me lenta vitici fides
pturbat hujus quanta spes fulsit
mihi?
Frustra at quærelis pectus uritū
anxium,
vanisq juvat implere coelū quæstibus
quin triste præcipitare consiliū decet

DUX NORFOLCIENS RICH REX

Dux Norf
Armatus expectet suū miles ducem
bellū ciebut aera, nec moras sinent.

Richardus huc dubio venit princeps
gradu
secreta solus voluit, et cure premunt
Quæ subita vultus causa turbavit
tuos?
quid ora pallent? mente quid dubia
stupes

Richard
Norfolciæ charū caput, dux nobilis,
cujus fuit mihi semp illustris fides,
falso celabo nihil fronte pfidus
Horrenda noctis visa terient prov-
imæ

Postquā sepulta nox quietem suaserat,
altusq teneis somnus obrepsit genis,
subitō premebant dira funiarū cohors,
sævōq laceravit impetu corpus tre-
mens,
et fœda rabidis præda sū dæmonibus.
somnosq tandem magnus excussit
tremor,
et pulsat artus horridus nostros me-
tus
Heu! quid truces minantur umbræ
Tartari?

Dux Norf
Quid somnia tiemis? noctes et vana
minas?
quid falsa terient mentis et ludibria?
Jam strictus ensis optimū auguriū
canit
aude satis, nec vota formides tua
Tibi rebelles spolia tot cives dabunt,
vinctæ fatebuntur manus victoriā.

Richard
Nil pectus ullus verberat tremulū me-
tus,
ignava nec quassat tumultus corpora
audere didicimus prius telis locos
hostes vicinos jam premunt, bellū vo-
cant
acies in armis nostra ex adversis sta-
bit

Dua Noif

Quid agimus? hem quid cæca fata co-
gitant?

quidnā parat suspecta civiū fides?
Inventa nup scripta me talia monent

NORFOLCIENSIS INCLYTE
NIL CŒPERIS AUDACIUS
NAM VENDITUS REX PRÆFIO
RICHARDUS HLROS PERDIITUR

At nulla nostrum macula damnabit
fidem

Richardi nunquam signa vivus de-
seram

ORATIO RICHARDI AD MILITES

Comites fideles, milites et subditi
Crudele quamvis facinus, et dirū
scelus

olim patiavi lachrymis culpā piis
satis piavi, scelers et poenas dedi
satis dolore crimen ultus sum suo
vos tanta moveat ergo poenitentia
Partū tueri melius est quā quærere
Pugnate fortes, regna parata viribus
vestris studete fortiter defendere
Non est opus cruore multo Walli-
cus

oppugnant hostis, regna vendicat im-
pudens

Illum sequuntur pfidæ Anglorū manus
sicari nequā, genusq prodigū,
vestraeq flamma patriæ gens Gallica
at civiū me credidit manibus deus,
quorū fides spectata mihi semp fuit
quorū paravi viribus regni decus
orisq nisi decipiar interpretes, truces
victoriā vultus ferunt, [dandum mihi]
oculi dñs necem minantur hostibus
Vicistis, inquā, vicit Anglorū manus
suo video cruore manantes agros
simulq Gallos, Cambrios simul leves
mox foeda victos stiares absumet
mea?

Sed fateri quid moror? cui his voci-
bus
vos irruentes tenco? mihi veniā date
Nunc quanta clemens ultio concedit
deus?

Si vincat ille, vos manent diræ cruces
ferrū, calhenæ, et duo collo serv-
itus
et nostia membra quærit ensis hostiū
me nil morabor cura sit vestri salus
consulite vobis, liberis, uxoribus
prospicite patriæ hæc opem vestrā
petit

estote fortes, victus hostes occidat,
dubiūq martis exitum nemo horieat
Nobis triumphī signa dantur maxima
Non vos latet, summa ducis prudentia
niti salutem militū nullos habet
En vultus Henrici minas frustra
times

et iobur invictū ducis Richmondū
Infesta quare signa campis fulgeant
cursu citato miles infestus ruat,
et hostis hostem vulneiet ferus ferū
vos, vos triumphus (nobiles socii) ma-
nent

Hac namq dextrā spiritū ejus haureā,
qui causa bellorū fuit civiliū
Aut moriar hodie, aut parabo gloriā

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARD DUA
NORFOL

Nunt

Magnanime princeps, jussa pfeci tua
Respondet ore Stanleius duro nimis,
si filiū mactes suū plures habet

Rex Rich

Detrahat ergo pfidus jussus meos
ingratus hostis, et scelestus proditor?
Mactabo gnatū, vota psolvā statim
te digna patre Tam diu cur filius
vivit scelesti patris? ô patiens nimis,
ô segnis ira post nefas tantū mea!

Tu jussa page mitte qui velox mihi
ejus pempti referat abscissū caput

Dux Norf

Animū doma nec impius vexat pater
jam bella poscunt, tempus aliud petit
Signis vicina signa fulgent hostiū

Rex Rich

Puicamne gnato inultus impu patris?

Dux Norf

Post bella gnatus patris expiet scelus

Rex Rich

Ergo nefandi patris invisam prolem
in castra ducite. Marte confecto
statim
capite paterni ciminis poenas dabit

ORATIO HENRICI COMITIS AD
MILITES

O sceleris ultrix, signa quæ sequeris
mea

Britanna gens, vanos metus nil som-
niet,

Sin ulla justus bella curet Jupiter,
nobis favebit regis excusso jugo,
quos liberam videre patriā juvat
En rapta fraude sceptia jure posci-
mus

Quæ causa belli melior affert potest
quam patriæ? Hostis regiae stirpis
lues

ergo tyannus morte crudeli cadat
Scelere Richardus impios vicit Scy-
thas

Te (Neio) vicit cæde matris nobilem
Suos nepotes ense mactat impio
matris probro nihil pepercit filius
stuprae neptem audet libido patri
Sic fratris exhibes honores manibus?
Cesset timor, et infestus hostem vul-
neres

nil arma metuas tanta media ducem
linquent arena Quos sequi cogit
metus,

parum ducem tuentur inimici suū
At sint fideles, nec suū spernāt ducem
pugnant acriter, et milibus multi-
ruant

non copiarū numerus, at virtus ducis
victoriā potitur, et laudem feriet

Ilujus timebis arma, qui scelus timet
nullū? nepotes morte confecit suos

Asyla rupta, frater occisus, stupro
tentata neptis, falsa cui deniq fides

Quid non patiavit patriæ pestis suæ
adversus hostem corpus ense cingite

In bella ruite, agmenq strenue ium-
pite,

tollantur altē signa [quisquis occidat]

Bello fidelis pñdos, pius impios,
placidus tyrannū, mitis mitem petr-
Quodd si liceret (salvo honore prin-
cipis)

ad genua vestra volverer supplex,
petens

ut verus hæres Anglici Henricus
throni

vincat Ricardū, sceptrā qui fuito
tenet,

Sin vincat ille, vester Henricus vagus
patria exulabit, aut luet poenas grave-
et vos pudebit colla victori dare

Petatur ultro dū parat vires modō

Heare ye battell Aut perdat, aut peribit,
is joyned hoc certū est mihi.

Uppon his retourne, lett gunns goe
of, and trumpetts sound, with all
stū of Souldiers with out ye hall,
untill such time as ye lord Stanly
be one ye stage ready to speake

STANLEUS AD MILITES

Properate, solvite patriā tyrannide
infesta ferte signa, pugna dū calet,
ut verus hæres regna teneat Angliæ

Pugnabit aduersus scelus virtus pia
 Pugnate tantum, vestra y^e battell
 cum victoria
 Si vincitis, patria tyranno libera
 medios in hostes iuite passu concito

Let heare bee the like noyse made as
 before, as soone as y^e Lord Stanley
 hath spoken, who followeth the
 rest to the feild After a little
 space, let the L Northumberland
 come with his band from y^e feild,
 att whose speach let the noyse
 cease

ORATIO COMITIS NORTHUMBRIÆ
 AD MILITES

Northumbriorū illustre nil damnes
 genus,
 nostiamve lunā (miles) ignavā putes,
 quod tella fugiens hostiū terga dedi
 Immane regis execror tan- y^e Battell
 dem scelus
 horreo suorū sanguine mandentes ma-
 nus
 Suasit vetustas fatidica regi fore
 victoriā, manus prius si conseriat
 Mutata quā sit luna. Luna nos
 sumus
 Mox ergo lunā (milites) mutavimus,
 tyrannus ut dignas scelere poenas
 luat

Let hear be the like noyse as before,
 and after a while let a captaine run
 after a souldier or two, with a sword
 drawne driveinge them againe to
 the feild, and say as followeth

Centurio

Ignave miles, quo fugis? nisi redis
 meo peribis ense

After the like noise againe, let sould-
 diers run from y^e feild, over the

stage one after the another, fling-
 inge of their hunesse, and att
 length let some come haltinge and
 wounded After this let Heneiya,
 Eaile of Richmoud come tryumph-
 ing, haveing y^e body of K Richard
 dead on a hoise Ctesby and Rat-
 liffe and others bound

Nuntius

Sedata lis est Juditiū Mavor tulit,
 Iacet Ricardus, at Ducī similis jacet
 Postquā feroces mutuo sese acies vi-
 dent,

et signū ad arma classicū cecinit tuba
 sævus paratū miles in bellū ruit
 fugiente tandem milite, comitem vi-
 dens,

equo Richardus admissio in illū ruit,
 Catulis Nemæus ut furens raptis leo
 per arva passim iugens sævus volat
 Vexilla Comitū fortē Brandonus
 tulit,

Cuore cuius hastam tepefacit suā
 Hinc se Richardo Chænenius armis
 valens

offert Richardus hic viribus unā
 cadit
 ventū est ad hostem quem validē
 solū petit,

In Comite solo commotiabatur ferox
 Contrā, potenti dextra sese Comes
 defendit. æquo Marte pugnatur diu,
 donec tot hostes convolent illō simul,
 ut ille multis vulneribus fossus cadat
 O laude bellica inclytū verē ducem,
 Si sæva Gallus arma sensisset tua,
 vel pfidus fallens datam Scotus fidem
 Sed sceleris ultor coelitū potens pater
 est serō vitā, sed satis ultus tuā

Oratio Henrici Comitū

Rector potens Olympi, et astroiorū
 decus,
 terrestriū qui pastor es fidelū,

et principū cūjus est potestas cordiū
tu læta Regibus trophæa collocaſ
Nītida caput cingis corona regiū,
Solus deorū falsa vincis numina,
hostesq; generi affligis invidos suo
Ingens honori debetur et gratia tibi,
qui splendidū triumphū indulseras
Cedit tuis amata jussibus cohors,
Si straga quis sævniēt Astyages ferox
Phrygiove Pelops iēge natus Tan
talo
expectet ille Cūrū, et ultioēm tie
mat
Henricus audebat Richardū pelleie
At tu nitentis ō gubeinātor poli
Quem terra colit et vasta mundi fab-
rica,
dum corpus aua vascitur, nec ultimū
diem claudunt fati sorores invidæ,
teneros levis dum nutrit aītus spiritus,
te laude perpetua canemus, debitas
tibi afferemus gratias, potens deus
Tu bellūā meis domandā viribus
mitis dabis, heu civibus pestem suis
At vos graves passi dolores milites,
curate mox inflicta membris vulneia,
crudele ne quō seipat ulcus longiūs
Reliqui sepulcra mortuis mites date
Et inferis debetur excellens honor

STRAUNGE HEROS PUER, HEN
COMES, STANLEIUS

Straunge

Non semp æquor fluctibus rabidis
tūmet

Non semp imbre Jupiter pulsāt mare
Non semp acies Æolus ventos ciet
Nec semp humiles cæca calcāt soīr
viros

Aliquando fluctus steimtur rabidi
maris

Illico caput radiatus et Titan micat,
Pressosq; tollet æqua sors tandem
viros,

rex olim exul Gallicis et Britonū
latens in otis, victor en potens suo
regno politur Regis ō charū caput
salve, tuoq; lætus in solio sedē,
multos in annos Angliæ verū decus
felix deinceps subditis vivas tuis,
fideiq; captivos tuæ hos clemens cape

Henricus Comes.

O Stanleiorū chara progenies mihi.
O Straunge nobilis, en libens te con-
spicor
quos mihi dedisti, reddo captivos tibi.

Stanl.

Redusse charū patri salvū filiū
crudelis elapsū tyranni dexterā,
exultat animus lætus, ō fili, mihi
pericula post tam dira quod sospes
venis

Hen Rex.

Regno mihiq; gratulor regno, gravi'
quod sit tyranno liberū porro mihi,
quod sceptrā regni tracto regalia mei.
Quare supremo regna qui dedit deo
laudes canamus oīe supplices pio.

Let a noble man putt on ye Crowne upon kinge Henries head att the end
of his oration, and ye Song sunge wch is in ye end of the booke After
an Epilogue is to bee made, wherem lett bee declared the happy unite-
inge of both houses, of whome the Queenes mayestie comē, and is
undoubted heyre, wishinge her a prosperious iaigne

EPILOGUS

Extincta vidistis Regulorū corpora,
horrenda magnatū furentem funera
funesta vidistis potentū praelia
et digna quæ cepit tyrannus præmia
Henricus illustris Comes Richmondius
turbata pacavit Richardi sanguine,
Antistitis comotus Eliensium
sermone felici, sagaci pectore
et gloriosi marte Buckinghami,
tum Margarietæ matris impulsu suæ,
illustre quæ nostrū hoc Collegiū
Christoq̃ fundavit dicatū sumptibus
Quæ multa regalis reliquit dextere
nunquam laudatæ satis mentis suæ
præclara cunctis signa quondā sæculis
Hic stupe regali satus Lancastriæ
accepit uxorem creatam sanguine
Eboracensi sic duarū fœdere
finiunt æterna domorū iurgia
Hinc portus, hic Anglis quietis perditus
finisq̃ funestæ fuit discordiæ
Hinc illa manavit propago nobilis
hæresq̃ certus, qui Britanni Cardinem
regni gubernas jure vexit jam suo,
Henricus Henrici parentis filius
Qui verus afflictæ patronus patriæ,
tum singulis unū reliquit commodis
præstantius multò, licet quàm plurimis,
Cum tam potentem procreræet principem
Elizabethā, patre dignā filiā,
canosq̃ videntem seniles virginem
Quæ regna tot Phœbi phractis cursibus
comissa rexit pace felix Anglia
quam dextra supremi tonantis protegat
illus et vitam tegendo protrahet

FINIS

K I N G J O H N.

EDITIONS



The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the discouerie of King Richard Gourelions Base Sonne (vulgaly named, The Bastard Fauconbridge.) also the death of King Iohn at Swinestead Abbey As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maesties Players, in the honourable Citie of London Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe side of the Royall Exchange 1591. 4°

THIS play was reprinted in 1611, from which edition it has been republished by Nichols in his "Six Old Plays," 1779. The copy of the original 4° of 1591 in the Capel collection is the only one with which I am acquainted

On the title of the reprint of 1611 the bookseller placed the initials W Sh, ostensibly for the purpose of creating a belief that the play was Shakespeare's

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS



*You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
Have entertained the Scythian Tambouraine,
And given applause unto an Infidel.
Vouchsafe to welcome (with like curtesie)
A warlike Christian and your Countryman
For Christs true faith indur'd he many a storme,
And set himselfe against the Man of Rome,
Vntill base treason (by a damned wight)
Did all his former triumphs put to flight,
Accept of it (sweete Gentles) in good sort
And thinke it was prepared for your sport*



The Troublesome Raigne of King Iohn.



Enter *K Iohn*, Queene *Elinor*, his Mother, *William Marshall*, Earle of *Pembrooke*, the Earles of *Essex* and of *Salisbury*

Q EL BARONS of England, and my noble
Lords,
Though God and Fortune haue bereft from vs
Victorious Richard scourge of Infidels,
And clad this Land in stole of dismall hieu
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,
A King that may in rule and vertue both
Succeede his brother in his Emperie
K Iohn My gracious mother Queene, and Barons
all,

Though faie vnworthie of so high a place,
As is the Thione of mightie England's King,
Yet Iohn your Loid, contented vncontent,
Will (as he may) sustaine the heaue yoke
Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne
My Lord of Pembrooke and Lord Salisbury,
Admit the Loid Shattilion to our presence,

That we may know what Philip King of Fraunce
(By his Ambassadors) requies of vs

Q El Dare lay my hand that Elinor can gesse
Where to this weightie Embassade doth tend
If of my Nephew Arthur and his claime,
Then say, my Sonne, I haue not mist my ayme

Enter *Chattilion* and the two Earles

John My Lord Chattilion, welcome into England !
How fares our Brother Philip King of Fraunce ?

Chat His Highnesse at my comming was in
health,

And wold me to salute your Maestie,
And say the message he hath giuen in charge

John And spare not man, wee are prepaide to heare

Chat Philip, by the grace of God most Christian
K of France, hauing taken into his guardain and
protection Arthur Duke of Brittain sonne & heire to
Jeffrey thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of
the said Arthun, the Kingdom of England, with the
Lordship of Ireland, Poiters, Anow, Torain, Main ·
and I attend thine aunswere

John A small request belike he makes account,
That Englund, Ireland, Poiters, Anow, Torain, Main,
Are nothing for a King to gue at once
I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me
Tell Philip, he may keepe his Lords at home,
With greater honou than to send them thus
On Embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne

Chat Is this thine answere ?

John It is, and too good an answer for so proud a
message

Chat Then King of England, in my Masters
name,

And in Prince Arthur Duke of Britaines name,
 I doo defie thee as an Enemie,
 And wish thee to prepare for bloodie waires

Q El My Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)
 Commend me to my Nephew, tell the boy,
 That I Queene Ehanor (his Giandmother)
 Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes
 Whereto his head-strong Mother pricks him so
 Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame
 That will not sticke to bring him to his ende,
 So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme
 Next, wish him to forsake the King of Fraunce,
 And come to me and to his Uncle here,
 And he shall want for nothing at our hands

Chat This shall I doo, and thus I take my leaue

John Pembrooke, conuey him safely to the sea,
 But not in hast for as we are aduisde,
 We meane to be in Fraunce as soone as he,
 To fortifie such townes as we possesse
 In Aniou, Torain, and in Normandy [Exit Chatt

Enter the Shrue and whispers the Earle of *Salisbury*
 in the eare

Sals Please it your maestie, heere is the Shrue of
 Northamptonshire, with certaine persons that of late
 committed a riot, and haue appeald to your maestie,
 beseeching your Highnes for speciall cause to heare
 them

John Will them come neeie, and while wee heare
 the cause,
 Goe Salisbury and make prouision,
 We meane with speede to pass the Sea to Fraunce

[Exit Sals
Say Shrue, what are these men, what haue they done?
 Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?

Shrue. Please it your maesty, these two brethren

vnnaturally falling at odds about their father's liuing, haue broken your Highnes peace, in seeking to right their own wrongs without cause of Law, or order of Iustice, vnlawfully assembled themselues in mutinous mannei, hauing committed a riot, appealing from triall in their Countrey to your Highnes and here I Thomas Nidigate shrieue of Northamptonshire do deliuer them ouer to their triall

John My Lord of Essex, will the offenders to stand forth, and tell the cause of their quairrell

Essex Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you discouer your griefes, & doubt not but you shall haue iustice

Phil Please it your Majestie the wrong is mine yet wil I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth to vnrippe the shamefull slaunder of my parents, the dishonour of my selfe, & the wicked dealing of my brother in this princely assembly

Rob Then, by my Prince his leaue, shall Robert speake,

And tell your maiestie what right I haue
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong
My father (not vnknownen vnto your Grace)
Receiud his spurres of Knighthood in the Field,
At Kingly Richards hands in Palestine,
When as the walls of Acon gaue him way
His name Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Mountbeiry
What by succession from his Ancestors,
And warlike seruiue vnder Englands Armes,
His liuing did amount too at his death
Two thousand markes reuenew euery yeare
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to Robert Fauconbridge

Phil If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of Englands auncient Lawe,
How should myselfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to Robert Fauconbridge

John Fond Youth, to trouble these our Princely
 eares,
 Or make a question in so plaine a case
 Speake, is this man thine elder Brother borne ?

Rob Please it your Grace with patience for to
 heare,
 I not denie but he mine Elder is,
 Mine elder Brother too yet in such sort,
 As he can make no title to the land

John A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
 Thy Brother, and thine elder, and no heire
 Explaine this darke *Ænigma*

Rob I graunt (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,
 Base borne, and base begot, no Fauconbridge
 Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
 My father in his life did count him so
 And here my Mother stands to prooue him so
 But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doo auerre
 Both to my Mothers shame, and his reproach,
 He is no heire, nor yet legitimate
 Then (gracious Lord) let Fauconbridge enioy
 The liuing that belongs to Fauconbridge
 And let him not possesse anothers right

John Prooue this, the land is thine by Englands
 law

Q El Ungracious youth, to rip thy mothers
 shame,
 The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,
 All honest eares abhorre thy wickednes,
 But gold I see doth beate downe natures law

Mother My gracious Lord, & you thrice reuerend
 Dame,
 That see the teares distilling from mine eyes,
 And scalding sighes blowne from a rented heart
 For honour and regard of womanhood,
 Let me entreate to be commaunded hence
 Let not these eares heere receiue the hissing sound

Of such a viper, who with poysoned words
Doth masseiate the bowells of my soule

John Ladie, stand vp, be patient for a while
And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother?

Phil Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now,
But for the honour of so braue a Man,
Whom he accuseth with adulterie
Here I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and so dismisse vs hence

Rob Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduised, I
Charge thee before this royall presence here
To be a Bastard to King Richards selfe,
Sonne to your Grace, and Brother to your Maiestie
Thus bluntly, and—

Eliano Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed
of thy kin,

Nor of thy Sire But forward with thy prooffe

Rob The prooffe so plaine, the argument so
strong,

As that your Highnesse and these noble Lords,
And all (saue those that haue no eyes to see)
Shall sweare him to be Bastard to the King
First, when my Father was Embassadour
In Germanie vnto the Emperour,
The king lay often at my father's house
And all the Realme suspected what befell
And at my fathers back-returue agen
My Mother was deliueied, as tis sed,
Sixe weekes before the account my father made.
But more than this looke but on Philips face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this Princely presence shall confesse,
He is no other but King Richards Sonne,
Then gracious Loid, rest he King Richards Sonne,
And let me rest safe in my Fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and onely heire

John Is this thy prooffe and all thou hast to say?

Rob I haue no more, nor neede I greater prooffe

Iohn First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire
My Brother often lodged in his house .

And what of that? base groome to slaunder him,
That honoured his Embassador so much,
In absence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceede vnto the next

Q El Thou saist she teemde sixe weeks before
her time,

Why good Sir Squire, are you so cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings?
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes
Many mischaunces hap in such affaires,
To make a woman come before her time

Iohn And where thou saist, he looketh like the King,
In action, feature and proportion
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I neuer saw so liuely counterfeit
Of Richard Cordelion, as in him

Robert Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Iudge,
And let me haue my liuing and my right

Q El Nay, heare you Sir, you runne away too
fast

Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem?*

Or haue read in. Harke ye good sir,

Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise

She lay with Sir Robert your father, and thought vppon
King Richard my Sonne, and so your Brother was
formed in this fashion

Rob Madame, you wrong me thus to iest it out,
I craue my right King Iohn, as thou art King,
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right

Iohn Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are friuolous,
Nor canst thou challenge any thing thereby
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime .
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
Irreuocable, as I am King of England.

For thou knowst not, wee le aske of them that know,
His mother and himselfe shall ende this strife
And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe

Rob My Lord, heerein I challenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Unto themselues Can there be likelihood
That she will loose ?

Or he will giue the liuing from himselfe ?
It may not be my Lord Why should it be ?

John Lords, keepe him back, & let him heare the
doome

Essex, first aske the Mother thrice who was his Sire ?

Essex Ladie Margaret, Widow of Fauconbridge,
Who was Father to thy Sonne Philip ?

Mother Please it your Maestie, Sir Robert Faucon-
bridge

Rob This is right, aske my felow there if I be a
thiefe

John Aske Philip whose Sonne he is.

Essex Philip, who was thy father ?

Phil Mas my Lord, and thats a question . and
you had not taken some paines with her before,
I should haue desired you to aske my Mother

John Say, who was thy father ?

Phil Faith (my Lord) to answere you, sure he is
my father that was neerest my mother when I was
gotten & him I thinke to be Sir Robert Faucon-
bridge

John Essex, for fashions sake demaund agen,
And so an ende to this contention.

Rob Was euer man thus wrongd as Robert is ?

Essex Philip speake I say, who was thy Father ?

John Young man how now, what art thou in a
traunce ?

Eleanor Philip awake, the man is in a dreame

Phil *Philippus atavis ædite Regibus.*

What saist thou Philip, sprung of auncient Kings ?

Quo me rapit tempestas ?

What winde of honour blowes this fume foith ?

Or whence proeede these fumes of Maestie ?

Me thinkes I heare a hollow Eccho sound,

That Philip is the Sonne vnto a King

The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,

Whistle in consort I am Richards Sonne

The bubling murmur of the waters fall,

Records *Philippus Regius filius*

Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,

Filling the ayre with glorie of my birth

Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Eccho, all

Ring in mine eares, that I am Richards Sonne

Fond man, ah whither art thou carried ?

How are thy thoughts ywrapt in honors heauen ?

Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst

Thy Fathes land cannot maintaine these thoughts,

These thoughts are farre vnfitting Fauconbridge

And well they may, for why this mounting minde

Doth soare too high to stoupe to Fauconbridge

Why how now ? knowest thou where thou art ?

And knowest thou who expects thine answere here ?

Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding vaine

Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne ?

No, keepe thy land, though Richard were thy Sire,

What ere thou thinkst, say thou art Fauconbridge

John Speake man, be sodaine, who thy Father
was

Phil Please it your maestie, Sir Robert

Philip, that Fauconbridge cleaues to thy iawes

It will not out, I cannot for my life

Say I am Sonne vnto a Fauconbridge

Let land and huing goe, tis Honors fire

That makes me sweare King Richard was my Sire

Base to a King addes title of more State,

Than knights begotten, though legitimate.

Please it your Grace, I am King Richards Sonne

Rob Robert reuue thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie

Mother What head-strong furie doth enchaunt my
sonne ?

Phil Philip cannot repent, for he hath done

John Then Philip blame not me, thy selfe hath lost
By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land
Robert, thou art the heire of Fauconbudge,
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert

Q El Why how now Philip, giue away thine
owne ?

Phil Madame, I am bold to make my selfe your
nephew,

The poorest kinsman that your Highnes hath
And with this prouerb gin the world anew,
Help hands, I haue no lands, Honor is my desire,
Let Philip liue to shew himselfe worthie so great a
Sire

Elinor Philip, I think thou knewst thy Grandams
minde

But cheere the boy, I will not see thee wante
As long as Elinor hath foote of land,
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine Uncle heere,
Who shall giue honour to thy noble minde

John Philip kneele down, that thou maist throughly
know

How much thy resolution pleaseth vs,
Rise vp Sir Richard Plantaginet King Richards Sonne.

Phil Graunt heauens that Philiponce may shew
himself

Worthie the honour of Plantaginet,
Or basest glorie of a Bastards name

John Now Gentlemen, we will away to France,
To checke the pride of Arthur and his mates
Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,

Ile ceaze the lasie Abbey lubbers lands
 Into my hands to pay my men of warre
 The Pope and Popelings shall not grease themselues
 With golde and groates, that are the souldiers due.
 Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,
 And march we forward mightiely to Fraunce

[Exeunt Manet Philip and his Mother.

Phil. Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much
 leasure as the hearing of a matter I long to impart
 to you

Mother Whats the matter Philip? I thinke your
 sute in secret, tends to some money matter, which
 you suppose burns in the bottom of my chest

Phil No Madam, it is no such sute as to beg or
 borrow,

But such a sute, as might some other grant,
 I would not now haue troubled you withall.

Mother A Gods name let vs heare it

Phil Then Madame thus, your Ladiship sees well,
 How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,
 In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
 I am a bastard, and no Fauconbridge
 This grose attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,
 Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease,
 That field and towne, and company alone,
 What so I doo, or wheresoere I am,
 I cannot chase the slaunder from my thoughts
 If it be true, resolute me of my Sire,
 For pardon Madam, if I thinke amisse
 Be Philip Philip, and no Fauconbridge,
 His Father doubtles was as braue a man
 To you on knees, as sometimes Phaeton,
 Mistrusting silly Merop for his Sire,
 Straying a little bashfull modestie,
 I beg some instance whence I am extraught

Mother. Yet more adoo to haste me to my graue,

And wilt thou too become a Mothers crosse?
 Must I accuse myself to close with you?
 Slaunder myself, to quiet your affects?
 Thou mooust me Philip with this idle talke,
 Which I remit, in hope this mood will die

Phil Nay Ladie mother, heare me further yet,
 For strong concept driues dutie hence awhile
 Your husband Fauconbridge was Father to that sonne,
 That carries marks of Nature like the Sire,
 The sonne that blotteth you with wedlocks breach,
 And holds my right, as lineall in descent
 From him whose forme was figured in his face,
 Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,
 To make the one so like as like may be,
 And in the other print no character
 To challenge any marke of true descent?
 My brothers minde is base, and too too dull
 To mount where Philip lodgeth his affects,
 And his external graces that you view,
 (Though I report it) counterpoise not mine
 His constitution plaine debilitie,
 Requires the chayre, and mine the seate of steele
 Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
 When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
 Will scarcely iudge vs both one Countrey borne
 This Madame, this, hath droue me from my selfe
 And here by heauens eternall lampes I sweare,
 As cursed Nero with his mother did,
 So I with you, if you resolue me not

Mother Let motheis teares quench out thy angers
 fire,

And vrge no further what thou dost require

Phil Let sonnes entreatie sway the mother now,
 Or else she dies Ile not infringe my vow,

Mother Vnhappy taske must I recount my shame,
 Blab my misdeedes, or by concealing die?
 Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,

Or take from him a while his hearings vse
Why wish I so, vnhappy as I am?

The fault is mine, and he the faultie frute,
I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute

Phil Mothel be brieft, I long to know my
name

Mother And longing dye, to shiowd thy Mothels
shame

Phil Come Madame come, you neede not be so
loth

The shame is shared equall twixt vs both
Ist not a slacknes in me, worthie blame,
To be so olde, and cannot write my name.
Good Mother resolute me

Mother Then Philip heare thy fortune, and my
griefe,

My honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,
My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,
All maid and stand by youths vnruely sway
And when thou knowest from whence thou art ex-
traught,

O! if thou knewest what suites, what threatens, what
feares,

To moue by loue, or massacre by death
To yeeld with loue, or end by lous contempt

The mightines of him that courted me,
Who tempred terror with his wanton talke,

That something may extenuate the guilt
But let it not aduantage me so much

Vpbraid me rather with the Romane Dame
That shed her blood to wash away her shame

Why stand I to expostulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the deede is don?

When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That Philips Father was a Princes Son,

Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror hee,
For honours losse left me with childe of thee

Whose Sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
 For faire King Richard was thy noble Father
Phil Then Robin Fauconbridge I wish thee ioyn,
 My Sire a King, and I a landles Boy
 Gods Ladie Mother, the world is in my debt,
 There's something owing to Plantaginet
 I marrie Sir, let me alone for game,
 Ile act some wonders now I know my name
 By blessed Marie Ile not sell that pride
 For Englands wealth, and all the world beside
 Sit fast the proudest of my Fathers foes,
 Away good Mother, there the comfort goes [Exeunt]

Enter *Philip* the French King, and *Lewis*, *Limoges*,
Constance, and her sonne *Arthur*

King Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
 Young Arthur in the Albion Territories,
 Scaring proud Angiers with a puissant siedege
 Braue Austria, cause of Cordelions death,
 Is also come to aide thee in thy waies,
 And all our Forces ioyned for Arthurs right
 And, but for causes of great consequence,
 Pleading delay till newes from England come,
 Twice should not Titan hide him in the West,
 To coole the set-locks of his wearie teame,
 Till I had with an vnresisted shock
 Controld the mannage of proud Angiers walls,
 Or made a forfeit of my fame to Chaunce.

Cons May that be Iohn in conscience or in feare
 To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
 Will send such calme conditions backe to Fraunce,
 As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres
 If so, forbearance is a deed well done

Arth Ah Mother, possession of a Crowne is
 much,
 And Iohn as I haue heard reported of

For present vantage would aduenture farie
 The world can witnes, in his Brothers time,
 He tooke vpon him rule, and almost raigne
 Then must it follow as a doubtfull poynt,
 That hee'le resigne the rule vnto his Nephew
 I rather thinke the menace of the world
 Sounds in his eares, as thieats of no esteeme,
 And sooner would he scorne Europaes power,
 Than loose the smallest title he enioys,
 For questionles he is an Englishman

Lewis. Why are the English peereles in compare?
 Braue caualiers as ere that Island bied,
 Haue liude and dide, and darde, and done inough,
 Yet neuer giacde their countrey for the cause
 England is England, yeelding good and bad,
 And Iohn of England is as other Iohns
 Trust me yong Arthur, if thou need my reede,
 Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this neede

Lym The Englishman hath little cause I tiow,
 To spend good speeches on so proud a foe
 Why Arthur heres his spoyle that now is gon,
 Who when he liud outrou'de his brother Iohn
 But hastie cures that lie so long to catch,
 Come halting home, and meete their ouermatch
 But newes comes now, heers the Embassadour

Enter *Chattilion*

K Phil And in good time, welcome my Lord
 Chattilion

What newes? will Iohn accord to our commaund?

Chat Be I not briefe to tell your Highnes all,
 He will approach to interrupt my tale
 For one selfe bottome brought vs both to Fraunce
 He on his part will trie the chaunce of warre,
 And if his words inferre assured truth,
 Will loose himselfe, and all his followeis,

Ere yeeld vnto the least of your demaunds,
 The Mothe^r Queene she taketh on amaine
 Gainst Ladie Constance, counting her the cause
 That doth effect this claime to Albion,
 Coniuring Arthur with a Giandames care,
 To leaue his mother willing him submit
 His state to Iohn, and her protection,
 Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good
 More circumstance the season intercepts
 This is the summe, which briefly I haue showne
K Phil This bitter wind¹ must nip somebodys
 spring¹

Sodaine and briefe, who so, 'tis haruest weather
 But say Chattilion, what persons of accompt are with
 him?

Chat Of England, Earle¹ Pembroke and Salsbuiy,
 The onely noted men of any name
 Next to them, a Bastard of the Kings deceast,
 A hardy wildehead, tough and venturous,
 With many other men of high resolute
 Then is there with them Elnor mother queene,
 And Blanch her Neece, daughter to the King of
 Spaine
 These are the prime Birds of this hot aduenture

Enter *John* & his followers, Queene, Bastard,
 Earles, &c

K Phil Me seemeth Iohn, an ouer-daring spirit
 Effects some fienzie in thy rash approach,
 Treading my Confines with thy aimed Troupes.
 I rather lookt for some submisse reply
 Touching the claime thy Nephew Arthur makes
 To that which thou vnustly dost vsurpe

K Iohn For that Chattilion can discharge you all,
 I list not pleade my Title with my tongue
 Nor came I hether with intent of wrong

To Fraunce or thee, on any right of thine,
 But in defence and purchase of my right,
 The Towne of Angiers which thou doost begirt
 In the behalfe of ladie Constance Sonne,
 Wheretoo nor he nor she can lay iust claime

Cons Yes (false intruder) if that iust be iust,
 And headstrong vsurpation put apart,
 Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder Brother,
 Without ambiguous shadow of discent,
 Is soveraigne to the substance thou withholdst

Q El Misgouern'd gossip, staine to this resort,
 Occasion of these vndecided iarres,
 I say (that know) to check thy vaine suppose,
 Thy sonne hath naught to doo with that he claymes
 For proof whereof, I can inferre a Will,
 That barres the way he vrgeth by discent

Cons A Will indeede, a crabbed Womans will,
 Wherein the Diuell is an ouerseer,
 And proud dame Elinor sole Executresse
 More wills than so, on perill of my soule,
 Were neuer made to hinder Arthurs right

Arth But say there was, as sure there can be
 none,
 The Law intends such testaments as voyd,
 Where right discent can no way be impeacht

Q El Peace Arthur peace, thy mother makes
 thee wings
 To soar with perill after Icarus,
 And trust me yongling for the Fathers sake,
 I pitie much the hazard of thy youth

Cons Beshiew you els how pittiful you are,
 Readie to weepe to heare him aske his owne,
 Sorrow betide such Grandames and such grieve,
 That minister a poyson for pure loue
 But who so blinde, as cannot see this beame,
 That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
 For feare his Mother should be ysde too well?

I theres the grieve, confusion catch the braine,
That hammers shiftes to stop a Princes raigne

Q El Impatient, frantike, common slanderer,
Immodest Dame, vnnurtvred quarreller,
I tell thee I, not enue to thy Son,
But iustice makes me speake as I haue don

K Phil But heres no proof that showes your son
a King

K Iohn What wants, my sword shal more at large
set down

Lewis But that may breake before the truth be
knowne

Bast Then this may hold till all his right be
showne

Lym Good words sir sauce, your betters are in
place

Bast Not you sir doughtie, with your Lions case

Blanch Ah ioi betide his soule, to whom that spoile
belong'd

Ah Richard, how thy glorie here is wrong'd

Lym. Me thinkes that Richards pride & Richards
fall,

Should be a president t'affright you all

Bast What words are these? how doo my sinews
shake?

My Fathers foe clad in my Fatheis spoyle,

A thousand furies kindle with reuenge,

This hart that choller keepes a consistorie,

Searing my inwards with a brand of hate

How doth Alecto whisper in mine eares?

Delay not Philip, kill the villaine straight,

Disrobe him of the matchles moniment

Thy Fathers triumph ore the Sauages,

Base heardgroome, coward, peasant, worse than a
threshing slave,

What makst thou with the Trophie of a King?

Shamst thou not coystrell, loathsome dunghill swad,

To grace thy carkasse with an ornament
 Too precious for a monarchs couerture ?
 Scarce can I temper due obedience
 Unto the presence of my Soueraigne,
 From acting outrage on this trunke of hate
 But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,
 For by his soule I sweare, my Fathers soule,
 Twice will I not reuiew the Mornings rise,
 Till I have torne that Trophie from thy back,
 And split thy heart for wearing it so long
 Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,
 Let not the world repute me Richards Sonne

Lym Nay soft sir Bastard, harts are not split so
 soone,

Let them reioyce that at the ende doo win
 And take this lesson at thy foeman's hand,
 Pawne not thy life to get thy Fathers skin

Blanch Well may the world speake of his knightly
 valor,

That winnes this hide to weare a Ladies fauour

Bast Ill may I thrue, and nothing brooke with
 mee,

If shortly I present it not to thee

K. Phil Lordings forbear, for time is comming
 fast,

That deedes may trie what words cannot determine,

And to the purpose for the cause you come

Me seemes you set right in chaunce of warre,

Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,

But so and so, because it shall be so

So wrong shall be subornd by trust of strength

A Tyrants practize to inuest himselfe,

Where weake resistance giueth wrong the way

To check the which, in holy lawfull Armes,

I, in the right of Arthur, Geoffreys Sonne,

Am come before this Citie of Angiers,

To barre all other false supported clayme,

From whence, or howsoere the error springs
 And in his quarrell on my Princely word,
 Ile fight it out vnto the latest man

John Know King of Fraunce, I will not be commaunded,

By any power oi Prince in Christendome,
 To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,
 More than to answere, that mine owne is mine,
 But wilt thou see me parley with the Towne,
 And heare them offer me allegiance,
 Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought

K. Phil Summon them, I will not beleeeue it till
 I see it,

and when I see it, Ile soone change it

[They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare
 vpon the walls

K. Iohn You men of Angiers, and as I take it my
 loyall Subjects, I haue summoned you to the walls
 to dispute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull
 therein, which I am perswaded you are not In few
 words, our Brothers Sonne, backt with the King of
 Fraunce, haue beleagred your Towne vpon a false
 pretented title to the same. in defence whereof I
 you liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you
 from the Usurper, to free your intended seruitude,
 and vtterly to supplant the foemen, to my right &
 your rest Say then, who keepe you the town for?

Citizen For our lawfull King

John I was no lesse perswaded then in Gods
 name open your gates, and let me enter

Citizen And it please your Highness we comptroll
 not your title, neither will we rashly admit your
 entrance if you bee lawfull King, with all obedience
 we keepe it to your vse, if not King, our rashness to
 be impeached for yeelding, without more considerate
 triall wee answere not as men lawles, but to the
 behoofe of him that prooues lawfull

John I shall not come in then?

Citizen No my Lord, till we know more

K Phil Then heare me speake in the behalfe of Arthur, Sonne of Geffrey, elder Brother to Iohn, his title manifest, without contradiction, to the Crown and Kingdome of England, with Angiers, and diuers Townes on this side the sea, will you acknowledge him your hege Lord, who speaketh in my word, to intertaine you with all fauors, as beseemeth a King to his subiects, or a friend to his wel willers or stand to the perill of your contempt, when his title is prooued by the sword

Citizen We answere as before, till you haue prooued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our Soueraigne, to him will we remain firme subiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our Towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loath to subscribe befoie we knowe. More than this we cannot say, & more than this we dare not doo

K Phil Then Iohn I defie thee, in the name and behalfe of Arthur Plantaginet, thy King and cousin, whose right and patrimonie thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day ende, in a set battel make thee confesse, whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee

K Iohn. I accept the challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throate.

Excursions The Bastard chaseth *Lymoges* the
Austrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons
skinne.

Bast And art thou gone, misfortune haunt thy
steps,
And chill colde feare assaile thy times of rest
Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue,
Besiedge his thoughts with dismal fantasies,

And ghastly objects of pale threatning *mors*
 Affright him every minute with stearne lookes,
 Let shadowe temper terror in his thoughts,
 And let the terror make the coward mad,
 And in his madnes let his feare pursue,
 And so in frenzie let the peasant die
 Here is the ransome that allayes his rage,
 The first freehold that Richard left his sonne
 With which I shall surprize his liuing foes,
 As Hectors statue did the fainting Greekes [Exit

Enter the Kings Herolds with trumpets to the wals
 of Angiers they summon the Towne

Eng Herolds Iohn by the grace of God King of
 England, Lord of Ireland, Anjou, Toraine, &c de-
 maundeth once againe of you his subiects of Angiers,
 if you will quietly surrender vp the Towne into his
 hands?

Fr Herold Philip by the grace of God King of
 Fraunce, demaundeth in the behalfe of Arthur Duke
 of Britaine, if you will surrender vp the Towne into
 his hands, to the vse of the said Arthur

Citizens Herrolds goe tell the two victorious
 Princes, that we the poore inhabitants of Angiers,
 require a parle of their Maesties

Herolds We goe

Enter the Kings, Queen *Eliaenor, Blanch, Bastard,*
Lymoges, Lewis, Castilean, Pembroke, Salis-
bury, Constance, and *Arthur* Duke of Brittain

Iohn Herold, what answer doo the Townsmen
 send?

Philip Will Angiers yield to Philip King of
 Fraunce?

Eng Her The Townsmen on the wals accept your
 Grace

Fr Her And craue a parley of your Maiesty

Iohn You Citizens of Angiers, haue your eyes
Beheld the slaughter that our English bowes
Haue made vpon the coward frawdfull French?
And haue you wisely pondred therewithall
Your gaine in yeelding to the English King?

Phil Their losse in yeelding to the English King
But Iohn, they saw from out their highest Towers
The Cheualiers of *France* and crossebow-shot
Make lanes of slaughterd bodies through thine hoast,
And are resolu'd to yeeld to Arthurs right

Iohn Why Philip, though thou brauest it fore the
wals,

Thy conscience knowes that Iohn hath wonne the field

Phil What ere my conscience knows, thy armie
feeles

That Philip had the better of the day.

Bast Philip indeede hath got the Lyons case,
Which here he holds to Lymoges disgrace
Base Duke to flye and leaue such spoyles behind
But this thou knewst of force to make mee stay
It farde with thee as with the marriner,
Spying the hugie Whale, whose monstrous bulke
Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the winde,
That throwes out empty vessels, so to stay
His furie, while the ship doth saile away,
Philip, t'is thine and fore this Princely presence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the first aduenture I atchieu'd,
And first exployt your Grace did me enioyne.
Yet many more I long to be enjoynd

Blanch Philip I take it, and I thee command
To weare the same as earst thy Father did
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
T'incourage thee to follow Richards fame

Arth. Ye Citizens of Angiers are ye mute?
Arthur or Iohn, say which shall be your King?

Citizen We care not which, if once we knew the right,

But till we know, we will not yeeld our right

Bast Might Philip counsell two so mightie kings,
As are the Kings of England and of Fraunce,
He would aduise your Graces to vnite
And knit your forces gainst these Citizens,
Pulling their battered wals about their ears
The Towne once wonne, then striue about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both

Citizen Kings, Princes, Lords, & Knights assembled
here,

The Cittizens of Angiers all by me
Entreate your Maiestie to heare them speake
And as you like the motion they shall make,
So to account and follow their aduice

John Phil Speake on, we giue thee leaue

Citizen Then thus whereas the yong and lusty
knight

Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths
The motion cannot chuse but please the good,
And such as loue the quiet of the State
But how my Lords, how should your strengths be knit ?
Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies
But vnto peace your forces should be knit
To lue in Princely league and amitie
Doo this, the gates of Angiers shall giue way,
And stand quite open to your harts content
To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,
Remains one onely honorable meanes,
Which by your pardon I shall here display
Lewis the Dolphin and the heire of Fraunce,
A man of noted valor through the world,
Is yet vnmarried let him take to wife
The beauteous daughter of the King of Spaine,
Neece to K Iohn, the louely Ladie Blanch,

Begotten on his Sister Elianor
 With her in marriage will her vnkle giue
 Castles and Towers, as fitteth such a match
 The Kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,
 They may so deale with Arthur Duke of Britaine,
 Who is but yong, and yet vnmeete to raigne,
 As he shall stand contented euerie way
 Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
 Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge
 And as vpon conditions you agree,
 So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne

Arth A proper peace, if such a motion hold,
 These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
 And they shall share my lands to make them friends

Q El Sonne Iohn, follow this motion, as thou
 louest thy mother

Make league with Philip, yeeld to any thing :
 Lewis shall haue my Neece, and then be sure
 Arthur shall haue small succour out of Fraunce

Iohn Brother of Fraunce, you heare the Citizens
 Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein

Cons Why Iohn, what canst thou giue vnto thy
 Neece,

Thou hast no foote of land but Arthurs right

Lewis Byr lady Citizens, I like your choyce,
 A louely damsele is the Ladie Blanche,
 Woithie the heire of Europe for her pheere

Cons What Kings, why stand you gazing in a
 trance?

Why how now Lords? accursed Cittizens
 To fill and tickle their ambitious ears,
 With hope of game, that springs from Arthurs losse
 Some dismall Planet at thy birth-day raign'd,
 For now I see the fall of all thy hopes

K. Phil Ladie, and Duke of Brittain, know you both,
 The King of Fraunce respects his honor more,
 Than to betray his friends and fauourers,

Princesse of Spaine, could you affect my Sonne,
If we vpon conditions could agree?

Bast Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman,
Slaue as I was, I thought to haue mooude the match
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
That Lady Blanch should bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of stoir of English land

Q El Peace Philip, I will looke thee out a
wife,

We must with policie compound this strife

Bast If Lewis get her, well, I say no more .
But let the froelicke Frenchman take no scorne,
If Philip front him with an English hoire

John Ladie, what answere make you to the King
of Fraunce?

Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?

Blanch I thanke the King that likes of me so
well,

To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince
But gue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,
Least beeing too too forward in the cause,
It may be blemish to my modestie

Q El Sonne Iohn, and worthie Philip K of
Fraunce,

Doo you confer a while about the Doweī,
And I will schoole my modest Neece so well,
That she shall yeeld as soone as you haue done

Cons I, theres the wretch that broacheth all this ill,
Why flye I not vpon the Beldames face,
And with my nayles pull foorth her hatefull eyes

Arth Sweet Mother cease these hastie madding
fits,

For my sake, let my Grandame haue her will.
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could affoord it to appease these broyles
But (mother) let vs wisely winke at all,
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech

Phil Brother of England, what dowrie wilt thou
giue
Vnto my Sonne in marriage with thy Neece?

John First Philip knowes her dowrie out of Spaine,
To be so great as to content a King
But more to mend and amplifie the same,
I giue in money thuty thousand markes,
For land I leaue it to thine owne demaund

Phil Then I demand Volquesson, Torain, Main,
Poiters and Aniou, these fiae Provinces,
Which thou as King of England holdst in Fraunce
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on

Bast No less than fiae such Provinces at once?

John Mother what shall I doo? my brother got
these lands

With much effusion of our English bloud
And shall I giue it all away at once?

Q Elin Iohn giue it him, so shalt thou lue in
peace,
And keepe the residue sans ieopardie

John Philip, bring forth thy Sonne, here is my Neece,
And here in mariage I doo giue with her
From me and my Successors English Kings,
Volquesson, Poiters, Anjou, Toiam, Main,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne
Now Citizens, how like you of this match?

Citiz We ioye to see so sweete a peace begun

Lewis Lewis with Blanch shall euer lue content,
But now King Iohn, what say you to the Duke?
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe

Phil K. Iohn, be good vnto thy Nephew here,
And giue him somewhat that shall please thee best

John Arthur, although thou troublest Englands
peace

Yet here I giue thee Brittain for thine owne,
Together with the Earledome of Richmont,
And this rich Citie of Angiers withall

Q El And if thou seeke to please thine Uncle
Iohn,

Shalt see my Sonne how I will make of thee

Iohn Now euery thing is sorted to this end,
Lets in, and there prepare the mariage rytes,
Which in S Maries Chappell presently
Shal be performed ere this presence part

[Exeunt Manent Constance & Arthur]

Arth Madam good cheere, these drouping languish-
ments,

Adde no redresse to salue our awkward haps,
If heauens haue concluded these euent,
To small auale is bitter pensiuenes
Seasons will change, and so our present grieve
May change with them, and all to our reliefe

Cons Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of these cares
But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount,
What ioye, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,
With whom all hope and hap doe disagree?

Art Yet Ladies teares, and cares, and solemne
shows,

Rather then helpes, heape vp more worke for woes

Cons If any Power will heate a widdowes plaint,
That from a wounded soule implores reuenge
Send fell contagion to infect this Clyme,
This cursed Countrey, where the traytors breath,
Whose periurie (as prowde Briareus,)
Beleaguers all the Skie with mis-beliefe.
He promist Arthure, and he sware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy foemans pride
But now black-spotted Penure as he is,
He takes a truce with Elnors damned brat,
And marries Lewis to her iouely Neece,
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift

Betweene these louers ill betide the match
 And as they shoulde thee from out thy owne,
 And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares
 So heavens crosse them with a thriftles course,
 Is all the bloud yspilt on either part,
 Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,
 Growne to a loue-game and a Bridall feast ?
 And must thy birthright bid the wedding banes ?
 Poore helples boy, hopeles and helpeles too,
 To whom misfortune seemes no yoke at all
 Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
 Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
 Why lookst thou pale ? the colour flies thy face
 I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
 And make it moodie with my doles discourse,
 Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,
 We must obscure this mone with melodie,
 Least worser wrack ensue our malecontent [Exeunt

Enter the King of *England*, the King of *France*,
Arthur, *Bastard*, *Lewis*, *Lymoges*, *Constance*,
Blanche, *Chattileion*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, and
Eleanor.

John. This is the day, the long desired day,
 Wherein the Realmes of England and of Fraunce
 Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace
 Thrice happie is the bridegroome and the bride,
 From whose sweete bridal such a concord springs,
 To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

Cons Vngodly peace made by anothers warre

Phil Vnhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge,
 Rouze thee Plantaginet, lue not to see
 The butcher of the great Plantaginet
 Kings, Princes, and ye Peeres of either Realmes,
 Pardon my rashnes, and forgue the zeale
 That carries me in furie to a deede

Of high desert, of honour, and of armes
 A boone (O Kings) a boone doth Philip beg
 Prostrate vpon his knee which knee shall cleaue
 Unto the superficies of the earth,

Till Fraunce and England grant this glorious boone

John Speake Philip, England grants thee thy request

Phil And Fraunce confirms what ere is in his power

Bast Then Duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,
 Too base a ransome for my fathers life
 Princes, I craue the Combat with the Duke
 That braues it in dishonor of my Sire
 Your words are past, nor can you now reuerse
 The Princely promise that reuiues my soule,
 Whereat me thinks I see his sinnews shake .

This is the boon (dread Lords) which granted once
 Or life or death are pleasant to my soule ,
 Since I shall liue and die in Richards right

Lym Base Bastard, misbegotten of a King,
 To interrupt these holy nuptiall rytes
 With brawles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace ,
 Let it suffice, I scorne to ioyne in fight,
 With one so farre vnequall to myselfe

Bast A fine excuse, Kings if you wil be Kings,
 Then keepe your words, and let vs combat it.

John Philip, we cannot force the Duke to fight,
 Beeing a subiect vnto neither Realme
 But tell me Austria, if an English Duke
 Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the chal-
 lendge ?

Lym. Els let the world account the Austrich Duke
 The greatest coward liuing on the Earth

John Then cheere thee Philip, Iohn will keepe his
 word,
 Kneele downe, in sight of Philip King of Fraunce,
 And all these Princely Lords assembled here,

I gird thee with the swoird of Normandie,
 And of that Land I doo inuest thee Duke
 So shalt thou be in liuing and in land
 Nothing inferiour vnto Austria

Lym K Iohn, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
 Thou wrongst mine honour and that thou maist see
 How much I scorne thy new made Duke and thee,
 I flatly say, I will not be compeld
 And so farewell Sir Duke of low degree,

Ile finde a time to match you for this geere [Exit

Iohn Stay Philip, let him goe, the honors thine

Bast I cannot liue unles his life be mine

Q El Thy forwardnes this day hath ioyd my
 soule,

And made me thinke my Richard liues in thee

K Phil Lordlings lets in, and spend the wedding
 day

In maskes and triumphs, letting quarielles cease

Enter a Cardynall from *Rome*

Car Stay King of France, I charge thee ioyn not
 hands

With him that stands accurst of God and men

Know Iohn, that I Pandulph, Cardinall of Millaine,
 and Legate from the Sea of Rome, demaund of thee
 in the name of our holy Father the Pope Innocent,
 why dost (contrarie to the lawes of our holy mother
 the Church, and our holye Father the Pope) disturbe
 the quiet of the Church, and disannul the election of
 Stephen Langhton, whom his holines hath elected
 Archbishop of Canteiburie this in his Holines name
 I demaund of thee?

Iohn. And what hast thou or the Pope thy maister
 to doo to demaund of me, how I employ mine own?
 Know Sir Priest, as I honour the Church and holy
 Churchmen, so I scorne to be subiect to the greatest

Prelate in the world Tell thy Maister so from me,
and say, Iohn of England said it, that neuer an Italian
Priest of them all, shal either haue tythe, tole, or
polling penie out of England, but as I am King, so
will I raigne next vnder God, supream head both
ouer spiritual and temrall and hee that contradicts
me in this, Ile make him hoppe headlesse

K Phil What King Iohn, know you what you say,
thus to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope?

Iohn Philip, though thou and all the Princes of
Christendome suffer themselues to be abusde by a
Prelates slauery, my minde is not of such base tempei
If the Pope will bee King in England, let him winne it
with the sword, I know no other title he can alleage
to mine inheritance

Car Iohn, this is thine answer?

Iohn What then?

Car Then I Pandulph of Padoa, Legate from the
Apostolike Sea, do in the name of Saint Peter and his
successor our holy Father Pope Innocent, pronounce
thee accursed, discharging euery one of thy subiectes
of all dutie and fealtie that they doo owe to thee, and
pardon and forgiuenes of sinne to those or them what-
euer, which shall carrie armes against thee, or murder
thee This I pronounce, and charge all good men to
abhorre thee as an excommunicate person

Iohn So sir, the more the Fox is curst the better a
fares if God blesse me and my Land, let the Pope
and his shauelings curse and spare not

Car Furthermore, I charge thee Philip King of
France, and al the Kings and Princes of Chriстен-
dome, to make war vpon this miscreant: and whereas
thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it
by oath, I doo in the name of our foresaid father the
Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, beeing
made with an heretike, how saist thou Philip, doost
thou obey?

John Brothel of Fraunce, what say you to the Cardinall?

Phil I say, I am sorrie for your Majestie, requesting you to submit your selfe to the Church of Rome

John And what say you to our league, if I doo not submit?

Phil What should I say? I must obey the Pope

John Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God?

Phil The Legate hath absolu'de me of mine oath
Then yeeld to Rome, or I defie thee heere

John Why Philip, I defie the Pope and thee,
False as thou art, and perjured King of Fraunce,
Unworthie man to be accompted King
Giu'st thou thy sword into a Prelates hands?
Pandulph, where I of Abbots, Monkes, and Friers
Haue taken somewhat to maintaine my warres,
Now will I take no more but all they haue
Ile rowze the lazie lubbers from their Cells,
And in despight Ile send them to the Pope
Mother come you with me, and for the rest
That will not follow Iohn in this attempt,
Confusion light vpon their damned soules
Come Lords, fight for your King, that fighteth for
your good

Phil. And are they gone? Pandulph thy selfe shalt see

How Fraunce will fight for Rome and Romish rytes
Nobles to armes, let him not passe the seas,
Lets take him captiue, and in triumph lead
The K of England to the gates of Rome
Arthur bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see
What Philip K of Fraunce will doo for thee

Blanche And will youi Grace vpon your wedding day

Forsake your Bride, and follow dreadfull drums?
Nay, good my Lord, stay you at home with mee

Lewis Sweete hearte content thee, and we shall
agree

Phil Follow me Lords, Lord Cardynall lead the
way,

Drums shal be musicque to this wedding day
[Exeunt

Excursions The *Bastard* pursues *Austria*, and
kils him

Bast Thus hath K. Richards sonne performde his
vowes

And offred Austria's bloud for sacrifice
Unto his fathers euerliuing soule
Braue Cordelion, now my heart doth say,
I haue deserude, though not to be thy heire,
Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,
A name as pleasing to thy Philips heart,
As to be cald the Duke of Normandie
Lie there a pray to euery rauening fowle
And as my father triumpht in thy spoyles,
And trode thine Ensignes vnderneath his feete,
So doo I tread vpon thy cursed selfe,
And leaue thy bodie to the fowles for food [Exit

Excursions *Arthur*, *Constance*, *Lewis*, having taken
Q *Elianor* prisoner

Cons Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering
arme

Dispeaist the foes to true succession,
Proud, and disturder of thy Countreyes peace,
Constance doth lue to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the mischiefes hatched in thy braine

Q *El* Contemptuous Dame, vnrerent Dutches
thou,

To braue so great a Queene as Elianor,

Base scolde, hast thou forgot, that I was wife
 And mother to three mightie English Kings?
 I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir Boy,
 To set your Grandmother at libertie,
 And yeeld to Iohn your Uncle and your King
Cons 'Tis not thy words proud Queene shal carry it
Eleanor Nor yet thy threatens proud dame shal
 daunt my mind
Arth Sweete Grandame, and good Mother, leaue
 these braules
Eleanor Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall
Cons My time is now to triumph in thy fall
 And thou shalt know that Constance will triumph
Arth Good mother, weigh it is Queene Eleanor
 Though she be captiue, vse her like herselfe
 Sweete Grandame, beare with what my Mother says,
 Your highnes shal be vsed honourably

Enter a Messenger

Mess Lewis my Lord, Duke Arthur, and the rest,
 To armes in hast, K. Iohn relyes his men,
 And ginnes the sight afresh and sweares withall
 To lose his life, or set his Mother free.
Lewis Arthur away, tis time to looke about
Eleanor. Why how now dame, what is your courage
 could?
Cons No Eleanor my courage gathers strength,
 And hopes to lead both Iohn and thee as slaues
 And in that hope, I hale thee to the field [Exeunt.
 [Excursions *Eleanor* is rescued by *Iohn*, and *Arthur*
 is taken prisoner. *Exeunt* Sound Victorie.

Enter *Iohn*, *Eleanor*, and *Arthur* prisoner, *Bastard*,
Pembrooke, *Salisbury*, and *Hubert de Burgh*.

Iohn. Thus right triumphs, and Iohn triumphs in
 right

Arthur thou seest, Fraunce cannot bolster thee
 Thy Mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall
 But if at last Nephew thou yeeld thy selfe
 Into the gardance of thine Unckle Iohn,
 Thou shalt be vsed as becomes a Prince

Arth Unckle, my Grandame taught her Nephew this,
 To beare captivitie with patience
 Might hath preuayld, not right, for I am King
 Of England, though thou weare the Diadem

Q El Sonne Iohn, soone shall wee teach him to
 forget

These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe

Iohn Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
 I would he lude not to remember it
 But leauing this, we will to England now,
 And take some order with our Popelings there,
 That swell with pride and fat of lay mens lands
 Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaie,
 Ransack the Abbeys, Cloysters, Priories,
 Conuert then coyne vnto my souldiers vse
 And whatsoere he be within my Land,
 That goes to Rome for iustice and for law,
 While he may haue his right within the Realme,
 Let him be iudgde a traitor to the state,
 And suffer as an enemy to England
 Mother, we leaue you here beyond the seas,
 As Regent of our Prouinces in Fraunce,
 While we to England take a speedie course,
 And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie
 Hubert de Buigh take Arthur here to thee,
 Be he thy prisoner Hubert keepe him safe,
 For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes Crowne
 But in his death consists thy Soueraignes blisse
 Then Hubert, as thou shortly hearst from me,
 So vse the prisoner I haue giuen in charge

Hub Frolick yong Pince, though I your keeper be,
 Yet shall your keeper lue at your commaund

Alth As please my God, so shall become of me

Q El My Sonne, to England, I will see thee shipt,
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore

Bast Now warres are done, I long to be at home,
To diue into the Monkes and Abbots bags,
To make some sport among the smooth skin Nunnes,
And keepe some reuell with the fanzen Friers

John To England Lords, each looke vnto your
charge,
And arme yourselues against the Romane pride
[Exeunt]

Enter the King of France, *Lewes* his sonne, Cardinall
Pandolph, Legate, and *Constance*

Phil What, euery man attacht with this mishap?
Why frowne you so, why droop ye Lords of Fraunce?
Me thinkes it differs from a warlike minde,
To lowre it for a checke or two of Chaunce
Had Lymoges escapt the bastards spight,
A little sorrow might haue serude our losse
Braue Austria, heauen ioyes to haue thee there

Card His sowle is safe and free from Purgatorie,
Our holy Father hath dispenst his sinnes,
The blessed Saints haue heard our Orisons,
And all are Mediators for his soule,
And in the right of these most holy warres,
His Holinese free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gamst English heretiques,
Who stand accursed in our mother Church

Enter *Constance* alone

Phil To aggrauate the measure of our grieve,
All malecontent comes *Constance* for her Sonne
Be breefe good madame, for your face imports
A tragick tale behinde thats yet vntolde,
Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,

Deepe sorrow throbbe misbefalne euent,
Out with it Ladie, that our Act may end
A full Catastrophe of sad laments

Cons My tongue is tunde to storne forth mishap
When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale?
Must Constance speake? let teares preuent her talke
Must I discourse? let Dido sigh and say,
She weepes againe to heare the wracke of Troy
Two words will serue, and then my tale is done
Elnors proud brat hath robd me of my Sonne

Lewes Haue patience Madame, this is chaunce of
warre

He may be ransomde, we reuenge his wrong

Cons Be it ner so soone, I shall not liue so long

Phil Despaire not yet, come Constance, goe with
me,

These clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe.

[Exeunt.

Card Now Lewes, thy fortune buds with happie
spring,

Our holy Fathers prayers effecteth this
Arthur is safe, let Iohn alone with him,
Thy title next is fairst to Englands crowne
Now sturre thy Father to begin with Iohn,
The Pope sayes I, and so is Albion thine

Lewes Thankes my Loid Legat for your good
concept,

'Tis best we follow now the game is faire,
My Father wants to worke him your good words

Card A few will serue to forward him in this,
Those shal not want, but lets about it then [Exeunt

Enter *Philip* leading a Friar, charging him show
where the Abbots golde lay.

Phil. Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer,
but shew me where the Abbots treasure lyes, or die.

Frier Benedicamus Domini, was euer such an iniurie?

Sweete S Withold of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,

And heare vs for S Charitie, oppressed with austeritie

In nomine Domini, make I my homilie,

Gentle gentilitie grieue not the cleargie

Phil Grey-gownd good face, coniure ye,

 nere trust me for a groate

If this waste girdle hang thee not

 that gudeth in thy coate

Now balde and barefoote Bungie buds,

 when vp the gallowes climbing,

Say Philip he had words inough,

 to put you downe with ryming,

Frier O pardon, *O parce*, S Fiauncis for mercie,

Shall shield thee from nightspels, and dreaming of duells,

If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me,

With fasting and praying, and *Haile Marie* saying,

From black Purgatorie, a penance right some

Frier Thomas will warme you,

It shall neuer harme you

Phil Come leaue off your rabble,

Sirs, hang vp this lozell

2 *Frier* For charitie I beg his life,

 Saint Francis chiefest Frier,

The best in all our couent Sir,

 to keepe a Winters fier

O strangle not the good olde man,

 My hostesse oldest guest,

And I will bring you by and by

 Vnto the Priors chest.

Phil. I, saist thou so, & if thou wilt the Frier is at libertie,

If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for companie.

Frier Come hether, this is the chest, though simple
 to behold,
 That wanteth not a thousand pound in siluer and in
 gold
 My selfe will wairant full so much, I know the Abbots
 store,
 Ile pawne my life there is no lesse, to haue what ere
 is more
Phil I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy share
 shall come,
 But if there want of full so much, thy neck shall pay
 the sum
 Breake vp the Coffer, *Frier*
Frier Oh I am vndun, faire Alice the Nun
 Hath tooke vp her rest in the Abbots chest
Sancte benedicte, pardon my simplicitie
 Fie Alice, confession will not salue this transgression.
Phil What haue wee here, a holy Nun? so keepe
 mee God in health,
 A smooth facte Nunne (for ought I knowe) is all the
 Abbots wealth
 Is this the Nonries chastitie?
 Beshrewe me but I thinke
 They go as oft to Venery as niggards to their
 drinke,
 Why paltry *Frier* and *Pandar* too, ye shamelesse shauen
 crowne,
 Is this the chest that held a hoord,
 at least a thousand pound?
 And is the hoord a holy whore?
 Well, be the hangman nimble,
 Hee'le take the paine to paye you home,
 and teach you to dissemble
Nunne O spare the *Frier Anthony*,
 a beggar neuer was
 To sing a *Dirige* solemnly,
 or read a morning masse

If money be the meanes of this,
 I know an ancient Nunne,
 That hath a hoord these seuen yeares,
 did neuer see the sunne ,
 And that is yours, and what is ours,
 so fauour now be shown,
 You shall commaund as commonly,
 as if it were your owne

Frier Your honour excepted

Nunne I Thomas, I meane so

Phil From all saue from Friers

Nunne Good sir, doo not think so

Phil I thinke and see so

why how camst thou heie ?

Frier To hide here from lay men

Nunne Tis true sir, for feare

Phil For feai of the laytie a pitifull dred

When a Nunne flies for succour to a fat Friers
 bed

But now for your ransome my Cloyster-bred Conney,
 To the chest that you speake of where lyes so much
 money

Nunne, Faue sir, within this presse, of plate &
 money is

The valew of a thousand markes, and othei things
 by gis

Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours sir, now you
 know it

Phil Come on sir Frier, pick the locke, this geere
 dooth cotton hansome,

That couetousnes so cunningly must pay y^e letchers
 ransom

What is in the hoord ?

Frier Frier Laurence my Lord, now holy water
 help vs,

Some witch or some diuell is sent to delude vs

Haud credo *Laurentius*, that thou shouldst be pend thus

In the presse of a Nun we are all vndone,
 And brought to discredence if thou be Friar Laurence
Frier Amor vincit omnia, so Cato affirmeth,
 And therefore a Frier whose fancie soone burneth,
 Because he is mortall and made of mould,
 He omits what he ought, and doth more than he
 should

Phil How goes this geere? the Friers chest filde
 with a sausen Nunne
 The Nunne again lockes Friar vp,
 to keep him from the Sun
 Belike the press is Purgatorie,
 or penance passing grieuous
 The Friers chest a hel for Nunnes!
 how doo these dolts deceive us?
 Is this the labour of their lues, to feede and lue at
 ease?

To reuell so lasciuiously as often as they please?
 Ile mend the fault or fault my ayme,
 if I do misse amending,
 'Tis better burn the Cloisters down,
 than leaue them for offending
 But holy you, to you I speake,
 to you religious duell,
 Is this the presse that holds the summe,
 to quite you for your euill?

Nunne I crie *Peccavi, parce me*,
 good Sir I was beguild

Frier Absolue Su for charitie,
 she would bee reconcilde

Phil And so I shall, sirs binde them fast,
 this is their absolution,
 go hang them vp for hurting them,
 haste them to execution

Fr Lawrence *O tempus edax rerum*,
 Grue children bookes they teare them
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *ætatis*

At threescore wel-neere, to goe to this geere,
 To my conscience a clog, to dye like a dog
Exaudi me Domine, si vis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam
 To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
 A hundred pounds sterling, for my lues sparing

Enter *Peter* a Prophet, with people

Peter Hoe, who is here? S Frauncis be your speed,
 Come in my flock, and follow me,
 your fortunes I will reed
 Come hether boy, goe get thee home,
 and clime not ouer hie,
 For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt
 die

Boy God be with you Peter, I pray you come to
 our house a Sunday

Peter My boy show me thy hand, blesse thee my
 boy,
 For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to
 dwell,
 But thou shalt scape them all, and doo full well

Boy I thanke you Peter, theres a cheese for your
 labor my sister prayes ye to come home, & tell hei
 how many husbands she shall haue, and shee'l giue
 you a rib of bacon.

Peter My masters, stay at the towns end for me
 Ile come to you all anon I must dispatch some
 busines with a Frier, and then Ile read your fortunes

Phil How now, a Prophet! Sir prophet whence
 are ye?

Peter I am of the world and in the world, but lue
 not as others, by the world what I am I know, and
 what thou wilt be I know If thou knowest me now,
 be answered - if not, enquire no more what I am

Phil Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knaue,

that deludes the people with blinde prophecies you are him I looke for, you shall away with me bring away all the rabble, and you Frier Laurence, remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and the rest come on Sir Prophet, you shall with me, to receiue a Prophets rewarde [Exeunt

Enter *Hubert de Burgh* with three men

Hub My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt, I perceiue by your heaue countenances, you had rather be otherwise employed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choyce of some other executioner onely this is my comfort, that a King commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default Therefore in brieft, leaue me, and be readie to attend the aduenture stay within that entry, and when you hear me crie, God save the King, issue sodainly forth, lay handes on Arthur, set him in his chayre, wherein (once fast bound) leaue him with me to finish the rest

Attendants We goe, though loath [Exeunt

Hub My Lord, will it please your Honoui to take the benefite of the faire euening?

Enter *Arthur* to *Hubert de Burgh*

Arth Gramercie Hubert for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly known,
The ioy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not loose the pleasure of the eye
But tell me curteous Keeper if you can,
How long the King will haue me tarrie here

Hub I know not Prince, but as I gesse, not long.
God send you freedome, and God saue the King
[They issue forth.

Arth Why now sirs, what may this outrage meane?
O help me Hubert, gentle Keeper helpe,
God send this sodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reauē a wretched guiltless life

Hub So sirs, depart, and leaue the rest for me

Arth Then Arthur yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? Good Hubert plead the case

Hub Patience yong Lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmfull and harsh, hellis horror to be heard
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue
I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound

Arth What, must I die?

Hub No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and must vnluckie fate
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest

Arth Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of
feare,

Tis hell, tis horior, not for one to heare
What is it man if needes be don,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gon

Hub. I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand
My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office haue at once denide
Peruse this Letter, lines of treble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know

Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest
our quiet in minde, and the estate of our person,
that presently vpon the receipt of our commaund,
thou put out the eies of Arthur Plantaginet

Arth. Ah monstrous damned man! his very breath
infects the elements
Contagious venyme dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.

Unreuerent may I be to blame the heauens
 Of great iniustice, that the miscreant
 Liues to oppresse the innocents with wrong
 Ah Hubert ¹ makes he thee his instrument,
 To sound the tromp that causeth hell triumph?
 Heaven weepes, the Saints do shed celestiall teares,
 They feare thy fall, and cyte thee with remorse,
 They knock thy conscience, moouing pitie there,
 Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell
 Hell, Hubert, trust me all the plagues of hell
 Hangs on performance of this damned deede
 This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
 Ensureth Satan chieftaine of thy soule
 Subscribe not Hubert, giue not Gods part away,
 I speake not only for eyes priuiledge,
 The chiefe exterior that I would enioy
 But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
 Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eyes vaine lack :
 A cause internall, and eternall too
 Aduise thee Hubert, for the case is hard,
 To loose saluation for a Kings reward

Hub My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
 Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund

Arth Yet God commands whose power reacheth
 further,

That no commaund should stand in force to murder

Hub But that same Essence hath ordained a law,
 A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe

Arth I pleade, not guiltie, treasonlesse and free

Hub But that appeale, my Lord, concernes not
 me

Arth Why thou art he that maist omit the perill

Hub I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.

Arth His quarrell is vnhalloved false and wrong

Hub Then be the blame to whom it doth belong

Arth Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
 Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.

Hub Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Iudges doomes must be reputed doubtfull

Arth. Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and
time,

The offender is conuicted of the crime

Hub My Lord, my Loid, this long expostulation,

Heapes vp more grieve, than promise of redresse,
For this I know, and so resolute I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so

Arth Then doo thy charge, and charged be thy
soule

With wrongfull persecution done this day
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
I doo behold with eyes that Nature lent
Send forth the terror of your Moouers frowne,
To wreake my wrong vpon the murderers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to mee)
Be darke and dreffull guerdon for their guylt,
And let the black tormenters of deepe Tartary
Upbraide them with this damned enterprise,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not Hubert, my orisons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reauce me of my sight :
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortal stab.

Constance farewell, tormenter come away,
Make my dispatch the Tyrants feasting day

Hub I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist
Faint did I say? fear was it that I named
My King commaunds, that warrant sets me free .
But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings,
That great Commaunder counterchecks my charge,
He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart

Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
 Cheere thee young Lord, thou shalt not loose an
 eye,

Though I should purchase it with losse of life
 Ile to the King, and say his will is done,
 And of the langor tell him thou art dead,
 Goe in with me, for Hubert was not borne
 To blinde those lampes that nature pollisht so

Arth Hubert, if euer Arthur be in state,
 Looke for amends of this receued gift,
 I tooke my eyesight by thy curtesie,
 Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate
 But now procrastination may offend
 The issue that thy kindness vndertakes
 Depart we, Hubert, to preuent the worst [Exeunt

Enter K John, Essex, Salisbury, Penbrooke

John Now warlike followers, resteth ought vn-
 done

That may impeach vs of fond ouersight?
 The French haue felt the temper of our swords,
 Cold terror keepes possession in their sowles,
 Checking their ouerdaring arrogance
 For buckling with so great an ouermatch,
 The Arche prowde titled Priest of Italy,
 That calls himselfe grand Vicar vnder God,
 Is busied now with trentall obsequies,
 Masse and months minde, dirge and I know not
 what,

To ease their sowles in painefull purgatory,
 That haue miscarried in these bloudy warres
 Heard you not, Lords, when first his Holmes
 Had tidings of our small account of him,
 How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes,
 He urgde a reason why the English asse
 Disdaignd the blessed ordinance of Rome?

The title (reuerently might I inferre)
 Became the Kings that earst haue borne the load,
 The slaush weight of that controlling Priest
 Who at his pleasure temperd them like waxe
 To carrie armes on danger of his curse,
 Banding their sowles with warrants of his hand
 I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages past
 (Simply deuoted to the Sea of Rome)
 Haue run into a thousand acts of shame
 But now for confirmation of our State,
 Sith we haue proynd the more than needfull branch
 That did oppresse the true wel-growing stock,
 It resteth we throughout our Territories
 Be reproclaimed and inuested King

Pemb My Liege, that were to busie men with
 doubts,
 Once were you crownd, proclaimd, and with ap-
 plause
 Your Cite streetes haue ecchoed to the eare,
 God saue the King, God saue our Soueraigne Iohn,
 Pardon my feare, my censure doth infer
 Your Highnes not deposde from Regall State,
 Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
 What it should meane to haue you crownd againe
Iohn, Pembroke, performe what I haue bid thee
 doo,
 Thou knowst not what induceth me to this.
 Essex goe in, and Lordings all begon
 About this taske, I will be crownd anon

Enter the Bastard

Philip what newes, how doo the Abbots chests?
 Are Friers fatter than the Nunnes are faire?
 What cheere with Churchmen, had they golde or
 no?
 Tell me, how hath thy office tooke effect?

Phil My Lord, I haue performd your Highnes charge

The ease bred Abbots, and the bare-foote Friers,
The Monkes, the Priors, and holy cloystred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth
Till I had tythde and tolde their holy hoords
I doubt not when your Highnes sees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride

John Why so, now sorts it Philip as it should
This small intrusion into Abbey trunks,
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,
Curse, ban, and breath out damned orisons,
As thick as hailestones fore the Springs approach
But yet as harmeles and without effect,
As is the eccho of a Cannons crack
Dischargd against the battlements of heauen
But what newes else befell there Philip?

Bast Strange newes my Lord within your territories
Nere Pomfret is a Prophet new sprong vp,
Whose diuination volleys wonders forth
To him the Commons throng with Countrey gifts,
He sets a date vnto the Beldames death,
Prescribes how long the Virgins state shall last,
Distinguisheth the moouing of the heauens,
Gives limits vnto holy nuptiall rytes,
Foretellethe famne, aboundeth plentie forth
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With such assurance, scruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,
Or kept a Register of all the Destinies

John Thou telst me meruailes, would thou hadst
brought the man,
We might haue questiond him of things to come

Bast My Lord, I tooke a care of had I wist,
And brought the Prophet with me to the Court,
He stayes my Lord but at the Presence doore
Pleaseth your Highnes, I will call him in.

John Nay stay awhile, wee'l haue him here anon,
A thing of weight is first to be performd

Enter the Nobles and crowne King *John*, and then
cry God save the king

John Loidings and friends supporters of our State
Admire not at this vnaccustomd course,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours
Once ere this time was I inuested King,
Your fealtie sworne as Liegmen to our state
Once since that time ambitious weeds haue sprung
To stame the beauty of our garden plot
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made sunshine chase the storme
After the which, to try your constancie,
That now I see is worthie of your names,
We craude once more your helps for to inuest us
Into the right that envie sought to wrack
Once was I not deposde, your former choyce ,
Now twice been crowned and applauded King?
Your cheered action to install me so,
Infers assured witnes of your loues,
And binds me ouer in a Kingly care
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full
But thanks the while, thanks Lordings to you all
Aske me and vse me, try me and finde me yours.

Essex A boon my Lord, at vauntage of your
words

We ask to guerdon all our loyalties

Pemb We take the time your Highnes bids vs
aske

Please it you graunt, you make your promise good,
With lesser losse than one superfluous haire
That not remembred falleth from your head.

John My word is past, receiue your boone my
Lords,

What may it be? Aske it, and it is yours

Essex We craue my Loid to please the Commons
with

The liberty of Lady Constance Sonne
Whose durance darkeneth your Highnes right,
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue
Dismisse him hence, your Highnes needes not
feare,

Twice by consent you are proclaimed our King

Pemb This if you graunt, were all vnto your good
For simple people muse you keepe him close

John Your words haue searcht the center of my
thoughts,

Confirming wariant of your loyalties,
Dismisse your counsell, sway my state,
Let Iohn doo nothing, but by your consents
Why how now Philip, what extasie is this?
Why casts thou vp thy eyes to heauen so?

[There the five Moones appeare

Bast See, my Lord, strange apparitions,
Glauncing mine eye to see the Diadem
Placte by the Bishops on your Highnes head,
From foorth a gloomie cloude, which courtainelike
Displaide it selfe, I sodainly espied
Foue Moones reflecting, as you see them now
Euen in the moment that the Crowne was placte
Can they appeare, holding the course you see

John What might portend these apparitions,
Unvsuall signes, forerunners of euent,
Presagers of strange terror to the world
Beleeue me Lords, the obiect feares me much
Philip thou toldst me of me of wizzard late,
Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

Pemb The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,

When with prodigious vnaccustomd signes
 They spot their superficies with such wonder
Essex Before the ruines of Ierusalem,
 Such Meteors were the Ensignes of his wrath,
 That hastned to destroy the faultfull Towne

Enter the Bastard with the prophet

John Is this the man ?

Bast It is my Lord

John Prophet of Pomfret, for so I heare thou art,
 That calculatst of many things to come
 Who by a power repleate with heauenly gifte,
 Canst blab the counsell of thy Makers will
 If fame be true, or truth be wrongd by thee,
 Decide in cyphering, what these fiue Moones
 Portend this Clyme, if they presage at all
 Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to see
 Thy diuination take a true effect,
 Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men

Peter The Skies wherein these Moones have
 residence,
 Presenteth Rome the great Metropolis,
 Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe
 Fowre of the Moones present fowre Provinces,
 To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and France,
 That beare the yoke of proud commaunding Rome,
 And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.
 The smallest Moone that whirls about the rest,
 Impatient of the place he holds with them,
 Doth figure foorth this Island Albion,
 Who gins to scorne the See and State of Rome,
 And seekes to shun the Edicts of the Pope
 This shoves the heauen, and this I doo auerre
 Is figured in the apparitions

John. Why then it seemes the heauens smile on us,
 Giving applause for leauing of the Pope

But for they chaunce in ouir Meridian,
Doo they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this clyme?

Peter The Moones effect no more than what I
said

But on some other knowledge that I haue
By my prescience, ere Ascension day
Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height,
Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignitie,
Thou shalt be cleane dispoyle and dispossessed

John False Dreamer, perish with thy witched
newes,

Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies
If it be true, die for thy tidings price,
If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose
Hence with the witch, hells damned secretarie
Lock him vp sure, for by my faith I sweare,
True or not true, the Wizzard shall not lue
Before Ascension day. who shall be cause hereof?
Cut off the cause, and then the effect will dye
Tut, tut, my mercie serves to maime my selfe,
The roote doth lue, from whence these thornes
spring vp,

I and my promise past for his deliuery
Frowne friends, faile faith, the duell goe withall,
The brat shall dye, that terrifies me thus
Pembroke and Essex, I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your fauours with my feare
Nay murmur not, my will is law enough,
I love you well, but if I lou'de you better,
I would not buy it with my discontent

Enter *Hubert*

How now, what newes with thee?

Hub According to your Highnes strict commaund,
Young Arthurs eyes are blinded and extinct.

John Why so, then he may feele the crowne, but
never see it

Hub Nor see nor feele, for of the extreame paine,
Within one hower gaue he vp the ghost

John What is he dead?

Hub. He is my Lord

John Then with him dyes my cares

Essex Now 1oy betide thy soule

Pemb And heauens reuenge thy death

Essex What haue you done my Lord? was euer
heard

A deede of more inhumane consequence?
Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge
Unkindly rage, more rough than Northern winde,
To chip the beautie of so sweete a flower
What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,
When kinsman dyes without impeach of cause,
As you haue done, so come to cheere you with,
The guilt shall neuer be cast in my teeth [Exeunt

John And are you gone? the diuell be your guide.
Proud Rebels as ye are, to braue me so
Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,
That shall haue passage through your traitious throats
But husht, breathe not buggs words too soone abroad,
Least time preuent the issue of thy reach.
Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes.
But while he liued, the danger was the more,
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
Why all is one, such luck shall haunt his game,
To whome the diuell owes an open shame
His life a foe that leueld at my Crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
Who liuing aymed shrowdly at my roome
But to preuent that plea, twice was I crownd,

Twice did my subiects sweare me fealtie,
 And in my conscience lou'de me as their liege,
 In whose defence they would haue pawnd their lues.
 But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,
 A tragick Tyrant, sterne and pitiles,
 And not a title followes after Iohn,
 But Butcher, blood-sucker, and murtherer
 What Planet gouernde my natiuitie,
 To bode me soueraigne types of high estate,
 So interlacte with hellish discontent,
 Wherein fell furie hath no interest?
 Curst be the Crowne, chiefe author of my care,
 Nay curst my will, that made the Crowne my care
 Curst be my birthday, curst ten times the wombe
 That yeelded me alhue into the world.

Art thou there villaine, Furies haunt thee still,
 For killing him whom all the world laments

Hub Why heres my Lord your Highnes hand & seale,
 Charging on lues regard to doo the deede

Iohn Ah dull conceipted peazant, knowst thou not
 It was a damned execrable deede?

Showst me a seale? Oh villaine, both our soules
 Haue sold their freedome to the thrall of hell
 Under the warrant of that cursed Seale
 Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell
 That I am comming for a kingdome there

Hub My Lord, attend the happie tale I tell,
 For heauens health send Sathan packing hence
 That instigates your Highnes to despaire
 If Arthurs death be dismall to be heard,
 Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth
 He lues my Lord, the sweetest youth alhue,
 In health, with eysight, not a hair amisse.
 This hart tooke vigor from this froward hand,
 Making it weake to execute your charge.

Iohn What, lues he! Then sweete hope come
 home agen,

Chase hence despaire, the purueyor for hell
Hye Hubert, tell these tidings to my Lords
That throb in passions for yong Arthurs death
Hence Hubert, stay not till thou hast reueald
The wished newes of Arthurs happy health
I go my selfe, the ioyfulst man alieue
To stoie out this new supposed crime. [Exeunt.

THE ENDE OF THE FIRST PART

The
Second part of the
troublesome Raigne of King
John, containing the death
of Arthur Plantaginet,
the landing of Lewes, and
the poysoning of King
John at Swinstead
Abbey

As it was (sundry times) publively acted by the
Queenes Maiesties Players, in the ho-
nourable Cite of

LONDON

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

*The changeles purpose of determnide Fate
Gives period to our care, or harts content
When heauens fixt time for this or that hath end
Nor can earths pomp or policie preuent
The doome ordained in their secret will*

*Gentles we left King John replete with blisse
That Arthur liude, whom he supposed slaine,
And Hubert posting to returne those Lords,
Who deemd him dead, and parted discontent
Arthur himselfe begins our latter Act
Our Act of outrage, desperate furie, death,
Wherein fond rashness murdereth first a Prince,
And Monkes falsnes poysoneth last a King
First Scene shews Arthurs death in infancie,
And last concludes Johns fatall tragedie*



*The Troublesome Raigne of
King Iohn.*

THE SECOND PART



Enter yong *Arthur* on the walls

NOW helpe good hap to further mine entent,
Crosse not my youth with any more extreames
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end
Feare gins dissuade the strength of my resolute,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no question death is next
Better desist, and lue in prison still
Prison said I? nay, rather death than so
Comfort and courage come againe to me,
Ile venter sure . tis but a leape for life

He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from
his traunce, speakes thus

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.
Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?
Ay me poore Arthur, I am here alone
Why cald I mother, how did I forget?

My fall, my fall, hath kilde my Motheis sonne
 How will she weepe at tidings of my death?
 My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst
 Sweet Jesu saue my soule, foigieue my rash attempt,
 Comfort my Mother, shield her from despaire,
 When she shall heare my tragick ouerthrowe
 My heart controules the office of my tooenge,
 My vitall powers forsake my brused trunck,
 I dye I dye, heauen take my fleeting soule,
 And Lady Mother all good hap to thee. [He dies

Enter Penbrooke, Salisbury, Essex

Essex. My Loids of Pembroke and of Salisbury,
 We must be carefull in our policie,
 To vndermine the keepers of this place,
 Else shall we neuer find the princes graue

Penb My Loid of Essex, take no care for that,
 I warrant you it was not closely done
 But who is this? lo Lords the withered flowre,
 Who in his life shin'de like the Mornings blush,
 Cast out a doore, denide his buriall right,
 A pray for birds and beasts to gorge vpon

Sals O ruthfull spectacle! O damned deede!
 My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleede.

Essex Leaue childish teares brave Lords of England,
 If waterfloods could fetch his life againe,
 My eyes should conduit foorth a sea of teares
 If sobbs would helpe, or sorrowes serue the turne,
 My heart should volie out deepe piercing plants.
 But bootlesse were't to breath as many sighes
 As might ecclipse the brightest Sommers sunne,
 Heere rests the helpe, a seruice to his ghost.
 Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,
 Liue to triumph in ruthfull massacres,
 Giue hand and hart, and Englishmen to armes,
 Tis Gods decree to wreake vs of these harmes

Pemb The best aduice • But who commes posting
heere?

Enter Hughbert

Right noble Lords, I speake vnto you all,
The King entreates your soonest speed
To visit him, who on your present want,
Did ban and curse his birth, himselfe and me,
For executing of his strict commaund
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
Assuade him of his cousins being safe,
Whome pitie would not let me doo to death
He craues you company my Lords in haste,
To whome I will conduct young Arthur streight,
Who is in health vnder my custodie

Essex In health base villaine, wert not I leaue the
crime

To Gods reuenge, to whome reuenge belongs,
Heere shouldst thou perish on my Rapires point
Cal'st thou this health? such health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition

Hugh My Lords, but heare me speake, & kil me
then,

If heere I left not this yong Prince alue,
Maugre the hastie Edict of the King,
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes
That God that gaue me liuing to this howre,
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place
And as I tendred him with earnest loue,
So God loue me, and then I shall be well

Sals Hence traytor hence, thy counesel is hereein
[Exit Hughbert]

Some in this place appoynted by the King,
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,
And sure the murther hath bin newly done,
For yet the body is not fully colde

Essex How say you Lords, shal we with speed
dispatch

Vnder our hands a packet into Fraunce,
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force,
To claime the Kingdome for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto
Besides, the Pope, on perill of his curse,
Hath bard vs of obedience vnto Iohn,
This hatefull murder, Lewis his true descent,
The holy charge that we receiu'd from Rome,
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reede,
To make vs all perseuer in this deede

Pemb My lord of Essex, well haue you aduis'de,
I will accord to further you in this

Sals And Salisbury will not gainsay the same
But aid that course as far forth as he can

Essex Then each of vs send straight to his allyes
To winne them to this famous enterprise
And let vs all yclad in Palmers weede,
The tenth of April at Saint Edmonds Bury
Meete to confer, and on the Altar there
Sweare secrecie and aid to this aduise
Meane while, let vs conueigh this body hence,
And gue him buriall, as befits his state,
Keeping his months minde, and his obsequies
With solemne intercession for his soule
How say you Lordings, are you all agreed?

Pemb The tenth of Aprill at Saint Edmunds Bury,
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Essex Then let vs all conuey the body hence

[Exeunt

Enter *King Iohn*, with two or three, and the Prophet

Iohn Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange Prophecies of imminent mishaps,

Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
 That euery object these mine eyes behold,
 Seeme instruments to bring me to my end
 Ascension day is come, Iohn feare not then
 The prodigies this pratling Prophet threatens.
 Tis come indeede ah were it fully past,
 Then were I careles of a thousand feares
 The Diall tells me, it is twelue at noone
 Were twelue at midnight past, then might I vaunt,
 False seers prophecies of no import
 Could I as well with this right hand of mine
 Remove the Sunne from our Meridian,
 Unto the moonsted circle of th' antipodes,
 As turne this steele from twelue to twelue agen,
 Then Iohn, the date of fatall prophecies,
 Should with the Prophets life together end
 But *Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra*
 Peter, vnsay thy foolish doting dreame,
 And by the Crowne of *England* heere I sweare,
 To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin

Peter King Iohn, although the time I haue pre-
 scribed

Be but twelue houres remayning yet behinde,
 Yet do I know by inspiration,
 Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
 King Iohn shall not be King as heeretofore

Iohn Uain buzzard, what mischaunce can chaunce
 so soone,

To set a King beside his regall Seate?
 My heart is good, my body passing strong,
 My Land in peace, my enemies subdew'd,
 Only my Barons storme at Arthurs death,
 But Arthur liues, I there the challenge growes,
 Were he dispatcht vnto his longest home,
 Then were the King secure of thousand foes
 Hubert, what news with thee, where are my Lords?

Hub. Hard newes my Lord, Arthur the louely Prince,

Seeking to escape ouer the Castle walles,
 Fell headlong downe, and in the cursed fall
 He brake his bones, and there before the gate
 Your Barons found him dead, and breathlesse quite

John Is Arthur dead? then Hubert without more
 words hang the Prophet

Away with Peter, villen out of my sight,
 I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word
 Now Iohn, thy feares are vanisht into smoake,
 Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death
 Sweet Youth, but that I strued for a Crowne,
 I could haue well afforded to thine age,
 Long life, and happines to thy content

Enter the Bastard

John Philip what newes with thee?

Bas The newes I heard was Peters prayers,
 Who wisht like fortune to befall vs all
 And with that word, the rope his latest friend,
 Kept him from falling headlong to the ground

John There let him hang, and be the Rauens food,
 While Iohn triumphs in spight of Prophecies
 But whats the tidings from the Popelings now?
 What say the Monkes and Priests to our proceedings?
 Or where's the Barons that so sodainly
 Did leaue the King vpon a false surmise?

Bas The Prelates storme & thirst for sharpe
 reuenge
 But please your Majestie, were that the worst,
 Is little skild: a greater danger growes,
 Which must be weeded out by carefull speede,
 Or all is lost, for all is leueld at

John. More frights and feares! what ere thy tid-
 ings be,
 I am preparede: then Philip, quickly say,
 Meane they to murder, or imprison me,

To giue my CLOWNE away to Rome or Fraunce,
Or will they each of them become a King?
Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be

Bast Not worse my Lord, but euerie whit as bad
The nobles have elected Lewis King,
In right of Ladie Blanch, your Neece, his Wife
His landing is expected euery hower
The Nobles, Commons, Cleigie, all Estates,
Incited chiefly by the *Cardinall*,
Pandulph that lies here Legate for the Pope,
Thinks long to see their new elected King
And for vndoubted prooffe, see here my Liege,
Letters to me from your Nobilitie,
To be a partie in this action
Who vnder shew of fained holines,
Appoynt their meeting at S Edmonds Bury
There to consult, conspire, and conclude
The ouerthrow and downfall of your State

Ioan Why so it must be one hower of content,
Matcht with a month of passionate effects
Why shines the Sunne to favour this consort?
Why doo the windes not breake their brazen gates,
And scatter all these periured complices,
With all their counsells, and their damned drifts?
But see the welkin rolleth gently on,
Theres not a lowring clowde to frowne on them,
The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all,
Conspire with those confederates my decay
Then hell for me, if any power be there,
Forsake that place, and guide me step by step,
To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps
These traitors oh that name is too good for them,
And death is easie is there nothing worse,
To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew?
What saist thou Philip? why assists thou not?

Bast These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season
Help must descend from heauen against this treason?

John Nay thou wilt prooue a traitor with the rest,
Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all

Bast I would be loath to leaue your Highnes
thus,

Yet you command, and I, though grieu'd, will goe

John Ah Philip, whither goest thou? come againe

Bast My Lord, these motions are as passions of a
mad man

John A mad man Philip, I am mad indeed,

My hart is mazd, my senses all foredone

And Iohn of *England* now is quite vndone

Was euer King as I opprest with cares?

Dame Ehanor my noble Mother Queene,

My onely hope and comfort in distresse,

Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,

And I am interdicted by the Pope,

All churches curst, their doores are sealed vp,

And for the pleasure of the Romish Priest,

The seruice of the Highest is neglected,

The multitude (a beast of many heads)

Doo with confusion to their Soueraigne.

The Nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,

Assemble powers to beat mine Empire downe,

And more than this, elect a forren King

O *England*, wert thou euer miserable,

King Iohn of *England* sees thee miserable

Iohn, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,

Quic quid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achui

Philip, as thou hast euer loude thy King,

So show it now post to S Edmonds Bury,

Dissemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,

Confound their diuellish plots, and damned deuises

Though Iohn be faultie, yet let subiects beare,

He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs

A Mother though she were vnnaturall,

Is better than the kindest Stepdame is

Let neuer Englishman trust foraine rule

Then Philip shew thy fealtie to thy King,
 And mongst the Nobles plead thou for the King
Bast I goe my lord see how he is distraught,
 This is the cursed Priest of Italy
 Hath heapt these mischiefes on this haplesse Land
 Now, Philip, hadst thou Tullyes eloquence,
 'Then mightst thou hope to plead with good successe

[Exit

John And art thou gone? successe may follow
 thee

Thus hast thou shewd thy kindnes to thy King
 Sirra, in hast goe greete the Cardinall,
 Pandulph I meane, the Legate from the Pope
 Say that the King desires to speake with him
 Now Iohn bethinke thee how thou maist resolute
 And if thou wilt continue Englands King,
 Then cast about to keep thy Diadem,
 For life and land, and all is leueld at
 'The Pope of Rome, tis he that is the cause,
 He curseth thee, he sets thy subiects free
 From due obedience to their Soueraigne
 He animates the Nobles in their warres,
 He giues away the Crowne to Philips Sonne,
 And pardons all that seeke to murder thee
 And thus blind zeale is still predominant
 'Then Iohn there is no way to keepe thy Crowne,
 But finely to dissemble with the Pope
 That hand that gaue the wound must giue the salue
 To cure the hurt, els quite incurable
 Thy sinnes are faire too great to be the man
 T'abolish Pope, and Poperie from thy Realme
 But in thy seate, if I may gesse at all,
 A King shall raigne that shall suppress them all
 Peace Iohn, here comes the Legate of the Pope,
 Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou saist,
 Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter *Pandulph*

Pand Now Iohn, vnworthie man to breath on
earth,
That dost oppugne against thy Mother Church
Why am I sent foi to thy cursed selfe?

Iohn Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,
The holy Vicar of S Peters Chuich,
Upon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,
And doo submit me to the Sea of Rome,
And vow for penaunce of my high offence,
To take on me the holy Crosse of Christ,
And carry Armes in holy Christian warres

Pand No Iohn, thy crowching and dissembling
thus
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credit thee
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curst without redemption

Iohn Accurst indeed to kneele to such a drudge,
And get no help with thy submission,
Unsheath thy sword, and sley the misprowd Priest,
That thus triumphs ore thee a mighty King
No Iohn, submit againe, dissemble yet,
For Priests and Women must be flattered
Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know,
No time to late for sinners to repent,
Absolue me then, and Iohn doth sweare to doo
The vttermost what euer thou demaundst

Pand Iohn, now I see thy harty penitence,
I rew and pittie thy distrest estate,
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
And only one which I shall shew to thee
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome
Thy Crowne and Diademe, then shall the Pope
Defend thee from th' inuasion of thy foes
And where his Holinesse hath kindled Fraunce,

And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
That seeke the discontentment of the King

John From bad to woorse, or I must loose my
realme,

Or giue my Crowne for penance vnto Rome
A miserie more piercing than the darts
That breake from burning exhalations power
What? shall I giue my Crowne with this right hand?
No with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee
What newes with thee?

Enter Messenger.

Please it your maestie, there is discried on the
Coast of Kent an hundred Sayle of Ships, which of
all men is thought to be the French fleete, vnder the
conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puts the Countrie
in a mutinie, so they send to your Grace for succour

K John How now Lord Cardinall, whats your
best aduise?

These mutinies must be allayd in time,
By pollicy or headstrong rage at least
O Iohn, these troubles tyie thy wearyed soule,
And like to Luna in a sad Eclipse,
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes
Well may it be, when Kings are griued so,
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthiow

Card K John, for not effecting of thy plighted
vow,

This strange annoyance happens to thy land
But yet be reconcild vnto the Church,
And nothing shall be grieuous to thy state

John Oh Pandulph, be it as thou hast decreed,
Iohn will not spurne against thy sound aduise,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
My Realme shall florish, and my Crowne in peace

Enter the Nobles, *Pembrooke, Essex, Chester, Bew-*
champe, Clare, with others

Pemb Now sweet S Edmond holy Saint in heauen,
Whose Shrine is sacied, high esteemd on earth,
Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts
To prosecute this act of mickle waight,
Lord Bewchampe say, what fiends have you procurde

Bewch The L Fitz Water, L Percy, and L Rosse,
Uowd meeting heere this day the leuenth houre

Essex Under the cloke of holie Pilgrimage,
By that same houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing,
Lord Eustace, Vescy, Lord Cressy, and Lord
Mowbrey,

Appointed meeting at S Edmonds Shrine

Pemb Untill their presence, ile conceale my tale,
Sweete complices in holie Christian acts,
That ventuie for the purchase of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolute,
That pawne their bodies for their soules regaid

Essex Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,
In Pilgrims habit comes our holie troupe
A furlong hence, with swift vnwonted pace,
May be they are the persons you expect

Pemb With swift vnwonted gate, see what a thing
is zeale,
That spurrs them on with feruence to this Shrine,
Now ioi come to them for their true intent
And in good time, heere come the warmen all,
That sweate in body by the minds disease
Hap and heartsease braue Lordings be your lot

Enter the Bastard *Philip, &c*

Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that trauell in a Christian cause

Essex Cheerely replied braue braunch of kingly
stock,
A right Plantaginet should reason so
But silence Lords, attend our commings cause
The seruile yoke that payned vs with toyle,
On strong instinct hath framed this conuentickle,
To ease our necks of seruitudes contempt.
Should I not name the foeman of our rest,
Which of you all so barraine in concept
As cannot leuell at the man I meane?
But least Enigma's shadow shining truth,
Plainely to paint, as truth requies no aite
Th' effect of this resort impositeth this,
To roote and cleane extirpate tirant Iohn,
Tirant, I say, appealing to the man,
If any heere that loues him, and I aske,
What kindship, lenitie, or christian raigne,
Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach?
First I inferre the Chesters bannishment
For reprehending him in most vnchristian crimes,
Was speciall notice of a tyrants will
But were this all, the diuill should be saud,
But this the least of many thousand faults,
That circumstance with leisuie might display
Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale
Which now in presence, but for some great cause
Might wish to him as to a mortall foe
But shall I close the period with an acte
Abhorring in the eares of Christian men,
His Cosens death, that sweet vngulty childe,
Untimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
Heere is my proofes, as cleere as grauell brooke,
And on the same I further must inferre,
That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt
To show the which, is yet to be describd
My Lord of Penbrooke, shew what is behinde,

Only I say, that were there nothing else
To mooue us, but the Popes most dreadfull curse,
Whereof we are assured, if we fayle,
It were inough to instigate vs all,
With earnestnesse of spuit, to seeke a meane
To disposseess Iohn of his regiment

Penb Well hath my Lord of Essex tolde his tale,
Which I auer for most substanciall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I say that Lewis in chalenge of his wife,
Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,
To all that longeth to an English crowne
Short tale to make, the Sea Apostolick,
Hath offerd dispensation for the fault
If any be, as trust me none I know,
By planting Lewis in the vsurpers roome
This is the cause of all our presence heere
That on the holy Altar we protest,
To ayde the right of Lewis with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in Armes for England
What say you Lords?

Sal's As Pembroke sayth, affirmeth Salisbury
Faile Lewis of Fraunce that spoused Lady Blanch,
Hath title of an vncontrouled strength
To England, and what longeth to the Crowne,
In right whereof, as we are true informd,
The Prince is marching hitherward in Aimes
Our purpose, to conlude that with a word,
Is to inuest him as we may deuise,
King of our Countrey, in the tyrants stead
And so the warrant on the Altar sworne,
And so the intent for which we hither came.

Bast. My Lord of Salisbury, I cannot couch
My speeches with the needfull words of arte,
As doth beseeme in such a waightie work,
But what my conscience and my dutie will,
I purpose to impart.

For Chesters exile, blame his busie wit,
That medled where his dutie quite forbade
For any priuate causes that you haue,
Me thinke they should not mount to such a height,
As to depose a King in their reuenge
For Arthurs death, King Iohn was innocent,
He desperat was the deathsman to himselfe,
With you, to make a colour to your crime, iniustly do
impute to his default,
But where fell traytorisme hath residence,
There wants no words to set despiht on worke
I say tis shame, and worthy all reproofe,
To wrest such pettie wrongs in tearmes of right,
Against a King annoynted by the Lord
Why Salsburie, admit the wrongs are true,
Yet subiects may not take in hand reuenge,
And rob the heauens of their proper power,
Where sitteth he to whom reuenge belongs
And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride,
Gue charters for the lues of lawfull Kings?
What can he blesse, or who regards his curse,
But such as gue to man, and takes from God?
I speake it in the sight of God aboue,
Theres not a man that dyes in your beliefe,
But sels his soule perpetually to payne
Ayd Lewis, leave God, kill Iohn, please hell,
Make havock of the welfare of your soules,
For heere I leaue you in the sight of heauen,
A troupe of traytors, foode for hellish feends,
If you desist, then follow me as friends,
If not, then doo your worst as hatefull traytors
For Lewis his right, alas tis too too lame,
A senslesse clayme, if truth be titles friend
In briefe, if this be cause of our resort,
Our Pilgrimage is to the Diuils Shrine
I came not Lords to troupe as traytors doo,
Nor will I counsaile in so bad a cause

Please you retuine, wee goe againe as friends,
 If not, I too my King, and you where traytois please
 [Exit

Per A hote yong man, and so my Lords proceed,
 I let him go, and better lost than found

Penb What say you Lords, will all the rest proceed,
 Will you all with me sweare vpon the Altar,
 That you wil to the death, be ayd to Lewis & enemy
 to Iohn?

Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his
 harts accord,

Well then, euery man to armes to meete the King,
 Who is alreadie before London

Enter Messenger

Penb What newes Harriold?

The right Christian Prince my Master, Lewis of
 Fraunce, is at hand, comming to visit your honors,
 directed hether by the right honorable Richard Earle
 of Bigot, to conferre with your Honors

Penb. How neere is his Highnesse?

Mess Ready to enter your presence

Enter *Lewis*, Earle *Bigot*, with his troupe.

Lewes Faire Lords of England, Lewis salutes you
 all

As friends, and firme welwillers of his weale
 At whose request, from plenty flowing Fraunce,
 Crossing the Ocean with a Southern gale,
 He is in Person come at your commaunds,
 To vndertake and gratifie withall,
 The fulnesse of your fauours proffred him
 But worlds braue men, omitting promises,
 Till time be minister of more amends,

I must acquaint you with our fortunes course
 The heauens dewing fauours on my head,
 Haue in their conduct safe with victorie,
 Brought me along your well manured bounds,
 With small repulse, and little crosse of chaunce
 Your Citie Rochester, with great applause,
 By some diuine instinct layd aimes aside
 And from the hollow holes of Thamesis,
 Eccho apace replide, *Vive la roy*
 From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
 To Troynouant, your fayre Metropolis,
 With luck came Lewes, to shew his troupes of Flaunce,
 Waung our Ensignes with the dallying windes,
 The fearefull obiect of fell frowning waire,
 Where after some assault, and small defence,
 Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,
 Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
 Within the compasse of their high built walles,
 Giuing me title, as it seemd they wish
 Thus fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnes,
 Meanes of content, in lieu of former grieve
 And may I liue but to requite you all,
 Worlds wish were mine, in dying noted yours

Salis Welcome the balme that closeth vp our
 wounds,

The soueraigne medicine for our quick recure,
 The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,
 Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,
 Without the which, as sheep without their heaid,
 (Except a shepherd winking at the wolfe)
 We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes
 No meruaile then, though with vnwonted ioy,
 We welcome him that beateth woes away

Lewes Thanks to you all of this religious league,
 A holy knot of Catholique consent
 I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,
 But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,

In generall I promise faithfull loue
 Lord Bigot brought me to S Edmonds shrine,
 Giuing me wariant of a Chustian oath,
 That this assembly came deuoted heere,
 To sweare according as your packets showd,
 Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,
 I neede not doubt the suretie of your wills,
 Since well I know, for many of your sakes,
 The townes haue yeelded on their owne accords
 Yet for a fashion, not for misbeliefe,
 My eyes must witnes, and these eares must heare
 Your oath vpon the holy Altar sworne,
 And after march, to end our commings cause

Salz That we intend no other than good truth,
 All that are present of this holy League,
 For confirmation of ou better trust,
 In presence of his Highnes, sweare with me,
 The sequel that my selfe shall vtter heere

I Thomas Plantaginet, Earle of Salisbury, sweare
 vpon the Altar, and by the holy Armie of Saints,
 homage and allegiance to the right Christian Prince
 Lewes of France, as true and rightfull King to Eng-
 land, Cornwall, & Wales, and to their Territories in
 the defence whereof, I vpon the holy Altars sweare
 all foewardnes [All the Eng Lords sweare

As the noble Earle hath sworne, so sweare we
 all

Lewes I rest assured on your holy oath
 And on this Altar in like sort I sweare
 Loue to you all, and Princely recompence
 To guerdon your good wills vnto the full
 And since I am at this religious Shrine,
 My good welwillers giue us leaue awhile,
 To vse some orisons our selues apart,
 To all the holy companie of heauen,
 That they will smile vpon our purposes,
 And bring them to a fortunate event

Sals We leaue your Highnes to your good intent
[Exeunt Lords of England]

Lewes Now Uicount Meloun, what remaines behinde?

Trust me these traitors to their Soueraigne State,
Are not to be beleuede in any soitt

Meloun Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oaths.

And play the Rebels gainst their native King,
Will for as little cause revolt from you,

If euer opportunitie incite them so
For once forsworne, and neuer after found,

Theres no affiance after periury

Lewes Well Meloun, well, lets smooth with them
awhile.

Untill we haue as much as they can doo

And when their vertue is exhaled drie,

Il hang them for the guerdon of their help

Meane while wee'l vse them as a precious poyson.

To undertake the issue of our hope

Fr Lord Tis policie (my Lord) to bait our hookes
With merry smiles, and promise of much waight

But when your Highnes needeth them no more,

Tis good make sure worke with them, lest indeede

They prooue to you as to then naturall King

Meloun Trust me my Lord, right well haue you
aduise,

Venyme for vse, but neuer for a sport

Is to be dallyed with, least it infect

Were you instald, as soone I hope you shall

Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all

Lewes That so I meane, I sweare before you all

On this same altar, and by heauens power,

Theres not an English traytor of them all,

John once dispatcht, and I faire England's King,

Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,

But I will crop it for their guilts desert

Enter a Messenger

Mess Please it your Maestie, the Prince of Fraunce,
With all the Nobles of your Graces Land
Are marching hetherward in good aray
Where ere they set their foote, all places yeeld
Thy Land is theirs, and not a foote holds out
But Dover Castle, which is hard besiegd

Pand Feare not king Iohn, thy kingdome is y^e
Popes,
And they shall know his Holines hath powei,
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doo

Drums and Trumpets Enter *Lewes, Melun, Salisbury, Essex, Pembroke*, and all the Nobles from
Fraunce and England

Lewes Pandulph, as gaue his Holines in charge,
So hath the Dolphm mustred vp his troupes,
And wonne the greatest part of all this Land
But ill becomes youi Grace Lord Cardinall,
Thus to conuerse with Iohn that is accurst

Pand Lewes of France, victorious Conqueror,
Whose sword hath made this Iland quake for fear,
Thy forwardnes to fight for holy Rome,
Shall be remunerated to the full

But know my Lord, K Iohn is now absolude,
The Pope is pleasde, the Land is blest agen,
And thou hast brought each thing to good effect
It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to Fraunce againe
For all is done the Pope would wish thee doo

Lewes But al's not done that Lewes came to do
Why Pandulph, hath K Philip sent his sonne
And been at such excessiue charge in warres,
To be dismist with words? king Iohn shall know,
England is mine, and he vsurps my right.

Pand Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices
 Upon the paine of Pandulphs holy curse,
 That thou withdraw thy powers to Fraunce againe,
 And yeeld vp London and the neighbour Townes
 That thou hast tane in England by the sword

Melun Lord Cardinall by Lewes princely leaue,
 It can be nought but vsurpation
 In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of Rome,
 Thus to insult on Kings of Christendome,
 Now with a word to make them carie armes,
 Then with a word to make them leaue their armes
 This must not be Prince Lewes keepe thine owne,
 Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellyes full

Bast My Lord of Melun, what title had the Prince
 To England and the Crowne of Albion,
 But such a title as the Pope confirme
 The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime
 Lewes is but the agent for the Pope,
 Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast
 But cease or no, it greatly matters not,
 If you my Lords and Barons of the Land
 Will leave the French, and cleaue vnto our King
 For shame yee Peeres of England suffer not
 Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall
 But with resolued thoughts beate backe the French,
 And free the Land from yoke of seruitude.

Salis Philip, not so, Lord Lewes is our King,
 And we will follow him vnto the death

Pand Then in the name of Innocent the Pope,
 I curse the Prince and all that take his part,
 And excommunicate the rebell Peeres
 As traytors to the King and to the Pope

Lewes. Pandolph, our swords shall blesse our selues
 agen

Prepare thee Iohn, Lords follow me your King.

[Exeunt
Iohn Accursed Iohn, the Diuell owes thee shame,

Resisting Rome, or yeelding to the Pope, alls one
 The diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and Fraunce
 Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest

Pand Comfort thy selfe K Iohn, the Cardnall
 goes

Upon his curse to make them leaue their armes

[Exit

Bast Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardnall,
 Betake your self to armes, my troupes are prest
 To answere Lewes with a lustie shocke
 The English archers haue their quiuers full,
 Their bowes are bent, the pykes are prest to push
 God cheere my Lord, K Richards fortune hangs
 Upon the plume of warlike Philips helme
 Then let them know his brother and his sonne
 Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes

Iohn Philip, I know not how to answer thee
 But let vs hence, to answere Lewes pride

Excursions Enter *Meloun* with English Lords

Mel O I am slaine, Nobles, Salsbury, Pembroke,
 My soule is charged, heare me for what I say
 Concernes the Peeres of England, and their State
 Listen, brave Lords, a fearfull mounning tale
 To be deluered by a man of death
 Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie Mars
 Are haibingers from natures common foe,
 Cyting this trunke to Tellus prison house?
 Lifes charter (Lordings) lasteth not an hower
 And fearfull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
 Bids me giue Phisicke to a sickly soule.
 O Peeres of England, know you what you doo?
 There's but a haire that sunders you from harme,
 The hooke is bayted, and the traine is made,
 And simply you runne doating to your deaths
 But least I dye, and leaue my tale vntolde,
 With silence slaughtering so braue a crew,

This I auerre, if Lewes win the day,
 There's not an Englishman that lifts his hand
 Against King Iohn to plant the heire of Fraunce,
 But is already damnd to cruell death
 I heard it vowd, my selfe amongst the rest
 Swore on the Altar aid to this Edict
 Two causes Lords, makes me display this drift,
 The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
 That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt.
 The other on a naturall instinct,
 For that my Grandsire was an Englishman
 Misdoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse,
 No frenzie, nor no brainsick idle fit,
 But well adusde, and wotting what I say,
 Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,
 That nothing is discovered but a truth
 Tis time to flie, submit your selues to Iohn,
 The smiles of Fraunce shade in the frownes of death,
 Lift vp your swords, turne face against the French,
 Expell the yoke thats framed for your necks.
 Back warmen, back, imbowell not the clyme,
 Your seate, your nurse, your birth days breathing
 place,
 That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in aimes.
 Ah! be not so ingrate to digge your Mothers graue,
 Preserue your lambes and beate away the Wolfe
 My soule hath said, contritions penitence
 Layes hold on mans redemption for my sinne.
 Farewell my Lords, witnes my faith when we are met
 in heauen,
 And for my kindnes gieve me graue roome heere
 My soule doth fleete, worlds vanities farewell
Salz Now 1oy betide thy soule wel-meaning man,
 How now my Lords, what cooling card is this?
 A greater grieve growes now than earst hath been.
 What counsell gieve you, shall we stay and dye?
 Or shall we home, and kneele vnto the King

Pemb. My hart misgaue this sad accursed newes
 What haue we done? fie Lords, what frenzie moued
 Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of Fraunce?
 If we perseuer, we are sure to dye
 If we desist, small hope againe of life

Sals Beare hence the bodie of this wretched man,
 That made vs wretched with his dying tale,
 And stand not wayling on our present harmes,
 As women wont but seeke our harmes redresse
 As for my selfe, I will in haste be gon
 And kneele for pardon to our Souereign Iohn

Pemb I, theres the way, lets rather kneele to him,
 Than to the French that would confound vs all
[Exeunt

Enter king *John* carried betweene 2 Lords.

Iohn Set downe, set downe the load not woorth
 your pain,
 For done I am with deadly wounding grieve
 Sickly and succourles, hopeles of any good,
 The world hath wearied me, and I haue weared it
 It loaths I lue, I lue and loath my selfe
 Who pities me? to whom haue I been kinde?
 But to a few, a few will pitie me
 Why dye I not? Death scoines so vilde a pray
 Why lue I not, life hates so sad a prize
 I sue to both to be retaynd of either,
 But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither
 Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,
 Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.

Phil How fares my Lord, that he is caryed thus?
 Not all the aukward fortunes yet befallne,
 Made such impression of lament in me
 Nor euer did my eye attaynt my heart
 With any object mouing more remorse,
 Than now beholding of a mighty King,
 Borne by his Lords in such distressed state

John What news with thee? If bad, report it
straite

If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me

Phil. Such as it is, and heauy though it be,
To glut the world with tragick elegies,
Once will I breath to agrauate the rest,
Another moane to make the measure full
The brauest bowman had not yet sent forth
Two arrowes from the quiuier at his side,
But that a rumor went throughout our Campe,
That Iohn had fled, the King had left the field
At last the rumor scald these eares of mine,
Who rather chose as sacrifice for Mars,
Than ignominious scandall by retyie
I cheeid the troupes, as did the prince of Troy
His weery followers gainst the Mermidons,
Crying alowde, S George, the day is ours
But feare had captiuated courage quite,
And like the Lamb before the greedie Wolfe,
So hartlesse fled our warmen from the feeld
Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,
Was faine to flie before the eager foe
By this time night had shadowed all the earth
With sable curteines of the blackest hue,
And fenct vs from the fury of the French,
As Io from the iealous Iunoes eye,
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
Passing the washes with our carriages,
The impartiall tyde deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
And swallowed up the most of all our men,
My selfe vpon a Galloway right free, well paced,
Out stript the flouds that followed waue by waue,
I so escapt to tell this tragick tale.

John. Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe
Was euer any so infortunate,

The right Idea of a curssed man,
 As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,
 My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so?
 How farre to Sminsteed, tell me, do you know?
 Present vnto the Abbot word of my repaire
 My sicknesse rages, to tirannize vpon me,
 I cannot liue unlesse this feuer leaue me

Phil Good cheare my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,
 Behold my Lord, the Churchmen come to meete you

Enter the Abbot and certayne Monkes

Abb All health & happines to our soueraigne Lord
 the King

John Nor health nor happines hath Iohn at all
 Say Abbot, am I welcome to thy house?

Abb Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,
 Your maiestie shal be assured of

Phil The King thou seest is weake and very faint,
 What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace?

Abb Good store my Lord, of that you neede not
 feare,

For Lincolneshire, and these our Abbey grounds
 Were neuer fatter, nor in better plight

John Philip, thou neuer needst to doubt of cates,
 Nor King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,
 As are the Abbeis throughout all the land,
 If any plot of ground do passe another,
 The Friers fasten on it streight
 But let vs in to taste of their repast,
 It goes against my heart to feed with them,
 Or be beholden to such Abbey groomes [Exeunt

Manet the Monk.

Monk Is this the King that neuer lou'd a Frier?
 Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope?
 Is this the man that robd the holy Church?
 And yet will flye vnto a Friory?

Is this the King that aymes at Abbeyes lands?
 Is this the man whom all the world abhories,
 And yet will flie vnto a Friorie?
 Accurst be Swinsted Abbey, Abbot, Friers,
 Monks, Nuns, and Clarks, and all that dwells therein,
 If wicked Iohn escape aliue away
 Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,
 And be canonized for a holy Saint
 To please the world with a deseruing woike,
 Be thou the man to set thy cuntrey free,
 And murder him that seeks to murder thee

Enter the Abbot

Abb Why are not you within to cheere the King?
 He now begins to mend, and will to meate

Monk What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?

Abb What, at thy Mumpsimus? away,
 And seeke some meanes for to pastime the King

Monk Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
 And with a mallet knock him on the head

Abb Alas, what meanes this Monke to murder me?
 Dare lay my life heel kill me for my place

Monk Ile poyson him, and it shall neere be knowne,
 And then shall I be chiefest of my house

Abb If I were dead indeed he is the next
 But Ile away, for why the Monke is mad,
 And in his madnesse he will murder me.

Monk My L I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you
 not

Abb Alas good Thomas, do not murther me, and
 thou shalt haue my place with thousand thanks

Monk I murther you! God sheeld from such a
 thought

Abb. If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers

Monk I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord
 but if you please,
 I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to vs all

Abb Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monke? say on

Monk You know, my Lord, the King is in our house

Abb True

Monk You know likewise the King abhois a Frier

Abb True

Monk And he that loues not a Frier is our enemy

Abb Thou saist true

Monk Then the King is our enemy

Abb True

Monk Why then should we not kil our enemy, & the King being our enemy, why then should we not kil the King

Abb O blessed Monke! I see God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants slauery. But who dare venter for to do this deede?

Monk Who dare? why I my Lord dare do the deede,

Ile free my Country and the Church from foes,
And merit heauen by killing of a King

Abb Thomas kneel downe, and if thou art resolu'd,

I will absolue thee heere from all thy sinnes,
For why the deede is meritorious
Forward, and feare not man for euey month,
Our Friers shall sing a Masse for Thomas soule.

Monk God and S Francis prosper my attempt,
For now my Lord I goe about my worke [Exeunt

Enter Lewes and his aarme

Lewes Thus victory in bloody Lawrell clad,
Followes the fortune of young Lodowike,
The Englishmen as daunted at our sight,
Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eyes,
Only two crosses of contrary change
Do nip my heart, and vexe me with vnrest.

Lord Melons death, the one part of my soule,
A brauer man did neuer liue in Fraunce
The other grieve, I thats a gall indeede
To thinke that Douer Castile should hold out
Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable
Yee warlike race of Francus Hectors sonne,
Triumph in conquest of that tyrant Iohn,
The better halfe of England is our owne
And towards the conquest of the other part,
We haue the face of all the English lords,
What then remaines but ouerrunne the land ?
Be resolute my warlike followers,
And if good fortune serue as she begins,
The poorest pesant of the realme of Fraunce
Shall be a maister ore an English Lord

Enter a Messenger

Lewes Fellow, what newes ?

Mess Pleaseth your Grace, the Earle of Salisbury,
Penbroke, Essex, Clare, and Arundell, with all the
Barons that did fight for thee, are on a sodeine fled
with all their powers, to ioyne with Iohn to drive thee
back againe

Enter another Messenger.

Mess Lewes my Lord, why standst thou in a maize ?
Gather thy troups, hope not of help from Fraunce,
For all thy forces being fiftie sayle,
Conteyning twenty thousand souldiers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting them from Callis in vnluckie time,
Did crosse the seas, and on the Goodwin sands,
The men, munition, and the ships are lost

Enter another Messenger

Lewes More newes ? say on

Mess Iohn (my Lord) with all his scattered troupes,

Flying the fury of your conquering sword,
 As Pharaoh earst within the bloody sea,
 So he and his enuironed with the tyde,
 On Lincolne washes all were ouerwhelmed,
 The Barons fled, our forces cast away

Lewes Was euer heard such vnexpected newes ?

Mess Yet Lodowike reuiue thy dying heart,
 King Iohn and all his forces are consumde
 The lesse thou needst the ayd of English Earles,
 The lesse thou needst to grieue thy Nauies wracke,
 And follow tymes aduantage with successe

Lewes Braue Frenchmen armde with magnanimitie,

March after Lewes, who will leade you on
 To chase the Barons power that wants a head,
 For Iohn is drownd, and I am Englands King
 Though our munition and our men be lost,
 Philip of Fraunce will send vs fresh supplies

[Exeunt

Enter two Friers laying a Cloth.

Frier Dispatch, dispatch, the King desires to eate,
 Would a might eate his last for the loue hee bears to
 Churchmen

Frier I am of thy minde too, and so it should be
 and we might be our owne caruers
 I meruaile why they dine here in the Orchard

Frier I know not, nor I care not The King coms

Iohn Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together ?

Abb Pleaseth your Grace sit downe

Iohn. Take your places sirs, no pomp in penury,
 all beggers and friends may come, where Necessitie
 keepes the house, curtesie is bard the table, sit downe,
 Philip

Bast My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to
 y^e prouerb, honors change manners · a King is a
 King, though Fortune do her worst, & we as dutifull

in despite of her frowne, as if your highnesse were now in the highest type of dignitie

John Come, no more ado, and you will tell me much of dignitie, youle mar my appetite in a surfet of sorrow

What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks ye frowne like an host that knowes his guest hath no money to pay the reckning?

Abb No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your Maiestie

Bast I thinke, rather, my Lord Abbot, you remember my last being heere, when I went in progresse for powtches, and the iancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to shew he hath not forgot me

Abb Not so my Lord, you, and the meanest follower of his maesty, are hartily welcome to me

Monk Wassell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may say, welcome to Swinsted

John Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a King.

Monk As much helth to your Highnes as to my own hart.

John I pledge thee kinde Monke

Monk The meriest draught y^e euer was dronk in England

Am I not too bold with your Highnesse?

John Not a whit, all friendes and fellows for a time

Monk If the inwards of a Toad be a compound of any prooffe why so it workes

John Stay Philip, wheres the Monke?

Bast He is dead my Lord

John Then drinke not Philip for a world of wealth

Bast What cheere my liege? your cullor begins to change.

John So doth my life O Philip, I am poysond
The Monke, the Divill, the poyson gins to rage,
It will depose my selfe a King from raigne

Bast This Abbot hath an interest in this act
At all aduentures take thou that from me
There lye the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Diuill
March with the Monke vnto the gates of hell
How fares my Lord ?

John Philip, some drinke, oh for the frozen Alpes,
To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace seuenfold hote
To burne the holy tree in Babylon,
Power after power forsake their proper power,
Only the hart impugnes with faint resist
The fierce inuade of him that conquers Kings,
Help God, O payne ! dye Iohn, O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grievous sinnes
Philip, a chayre, and by and by a graue,
My leggs disdame the carriage of a King

Bast A good my Liege, with patience conquer
guese,
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude

John Me thinkes I see a cattalogue of sinne,
Wrote by a fiend in Marble characters,
The least enough to loose my part in heauen
Me thinkes the Diuill whispers in mine eares,
And tels me, tis in vayne to hope for grace,
I must be damned for Arthurs sodaine death,
I see I see a thousand thousand men
Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,
And there is none so mercifull a God
That will forgue the number of my sinnes
How haue I liu'd, but by anothers losse ?
What haue I loud, but wracke of others weale ?
Where haue I vowd, and not infring'd mine oath ?
Where haue I done a deede deseruing well ?
How what, when, and where, haue I bestow'd a day,

That tended not to some notorious ill?
 My life repleat with rage and tyranie,
 Craues little pittie for so strange a death,
 Or, who will say that Iohn decesd too sonne?
 Who will not say, he rather liud too long?
 Dishonor did attaynt me in my life,
 And shame attendeth Iohn vnto his death
 Why did I scape the fury of the French,
 And dyde not by the temper of their swords?
 Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
 Scornd by my foes, disdained of my friends

Bast Forgue the world and all your earthly foes,
 And call on Christ, who is your latest friend

Iohn My tongue doth falter Philip, I tell thee
 man

Since Iohn did yeeld vnto the Priest of Rome,
 Nor he nor his haue prospred on the earth
 Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse
 Bnt in the spitt I cry vnto my God,
 As did the Kingly Prophet Daud cry,
 (Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
 I am not he shall build the Lord a house,
 Or roote these Locusts from the face of earth
 But if my dying heart deceiue me not,
 From out these loynes shall spring a Kingly braunch
 Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of Rome,
 And with his feete treads downe the Strumpets
 pride,

That sits vpon the chaire of Babylon
 Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame
 Hath ouercome in me weake Natures power,
 And in the faith of Iesu Iohn doth dye

Bast See how he stuiues for life, vnhappy Lord,
 Whose bowels are diuided in themselves
 This is the fruite of Poperie, when true Kings
 Are slaine and shouldred out by Monkes and
 Friers

Enter a Messenger

Mess Please it your Grace, the Barons of the Land,
Which all this while bare armes against the King,
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,
Together with the Prince his highnes Sonne,
Do craue to be admitted to the presence of the King

Bast Your Sonne, my Lord, yong Henry craves to
see

Your Maiestie, and brings with him beside
The Barons that reuolted from your Grace
O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
His speech doth faile lift vp your selfe my Lord,
And see the Prince to comfort you in death

Enter *Pandulph*, yong *Henry*, the Barons with daggers
in their hands

Prince O let me see my Father ere he dye
O Uncle, were you here, and sufferd him
To be thus poysned by a damned Monke?
Ah, he is dead, Father, sweet Father speake

Bast His speech doth faile, he hasteth to his end

Pan Lords, giue me leaue to joy the dying King,
With sight of these his Nobles kneeling here
With daggers in their hands, who offer vp
Their liues for ransome of their foule offence
Then good my Lord, if you forgiue them all,
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue

Salis. We humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And vow to fight for England and her King
And in the sight of Iohn our soueraigne Lord,
In spite of Lewes and the power of Fraunce,
Who hetherward are marching in all hast,
We crowne yong Henry in his fathers sted.

Hen Help, help, he dyes, ah Father! looke on
mee

Legat K. Iohn, faiewell · in token of thy faith,

And signe thou dyest the seruant of the Lord,
 Lift vp thy hand, that we may wtnes here,
 Thou dyedst the seruant of our Sauour Christ.
 Now ioi betide thy soule what noyse is this ?

Enter a Messenger

Mess Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hetherward
 With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,
 And all our armie standeth at a gaze,
 Expecting what their Leadeis will commaund

Bast Lets arme our selues in yong K Henries
 right,

And beate the power of Fraunce to sea againe

Legat Philip not so, but I will to the Prince,
 And bring him face to face to parl with you

Bast Lord Salsbury, your selfe shall march with
 me,

So shall we bring these troubles to an ende

King Sweete Uncle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,
 Let not a stone of Swinsted Abbey stand,
 But pull the house about the Friers eares
 For they haue kilde my Father and my King

¶ Excunt

A parle sounded, *Lewes, Pandulph, Salsbury, &c*

Pan. Lewes of Fraunce, yong Henry. Englands
 King

Requires to know the reason of the claime
 That thou canst make to any thing of his,
 King Iohn that did offend, is dead and gone,
 See where his breathles trunke in presence lyes,
 And he as heire apparant to the crowne
 Is now succeeded to his Fathers roome

Hen Lewes, what law of Armes doth lead thee
 thus,

To keepe possession of my lawfull right ?

Answer, in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,
 And make surrender of my right againe,
 Or trie thy title with the dint of sword
 I tell thee Dolphin, Henry feares thee not,
 For now the Barons cleaue vnto their King,
 And what thou hast in England they did get

Lewes Henry of England, now that Iohn is dead,
 That was the chiefeſt enimie to Fraunce,
 I may the rather be inducde to peace
 But Salsbury, and you Barons of the Realme,
 This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath
 That you on Bury Altare lately ſware

Sals. Nor did the oath your Highnes there did take
 Agree with honour of the Prince of Fraunce

Bast My Lord, what anſwere make you to the
 King?

Dol Faith Philip this I ſay it bootes not me,
 Nor any Prince nor power of Chriſtendome,
 To ſeek to win this Iſland Albion,
 Vnleſſe he haue a partie in the Realme
 By treason for to help him in his warres
 The Peeres which were the partie on my ſide,
 Are fled from me then bootes not me to fight,
 But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
 I am contented to depart the realme

Hen On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld?

Lewes. That ſhall we thinke vpon by more aduice

Bast Then Kings & Princes, let theſe broils haue
 end,

And at more leaſure talke vpon the League
 Meanwhile to Worſter let vs beare the King,
 And there interre his bodie, as beſeemes
 But firſt, in ſight of Lewes, heire of Fraunce,
 Lords take the crowne and ſet it on his head,
 That by ſucceſſion is our lawfull King

They crown yong *Henry*

Thus Englands peace begins in Henryes Raigne,
 And bloody warres are closde with happie league
 Let England lue but true within it selfe,
 And all the world can neuer wrong her State
 Lewes, thou shalt be brauely shipt to France,
 For neuer Frenchman got of English ground
 The twentieth part that thou hast conquered
 Dolphin, thy hand, to Woister we will march
 Lords all, lay hands to beare your Soueraigne
 With obsequies of honor to his graue
 If Englands Peeres and people ioyne in one,
 Nor Pope, nor Fraunce, nor Spaine can doo them
 wrong

FINIS

KING HENRY V

EDITION

The Famous Victories of Henry the fifth Containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt As it was plaide by the Queenes maiesties Players London Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598 4° Black letter

THERE was a second edition in 1617, and the drama was licensed in 1594. The Malone copy of 1598 here reprinted is, however, the earliest impression known, as well as the only copy of that impression which has yet been found.

The second 4° was included in "Six Old Plays," 1779.



*The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,
Concerning the Honorable Battell of Agin-
court*

—o—

Enter the young Prince, Ned, and Tom

Henry V. COME away Ned and Tom
Both. Here my Lord

Hen V Come away my Lads
Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got?
Ned Faith my Lord, I haue got five hundred
pound

Hen V But tell me Tom, how much hast thou
got?

Tom Faith my Lord, some foure hundred pound

Hen. V Foure hundred pounds, brauely spoken
Lads

But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villan-
ous part of me to rob my fathers Receueis?

Ned Why no my Lord, it was but a tricke of
youth

Hen V Faith Ned, thou sayest true.

But tell me sirs, whereabouts are we?

Tom My Lord, we are now about a mile off
London

Hen. V But sirs, I maruell that sir Iohn Old-Castle
Comes not away. Sounds see where he comes

Enters Iockey

How now Iockey, what newes with thee?

Iockey Faith my Lord, such newes as passeth,
For the Towne of Detfort is risen,
With hue and crie after your man,
Which parted from vs the last night,
And has set vpon, and hath robd a pooie Carrier
Hen V Sownes, the vilaine that was wont to spie
Out our booties

Iock I my Lord, euen the very same

Hen V Now baseminded rascal to rob a poore
carrier,
Wel it skils not, ile saue the base vilaines life
I, I may but tel me Iockey, wherabout be the
Receiuers?

Iock Faith my Lord, they are hard by,
But the best is, we are a horse backe and they be a
foote,
So we may escape them

Hen V Wel, I the vilaines come, let me alone
with them.
But tel me Iockey, how much gots thou from the
knaues?
For I am sure I got something, for one of the
vilaines

So beland me about the shoulders,
As I shal feele it this moneth

Iock Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred
pound

Hen V A hundred pound, now bravely spoken
Iockey

But come sirs, laie al your money before me,
Now by heauen here is a braue shewe
But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe
Of this spent to night, but sirs take vp your bags,
Here comes the Receiuers, let me alone

Enters two Receuers

One Alas good fellow, what shal we do?
 I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shall be
 hangd

But looke, here is the yong Prince, what shal we doo?

Hen V How now you vilaines, what aie you?

One Recer Speake you to him

Other No I pray, speake you to him

Hen V Why how now you rascals, why speak you
 not?

One Forsooth we be Pray speake you to him

Hen V Sowns, vilains speak, or il cut off your
 heads

Other Forsooth he can tel the tale better than I

One Forsooth we be your fathers Receuers

Hen V Are you my fathers Receuers?

Then I hope ye haue brought me some money

One Money, Alas sir wee be robd

Hen. V Robd, how many were there of them?

One Marry sir, there were foure of them

And one of them had sir Iohn Old-Castles bay Hobbie,
 And your blacke Nag

Hen V Gogs wounds how like you this Iockey?
 Blood you vilaines my father robd of his money
 abroad,

And we robd in our stables

But tell me, how many were there¹ of them?

One Recer If it please you, there were foue of them,
 And there was one about the bignesse of you

But I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders,
 That he wil feele it this month

Hen V Gogs wounds you lamd them fairerly,
 So that they haue carried away your money
 But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?

¹ [This word is omitted in first 4^o]

Both Reces I beséech your gracie, be good to vs
Ned I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once
 Well stand vp and get you gone,
 And looke that you speake not a word of it,
 For if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin
[Exit Pursuant]

Hen V Now sirs, how like you this?
 Was not this brauely done?
 For now the vilaines daie not speake a word of it,
 I haue so feared them with words
 Now whither shall we goe?

All Why my Lord, you know our old hostes at
 Feuersham

Hen V Our hostes at Feuersham, blood what shal
 we do there?

We haue a thousand pound about vs,
 And we shall go to a pettie Ale-house
 No, no you know the olde Tauerne in Eastcheape,
 There is good wine besides, there is a pettie wench
 That can talke well, for I delight as much in their
 tongies,

As any part about them

All We are readie to waite vpon your grace

Hen. V Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogither,
 We are all fellows, I tell you sirs, and the King
 My father were dead, we would be all Kings,
 Therefore come away

Ned Gogs wounds, brauely spoken Hairy

*Enter Iohn Coblér, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence
 Costermonger*

Iohn Cob All is well here, all is well maisters

Law How say you neighbour Iohn Coblér?

I thinke it best that my neighbour
 Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end,
 And we will watch here at Billingsgate ward
 How say you neighbour Robin, how like you this?

Rob Marry well neighbours
I caie not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end
But neighbors, and you heare any adoe about me,
Make haste and if I heare any adoe about you,
I will come to you *Exit Robin*

Law Neighbor, what newes heare you of y^e young
Prince

John Marry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward
yoong Prince,
For if he met any by the hie way,
He will not let to talke with him,
I dare not call him théeefe, but sure he is one of these
taking fellowes

Law Indéed neighbour, I heare say he is as liuely
A young Prince as euer was

John I, and I heare say, if he vse it long,
His father will cut him off from the Ciowne
But neighbour say nothing of that

Law No, no, neighbour, I wariant you

John Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sléepe,
If you will, we will sit down,
For I thinke it is about midnight

Law Maury content neighbour, let vs sléepe

Enter Dericke rousing

Der Who, who there, who there ? *Exit Dericke*

Enter Robin

Rob O neighbours, what meane you to sléepe,
And such ado in the stréetes ?

Ambo How now neighbor, whats the matter ?

Enter Dericke againe

Der Who there, who there, who there ?

Cob Why, what ailst thou ? here is no horses.

Der O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there ?

Rob Hold him neighbor Cobler.

Cob Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne

Der Am I a Clowne, sownes maisters,
Do Clownes goe in silke apparell?
I am sure all we gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant
goe so

Well sownes you know clownes very well
Heare you, are you Master Constable, and you be
speake?

For I will not take it at his hands

John Faith I am maister Constable,
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here

Der Is not maister Constable here?
Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands
John Nay I pray you do not take the law of
vs

Der Well, you are one of his beastly officers

John I am one of his bad officers

Der Why then I charge thee looke to him

Cob Nay but heare ye sir, you seeme to be an
honest

Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night
And we would be loth to haue any thing adoo,
Therefore I pray thee put it vp.

Der First, thou saiest true, I am an honest
fellow,
And a proper handsome fellow too,
And you seeme to be poore men, therefore I care not
greatly,

Nay, I am quickly pacified
But and you chance to spie the theefe,
I pray you laie hold on him

Rob Yes that we wil, I warrant you

Der Tis a wonderfull thing to see how glad the
knaue

Is, now I haue forgiven him.

John Neighbors, do ye looke about you?
How now, who's there?

Enter the Theefe

Theefe Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the

Way to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape?

Der Whoope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou me?

Theefe I know thee for an Asse

Der And I know thee for a taking fellow,
Vpon Gads Hill in Kent
A bots light vpon ye

Theefe The whorson vilaine would be knockt

Der Maisters, vilaine, and ye men stand to him,
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you

John My friend, what make you abroad now?
It is too late to walke now

Theefe It is not too late for true men to walke

Law We know thee not to be a true man

Theefe Why what do you meane to do with me?
Sownes I am one of the kings liege people

Der Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people?

Theefe I marry am I sir, what say you to it?

Der Marry sir, I say you are one of the kings
filching people

Cob Come, come, lets haue him away

Theefe Why what haue I done?

Rob Thou hast robd a poore fellow,
And taken away his goods from him,

Theefe I neuer sawe him befoie

Der. Maisters who comes here?

Enter the Vintners boy

Boy How now good man Cobler?

Cob How now *Robin*, what makes thou abroad
At this time of night?

Boy. Marrie I haue béene at the Counter,

I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like

Cob What is that *Robin*, what is the matter ?

Boy Why this night about two houres ago, there came the young Prince, and thrée or foue more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noyse of Musicians, and were very merry for the space of an houre, then whether their Musicke liked them not, or whether they had diunke too much Wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flue against the wals, and then they drew their swordes, and went into the streete and fought, and some tooke one part, & some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there was such a bloodie fray as passeth, and none coulde part them vntil such time as the Maior and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at last with much adoo, they tooke them, and so the yong Prince was carried to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a Messenger from the Court in all haste, from the King, for my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not

Cob. Here is newes indéede *Robert*

Law Marry neighbour, this newes is strange indéede, I thinke it best neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe first

Theefe What meane you to do with me ?

Cob We mean to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the Sessions day

Theefe. Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is

Cob Nay thou must go to y^e country prison, to newgate, Therefore come away

Theefe I prethie be good to me honest fellow

Der I marry will I, ile be verie chaitable to thee, For I wil neuer leaue thee, til I see thee on the Gallowes

*Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter
and the Lord of Oxford*

Oxf And please your Maestie, héere is my Lord
Maior, and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with
your Maestie

K Hen IV Admit them to our presence

Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe

Now my good Lord Maior of London,
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to
tel you of a matter which I haue learned of my Coun-
cell Heerein I vnderstand, that you haue committed
my sonne to prison without our leaue and license
What althogh he be a rude youth, and likely to giue
occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a
Prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison
by euery subiect

Maior May it please your Maestie to giue vs leaue
to tell our tale?

K Hen IV Or else God forbid, otherwise you
might thinke me an vnequall Iudge, hauing more affec-
tion to my sonne, then to any rightfull iudgement

Maior Then I do not doubt but we shal rather
deserue commendations at your Maesties hands, then
any anger

K Hen IV Go too, say on

Maior Then if it please your Maestie, this night
betwixt two and three of the clocke in the morning,
my Lord the yong Prince with a vey disordred com-
panie, came to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape, and
whether it was that their musicke liked them not, or
whether they were ouercom with wine, I know not,
but they drew their swords, and into the stréete they
went, and some tooke my Lord the yong Princes part,
and some tooke the other, but betwixt them there
was such a bloodie fray for the space of halfe an

houre, that newther watchmen, nor any other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were sent for, and at the last with much adoo we staied them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your louing subiects thereabouts and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we would do iustice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot tell and therefore in such a case we knew not what to do, but for our own safeguard we sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your Maesties sonne And thus most humbly beséeching your Maestie to thinke of our answer

Hen IV Stand aside vntill we haue further deliberated on your answer

[*Exit Maior*]

Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry,
That hath gotten a sonne, which with gréeffe
Will end his fathers dayes

Oh my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince in déed,
And to deserue imprisonment,
And well haue they done, and like faithfull sub-
iects

Discharge them and let them go

L Exe I beséech your Grace, be good to my Lord
the yong Prince

Hen IV. Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone

L Oxf Perchance the Maior and the Sheriffe
haue bene too precise in this matter

Hen IV No they haue done like faithfull sub-
iects

I will go my selfe to discharge them, and let them go

Exit omnes

*Enter Lord chiefe Iustice, Clarke of the Office, Iayler,
John Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe*

Judge. Iayler bring the prisoner to the barre

Der Heale you my Lord, I pray you bring the bar to the prisoner

Judge Hold thy hand vp at the baire

Theefe Here it is my Lord

Judge Clearke of the office, reade his inditement

Clearke What is thy name?

Theefe My name was knowne before I came here

And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you

Judge I, I thinke so, but we will know it better before thou go

Der Sownes and you do but send to the next Iaile, We are sure to know his name,

For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, Ile warrant you

Clearke What is thy name?

Theefe What néed you to aske, and haue it in writing

Clearke Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?

Theefe What the Diuell néed you to ask, and know it so well

Clearke Why then Cutbert Cutter, I indite thee by the name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20 day of May last past, in the fourtéene yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, for setting vpon a poore Carrier vpon Gads hill in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the said Carrier, and taken his goods from him

Der Oh maisters stay there, nay lets neuer bele the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but hee hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great rase of Ginger, that bouncing Bess with the iolly buttocks should haue had, that gréeues me most

Judge Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?

Theefe Not gultie, my Lord

Judge By whom wilt thou be tude?

Theefe By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe whether you will

Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom

Hen V Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain, what make you heere? I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you must stand loytering here

Theefe Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will not let me goe

Hen V Haue they bound thee villain, why how now my Lord

Judge I am glad to see your Grace in good health

Hen V Why, my Lord, this is my man, Tis maruell you knew him not long before this, I tell you he is a man of his hands

Theefe I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare

Judge Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknowledging him to be your man

Hen V Why my Lord, what hath he done?

Judge And it please your Maestie, he hath robbed a poore Carrier

Der Heare you sir, marry it was one Dericke, Goodman Hoblings man of Kent

Hen V What wast thou batten-breech? Of my word my Lord, he did it but in jest

Der Heare you sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folks in iest?

In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest

Hen V Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with my man?

Judge And please your grace the law must passe on him,

According to iustice then he must be executed.

Der Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in iest? In faith he shall be hangd in iest

Hen V Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my man?

Judge And please your grace the law must passe on him, According to iustice, then he must be executed

Hen V Why then belike you meane to hang my man?

Judge I am sorie that it falles out so

Hen V Why my Lord, I play ye who am I?

Judge And please your Grace, you are my Lord the yong Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, whom God graunt long to raigne

Hen V You say true my Loid
And you will hang my man

Judge And like your grace, I must néeds do iustice

Hen V Tell me my Loid, shall I haue my man?

Judge I cannot my Loid

Hen V But will you not let him go?

Judge I am sorie that his case is so ill

Hen V Tush, case me no casings, shal I haue my man?

Judge I cannot, nor I may not my Lord

Hen V Nay, and I shal not say, & then I am answered?

Judge No

Hen V No then I will haue him

He giueth him a boxe on the eare

Ned Gogs wounds my Lord, shal I cut off his head?

Hen V No, I charge you draw not your swords,
But get you hence, prouide a noyse of Musitians,
Away, be gone

[Exeunt the Theefe]

Judge Well my Lord, I am content to take it at
your hands

Hen V Nay and you be not, you shall haue more

Judge Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?

Hen V You, who knowes not you?

Why man, you are Lord chiefe Iustice of England

Judge Your Grace hath said truth, therefore in
striking me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and
not me onely but also your father whose liuely person
here in this place I doo represent And therefore to
teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to
the Fléete, vntill wee haue spoken with your father

Hen V Why then belike you meane to send me to
the Fléete?

Judge I indéed, and therefore carry him away

Exeunt Henry V with the Officers

Judge Iayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe,
vntil the next Sises

Iayler At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe
done

Enter Dericke and Iohn Cobler

Der Sownds maisters, heres adoo,
When Princes must go to prison
Why Iohn, didst euer sée the like?

Iohn O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like

Der Why Iohn thou maist sée what princes be in
chollei,

A Iudge a boxe on the eare, Ile tel thée Iohn, O Iohn,
I would not haue done it for twentie shillings

Iohn. No nor I, there had bene no way but one
for vs,

We should haue been hangde

Der Faith Iohn, Ile tel thée what, thou shalt be my
Lord chiefe Iustice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire,
And ile be the yong Prince, and hit thée a box on the
eare,

And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fléete

John Come on, Ile be your Iudge,
But thou shalt not hit me hard

Der No, no

John What hath he done?

Der Marry he hath robd Dericke

John Why then I cannot let him goe

Der I must néeds haue my man

John You shall not haue him

Der Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare

How say you, shall I not haue my man?

John No marry shall you not

Der Shall I not Iohn?

John No Dericke

Der Why then take you that till more come,
Sownes, shall I not haue him?

John Well I am content to take this at your hand,
But I pray you who am I?

Der Who art thou, Sownds, doost not know thy selfe?

John No

Der Now away simple fellow,
Why man, thou art Iohn the Cobler

John No, I am my Lord chiefe Iustice of England

Der Oh Iohn, Masse thou saist true, thou art indéed

John Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean I commit you to the Fléete

Der Wel I wil go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue,
Ile course you. *Exit And straight enters again*

Oh Iohn, Come, come out of thy chaire, why what a clown weart thou, to let me hit thée a box on the eare, and now thou seest they will not take me to the Fléete, I thinke that thou art one of these Worenday Clownes.

John But I maruell what will become of thée?

Der Faith, ile be no more a Carrier

John What wilt thou doo then?

Der Ile dwell with thée and be a Cobler

John With me, alasse, I am not able to kéepe thée,
Why thou wilt eate me out of doores

Der Oh Iohn, no Iohn, I am none of these great
slouching fellowes, that deuoure these great péeces of
béefe and brewes, alasse a trifle serues me, a Wood-
cocke, a Chicken, or a Capons legge, or any such
litle thing serues me

John A Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon
once a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some
other mans house, for we Coblers be glad of a dish of
rootes

Der Rootes, why aie you so good at rooting?
Nay Cobler, wéele haue you ringde

John But Dericke, though we be so poore,
Yet wil we haue in store a crab in the fire,
With nut-blowne Ale, that is full stale,
Which wil a man quaile, and laie in the mire

Der A bots on you, and be but for your Ale,
Ile dwel with you, come lets away as fast as we can

Exeunt

Enter the yong Prince, with Ned and Tom

Hen V Come away sirs, Gogs wounds Ned,
Didst thou not see what a boxe on the eare
I tooke my Lord chiefe Iustice

Tom By gogs blood it did me good to see it,
It made his téeth iaire in his head

Enter sir Iohn Old-Castle

Hen V How now sir Iohn Old-Castle?
What newes with you?

Ioh. Old I am glad to see your grace at libertie,
I was come I, to visit you in prison

Hen. V To visit me, didst thou not know that I

am a Princes son, why tis enough for me to looke into a prison, though I come not in my selfe, but heres such adoo now adayes, heres prisoning, heies hanging, whipping, and the diuell and all but I tel you sirs, when I am King, we will haue no such things, but my lads, if the old king my father were dead, we would be all kings

Ioh Old Hée is a good olde man, God take him to his mercy the sooner

Hen V But Ned, so soone as I am King, the first thing I wil do, shal be to put my Lord chief Iustice out of office And thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Iustice of England

Ned Shall I be Lord chiefe Iustice?
By gogs wounds Ile be the brauest Lord chiefe Iustice That euer was in England

Hen V Then Ned, Ile turne all these prisons into Fence Schooles, and I will endue thée with them, with landes to maintaine them withall then I wil haue a bout with my Lord chiefe Iustice, thou shalt hang none but picke purses, and horse stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow that wil stand by the highway side couragiously with his sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow gue him commendations, beside that, send him to me, and I will gue him an anuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life

Ioh Nobly spoken Harry, we shall neuer haue a mery world til the old king be dead

Ned But whither are ye going now?

Hen V To the Court, for I heare say, my father lies verie sicke

Tom But I doubt he wil not die

Hen V Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shal be no sooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my head

Iock Wil you goe to the Court with that cloake so ful of néedles?

Hen V Cloake, plat-holes, néedles, and all was of mine owne devising, and therefore I wil weare it

Tom I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

Hen V Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns, til the Crowne be on my head

Iock Or that euery néedle might be a prick to their harts that repine at your doings

Hen V Thou saist true Iockey, but thers some wil say, the yoong Prince will bee a well toward yoong man and all this geare, that I had as leeuie they would breake my head with a pot, as to say any such thing, but we stand prating here too long, I must néeds speake with my father, therfore come away

Por What a rapping kéepe you at the Kings Courte gate?

Hen V Heres one that must speake with the King

Por The King is verie sicke, and none must speak with him

Hen V No you rascall, do you not know me?

Por You are my lord the yong Prince

Hen V. Then goe and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him

Ned Shall I cut off his head?

Hen V No, no, though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to doo here, what you are in my father's Court.

Ned I will write him in my Tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Iustice, I wil put him out of his Office

The Trumpet sounds

Hen V Gogs wounds sirs, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside

Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter

Hen IV. And is it true my Lord, that my sonne

is already sent to the Flóete? Now truly that man
 is more fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no
 meanes could I rule my sonne, and he by one word
 hath caused him to be ruled Oh my sonne, my
 sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other,
 I had thought once whiles I had liued, to haue séene
 this noble Realme of England flourish by thee my
 soone, but now I see it goes to ruine and decaie

He wepeth

Enters Lord of Oxford

Oxf And please your grace, here is my Lord your
 sonne,

That commeth to speake with you,
 He saith, he must and wil speake with you,

Hen IV Who my sonne Harry?

Oxf I and please your Maestie

Hen IV I know wherefore he commeth,

But looke that none come with him

Oxf A verie disordered companie, and such as
 make

Verie ill rule in your Maesties house

Hen IV Well let him come,

But looke that none come with him *He goeth*

Oxf And please your grace,

My lord the King, sends for you

Hen V Come away sirs, lets go all together

Oxf And please your grace, none must go with
 you

Hen V Why, I must néeds have them with me,
 Otherwise I can do my father no countenance,
 Therefore come away

Oxf The King your father commaunds
 There should none come

Hen Well sirs then be gone,
 And prouide me thrée Noyse of Musitians.

Exeunt knights

Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand

Hen IV Come my sonne, come on a God's name,
I know wherefore thy comming is,
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene,
That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this wilde
and

Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly

Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings
Wil end thy fathers dayes

He weepes

I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the
presence of thy sick father, in that disguised soite, I
tel thee my sonne, that there is neuer a neede in thy
cloke, but it is a prick to my heart, & neuer an iat-
hole, but it is a hole to my soule, and wherefore
thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I know not,
but by coniecture

He weepes

Hen V My conscience accuseth me, most soue-
raign Lord, and welbeloued father, to answere first to
the last point, That is, whereas you coniecture that
this hand and this dagger shall be arme against your
life no, know my beloued father, far be the thoughts
of your sonne, sonne said I, an vnworthie sonne for
so good a father but farre be the thoughts of any
such pretended mischiefe. and I most humbly render
it to your Maesties hand, and lue my Lord and
soueraigne for euer and with your dagger arme show
like vengeance vpon the bodie of your sonne, I was
about say and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that
your wilde slaue, tis not the Crowne that I come for,
sweet father, because I am vnworthie, and those wilde
& reprobate company I abandon, & vtterly abolish
their company for euer Pardon sweete father,
pardon the least thing and most desire and this
ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe, and
sacrifice it to the duell, which is maister of al mis-

chiefe Pardon me, swéet father, paidō me good
 my Lord of Exeter, speak for me pardon me,
 pardō good father, not a word ah he wil not speak
 one word A Harry, now thiце vnhappy Harry
 But what shal I do? I wil go take me into some
 solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life, and
 when I haue done, I wil lay me downe and die

Exit

Hen IV Call him againe, call my sonne againe

Hen V And doth my father call me againe? now
 Harry,

Happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe

Hen IV Stand vp my son, and do not think thy
 father,

But at the request of thee my sonne, I wil pardon
 thee,

And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant

Hen. V Thanks good my Lord, & no doubt but
 this day,

Euen this day, I am borne new againe

Hen IV Come my son and Lords, take me by the
 hands

Exeunt omnes

Enter Dericke

Der Thou art a stinking whore, & a whorson
 stinking whore,

Doest thinke ile take it at thy hands

Enter Iohn Cobler running

Iohn Derick, D D Hearesta,

Do D neuer while thou liuest vse that,

Why what wil my neighbors say, and thou go
 away so?

Der Shées an arrant whore, and Ile haue the lawe
 on you Iohn

Iohn Why what hath she done?

Der Maſſy marke thou Iohn,
I wil proue it that I wil

Iohn What wilt thou proue?

Der That ſhe cald me in to dinner
Iohn, marke the tale wel Iohn, and when I was ſet,
She brought me a diſh of rootes, and a péece of barrel
butter therin and ſhe is a verie knaue,
And thou a drab if thou take her part

Iohn Heareſta Dericke, is this the matter?
Nay, and it be no worſe, we wil go home againe,
And all ſhall be amended

Der Oh Iohn, heareſta Iohn, is all well?

Iohn I, all is wel

Der Then ile go home before, and breake all the
glass windowes

Enter the King with his Lords

Hen IV Come my Lords, I ſee it bootes me not
to take any phisick, for all the Phisitions in the world
cannot cure me, no not one But good my Lords,
remember my laſt wil and Teſtament concerning my
ſonne, for truly my Lordes, I doo not thinke but he
wil proue as valiant and victorious a King, as euer
raigned in England.

Both Let heauen and earth be witneſſe betwéene
us, if we accompliſh not thy wil to the vttermoſt

Hen IV I giue you moſt vnfaigned thanks, good
my lords,
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cauſe ſome Muſicke to rocke me a ſléepe.

He ſleepeth Exeunt Lords

Enter the Prince.

Hen, V. Ah Harry, thrice vnhappy that hath
neglect ſo long from viſiting of thy ſicke father, I wil
goe, nay but why doo I not go to the Chamber of my
ſick father, to comfort the melancholy ſoule of his

bodie, his soule said I, here is his bodie indeed, but his soule is, whereas it néeds no bodie Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I craue pardon for all Oh my dying father, curst be the day wherein I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherein I was begotten, but what shal I do? if wéepling teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I wil wéepe day and night vntil the fountaine be drie with wéepling *Exit*

Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford

Exe Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King

Hen IV Now my Lords

Oxf How doth your Grace féele your selfe

Hen IV Somewhat better after my sléepe,

But good my Lords take off my Crowne,
Remoue my chaire a litle backe, and set me right

Ambo And please your grace, the crown is takē
away

Hen IV The Crowne taken away,

Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this
dée

No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it,
To deprue my sonne, they that would do it now,
Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my
death

Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince

Oxf Here and please your Grace,
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

Hen IV Why how now my sonne?

I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,

I had guen you a lesson for all,

And do you now begin againe?

Why tel me my sonne,

Doe thou thinke the time so long,

That thou wouldest haue it before the
Breath be out of my mouth?

Hen V Most soueraign Lord, and welbeloved
father,

I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time
Past all recouery, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witnesse and what should I doo,
But with weeping tears lament y^e death of you my
father,

And after that, séeing the Crowne, I tooke it
And tel me my father, who might better take it
then I,

After your death? but séeing you liue,
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,
And the happiest man aliue, that my father liue
And liue my Lord and Father, for euer

Hen IV Stand vp my sonne,
Thine answere hath sounded wel in mine eares,
For I must néed confesse that I was in a very sound
sléep,

And altogether vnmindful of thy comming
But come neare my sonne,
And let me put thée in possession whilst I liue,
That none deprive thée of it after my death

Hen V Well may I take it at your maiesties hands,
But it shal neuer touch my head, so long as my father
liues

He taketh the Crowne

Hen IV God giue thée ioi my sonne,
God blesse thée, and make thée his seruant,
And send thée a prosperous raigne
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I haue maintained it

Hen V Howsoever you came by it, I know not,
And now I haue it from you, and from you I wil
kéepe it

And he that séekes to take the Crowne from my
head,

Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,
Or I will pearce him to the heart,
Were it harder than brasse or bollion

Hen IV Nobly spoken, and like a King
Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,
As euer raigned in England

L Ambro His former life shewes no lesse

Hen IV Wel my lords I know not whether it be
for sléepe,

Or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death,
But I am verie much guen to sléepe,
Therefore good my Lords and my sonne,
Draue the Curtaines, depart my chamber,
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sléepe

Exeunt omnes The King duth

Enter the Theefe

Theefe Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird
Which hath escaped out of the Cage,
For so soone as my Lord chief iustice it heard
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,
For feare of my Lord the yong Prince
But here comes some of his companions,
I wil see and I can get any thing of them,
For old acquaintance

Enter Knightes raunging

Tom Gogs wounds the King is dead

Iock Dead, then gogs blood, we shall be all kings

Ned Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Iustice
Of England

Tom Why how, are you broken out of prison?

Ned Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes

Iock Why what wil become of thée now?
Fye vpon him, how the rascall stinkes

Theefe Marry I wil go and seue my maister againe

Tom Gogs blood, doost think that he wil haue any
such

Scab'd knaue as thou art? what man he is a king now.

Ned Hold thée, heres a couple of Angels for thée,
And get thée gone, for the King wil not be long
Before he come this way

And hereafter I wil tel the king of thée *Exit Theefe*

Iock Oh how it did me good, to sée the king
When he was crowned

Me thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,
And his person like vnto a God

Ned But who would haue thought,
That the king would haue changde his countenance
so?

Iock Did you not sée with what giace
He sent his embassage into France? to tel the French
king

That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,
And Harry of England wil haue it

Tom But twas but a litle to make the people be-
léue,
That he was sorie for his fathers death

The Trumpet sounds

Ned Gogs wounds, the king comes,
Let all stand aside

*Enter the King with the Archbishop, and the Lord of
Oxford*

Iock. How do you my Lord?

Ned How now Harry?

Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes,
You are a king, and all the realme is yours :
What man, do you not remember the old sayings,
You know I must be Lord chiefe Iustice of England,

Trust me my lord, me thinks you are very much
changed,

And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes be-
léeue

The death of your father gréeues you,

And tis nothing so

Hen V I prethée Ned, mend thy manneirs,

And be more modester in thy teames,

For my vnfeined gréeffe is not to be ruled by thy flat-
tering

And dissembling talke, thou saist I am changed,

So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that
quickly,

Or else I must cause thée to be chaunged

Iock Gogs wounds how like you this?

Sownds tis not so swéete as Musicke

Tom I trust we haue not offended your grace no
way

Hen V Ah Tom, your former life gréeues me,

And makes me to abandō & abolish your company
for euer

And therfore not vpō pain of death to approach my
presence

By ten miles space, then if I heare wel of you,

It may be I wil do somewhat for you,

Otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands,

Then at any other mans And therefore be gone,

We haue no othei matters to talke on

Exeunt Knights

Now my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,

What say you to our Embassage into France?

Archb Your right to the French Crowne of France,

Came by your great grandmother Izabel,

Wife to King Edward the third,

And sister to Charles the French King

Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he
wil,

Then must you take your sword in hand,
And conquer the right
Let the vsurped Frenchman know,
Although your predecessors haue let it passe, you wil
not
For your Countrymen are willing with purse and
men,

To aide you

Then my good Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne,
That Scotland hath bene in league with Fiance,
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,
I thinke it therefore best to conquere Scotland,
And thē I think that you may go more easily into
France

And this is all that I can say, My good Lord

Hen V I thanke you, my good lord Archbishop of
Canteibury

What say you my good Lord of Oxford?

Oxf And, And please your Maestie,
I agree to my Lord Archbishop, sauing in this,
He that wil Scotland win, must first with France
begin.

According to the old saying

Therefore my good Lord, I think it best to inuade
France,

For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,
And conquere France, and conquere both.

Enter Lord of Exeter

Exe And please your Maestie,
My Lord Embassador is come out of France

Hen V Now trust me my Lord,
He was the last man that we talked of,
I am glad that he is come to resolute vs of our an-
swere,
Commit him to our presence.

Enter Duke of Yorke

Yorke God saue the life of my soueraign Lord the king

Hen V Now my good Lord the Duke of York,
What newes from our brother the Fiench King?

Yorke And please your Maiestie,
I deliuered him my Embassage,
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,
But for the answere he hath sent,
My Lord Ambassador of Burges, the Duke of Bur-
gony,
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horse-
men,
To bring the Embassage

Hen V Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges
Into our presence

Enter Archbishop of Burges

Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges,
We do learne by our Lord Ambassador,
That you haue our message to do
From our brother the French King
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed
order,
We gue you free libertie and license to speake,
With good audience

Archb God saue the mightie King of England,
My Lord and maister, the most Christian king,
Charles the seuenth, the great & mightie king of
France,
As a most noble and Christian king,
Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather con-
tent
To yeeld somewhat to your vneasonable demaunds,
That if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare with his
daughter

The said Ladie Katheren, in marriage,
 And some crownes which he may wel spare,
 Not hurting of his kingdome,
 He is content to yeeld so far to your vneasonable
 desue

Hen V Why then belike your Lord and maister,
 Thinks to puffe me vp with fifty thousand crowns a
 yere,

No tell thy Lord and maister,
 That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,
 Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe
 And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter

Archb And may it please your maiestie,
 My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,
 With this present

He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles

Hen V What a gilded Tunne?

I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it?

Yorke And it please your Giace,
 Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles

Hen V A Tunne of Tennis balles?

I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,
 What might the meaning thereof be?

Archb And it please you my Lord,
 A messenger you know, ought to keepe close his
 message,
 And specially an Embassadoi

Hen V. But I know that you may declare your
 message

To a king, the law of Armes allowes no lesse

Archb My Lord, hearing of your wildnesse before
 you

Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,
 Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis
 Court

Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the
 Camp

Hen V My lord Prince Dolphin is very pleasant¹
with me

But tel him, that in stéed of balles of leather,
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it
I and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it
Therefore get thée hence, and tel him thy massage
quickly,

Least I be there before thee Away priest, be gone

Archb I beséech your grace, to deliuer me your safe
Conduct vnder your broad seale Emanuel

Hen V Priest of Burges, know,
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is
all one,

And in stead of my hand and seale,
I will bring him my hand and sword
And tel thy lord and maister, that I Harry of Eng-
land said it,

And I Harry of England, wil performe it
My Lord of Yoike, deliuer him our safe conduct,
Vnder our broad seale Emanuel

Exeunt Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke
Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest
French man in all Fiance, shall rue the time that euer
These Tennis balles were sent into England
My Lord, I wil y^t there be prouided a great Nauy of ships,
With all spéed, at South-Hampton
For there I meane to ship my men,
For I would be there before him, if it ² were possible,
Therefore come, but staie,
I had almost forget the chiefest thing of all, with chafing
With this French Embassador
Call in my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

¹ [Old copy, *pleasant*.]
VOL IV

² [Old copy, *it it*]
Z

Enters Lord chiefe Iustice of England

Exe Here is the King my Lord

Iust God preserue your Maiestie

Hen V Why how now my lord, what is the matter?

Iust I would it were vnknowne to your Maiestie

Hen V Why what aile you?

Iust Your Maiestie knoweth my grieue well

Hen V Oh my Lord, your remember you sent me to the Fléete, did you not?

Iust I trust your grace haue forgotten that

Hen V I truly my Lord, and for reuengement, I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme,

Vntil it shall please God to giue me spéedie returne Out of France

Iust And if it please your Maiestie, I am far vnworthie

Of so high a dignitie

Hen V Tut my Lord, you are not vnworthie,

Because I thinke you worthie

For you that would not spare me,

I thinke wil not spare another,

It must néeds be so, and therefore come,

Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse

Exeunt omnes

Enter a Captaine, Iohn Cobler and his wife

Cap Come, come, there's no remedie,
Thou must néeds serue the King

Iohn Good maister Captaine let me go,
I am not able to go so farre.

Wife I pray you good maister Captaine,
Be good to my husband

Cap Why I am sure he is not too good to serue
y^e king?

John Alasse no but a great deale too bad,
Therefore I pray you let me go

Cap No, no, thou shalt go

John Oh sir, I haue a great many shooes at home
to Cobble

Wife I pray you let him go home againe

Cap Tush I care not, thou shalt go

John Oh wife, and you had been a louing wife to
me,

This had not bene, for I haue said many times,
That I would go away, and now I must go
Against my will

He weepeth

Enter s Denicke

Den How now ho, Basillus Manus, for an old cod-
péece,

Maister Captaine shall we away?

Sowndes how now Iohn, what a crying?

What make you and my dame there?

I maruell whose head you will throw the stooles at,
Now we are gone

Wife Ile tell you, come ye cloghead,
What doe you with my potlid? heare you,
Will you haue it rapt about your pate?

She beateth him with her pollid

Den Oh good dame, here he shakes her
And I had my dagger here, I wold worie you all to
péece

That I would

Wife Would you so, Ile trie that *She beateth him*

Den Maister Captaine will ye suffer her?

Go too dame, I will go backe as far as I can,

But and you come againe,

Ile clap the law on your backe that flat.

Ile tell you maister Captaine what you shall dom?

Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you,

She will do as much good as her husband and I too

Enters the Theefe

Sownes, who comes yonder ?

Cap How now good fellow, doest thou want a maister

Theefe I truly sir

Cap Hold thee then, I presse thee for a souldier,
To serue the King in Fiance

Der How now Gads, what doest knowes thinkest ?

Theefe I, I knew thee long ago

Der Heare you maister Captaine ?

Cap What saist thou ?

Der I pray you let me go home againe

Cap Why what wouldst thou do at home ?

Der Marry I haue brought two shirts with me,
And I would carry one of them home againe,
For I am sure heele steale it from me,
He is such a filching fellow

Cap I warrant thee he wil not steale it from thee,
Come lets away

Der Come maister Captaine lets away,
Come follow me

John Come wife, lets part lovingly

Wife Farewell good husband

Der Fie what a kissing and crying is here ?
Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe ?
Why Iohn come away, doest thinke that we are so base
Minded to die among French men ?

Sownes, we know not whether they will laie
Vs in their Church or no Come M Captaine, lets away

Cap I cannot staie no longer, therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes

*Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord
high Constable of France*

King. Now my Lord high Constable,
What say you to our Embassage into England ?

Con And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing,
Vntil my Lords Embassadors be come home,
But yet me thinkes your gracie hath done well,
To get your men in so good a readinesse,
For feare of the worst

King I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse,
But if the King of England make against vs,
We must haue thrice so many moe

Dol Tut my Lord, although the King of England
Be yoong and wild headed, yet neuer think he will
be so

Vnwise to make battell against the mightie King
of France

King Oh my sonne, although the King of Eng-
land be
Yoong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is
rulde
By his wise Councillors

Enter Archbysshop of Burges

Archb God saue the life of my soueraign lord the
king

King Now my good Lord Archbishop of Burges,
What news from our brother the English King?

Archb And please your Maiestie,
He is so fai from your expectation,
That nothing wil serue him but the Crowne
And kingdome it selfe, besides, he bad me haste
quickly,
Least he be there before me, and so far as I heare,
He hath kept promise, for they say, he is alreadie
landed

At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuier of Sene,
And laid his siege to the Garrison Towne of Harflew

King You have made great haste in the meane
time,
Haue you not?

Dol I pray you my Lord, how did the King of England take my presents ?

Archb Truly my Lord, in very ill part,
For these your balles of leather,
He will tosse you balles of brass and yron
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
He is such a hautie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon

Con Tush, we wil make him as tame as a Lambe,
I wariant you

Enters a Messenger

Mess God saue the mightie King of France

King Now Messenger, what newes ?

Mess And it please your Maiestie,
I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew,
Which is so beset on euery side,
If your Maiestie do not send present aide,

The Towne will be yeilded to the English King

King Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still
Till our Country be spoyled vnder our noses ?

My Lords, let the Normanes, Brabants, Pickardies,
And Danes, be sent for with all spéede

And you my Lord high Constable, I make Generall
Ouer all my whole Aime

Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,

Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment

Dol I trust your Maiestie will bestow,
Some part of the Battell on me,

I hope not to present any otherwise then well

King I tell thee my sonne,
Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy
life,

I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,
And the English men to haue the victorie

Dol Why my Lord and father,

I would haue the pettie king of England to know,
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world

King I know well my sonne,
But at this time I will haue it thus
Therefore come away

Exeunt omnes

Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lords

Hen V Come my Lords of England,
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come
But good my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines
With all speed, to number the hoast of the French
men,

And by that meanes we may the better know
How to appoint the battell

Yorke And it please your Maiestie,
There are many of your men sicke and diseased,
And many of them die for want of victuals

Hen V And why did you not tell me of it before ?
If we cannot haue it for money,
We will haue it by dint of sword,
The lawe of Armes allow no lesse

Oxf I beseech your grace, to graunt me a boone

Hen V What is that my good Lord ?

Oxf That your grace would give me the
Euangard in the battell

Hen V Trust me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot
For I haue alreadye giuen it to my vnc[le] y^e Duke of
Yoik,

Yet I thanke you for your good will.

A Trumpet soundes

How now, what is that ?

Yorke I thinke it be some Herald of Armes

Enters a Herald

Her King of England, my Lord high Constable,

And others of the Noble men of France,
Sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God,
Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,
They presently bid thee battell

Hen V Herald tell them, that I defie them,
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,
And as wion[g]full vsurpers of my right
And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell
Tell them that I thinke they knowe how to please me
But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dol-
phin
Here in battell

Her And it please your grace,
My Lord and King his father,
Will not let him come into the field

Hen V Why then he doth me great iniurie,
I thought that he & I shuld haue plaid at tennis
together,
Therefore I haue brought tennis balles for him,
But other maner of ones then he sent me
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,
That I haue inured my hāds with other kind of
weapons

Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,
And that he shall finde it, ere it be long,
And so adue my friend

And tell my Lord that I am readie when he will

Exit Herald

Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,
And ile see the number of the French army my selfe
Strike up the Drumme

Exeunt omnes

Enter French Souldiers

1. *Soul* Come away Jack Drummer, come away
all,
And me will tel you, what me wil doo,

Me wil tro one chance on the dice,
 Who shall haue the king of England and his lords
 2 *Soul* Come away Iacke Drummer,
 And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme

Enter Drummer

Drum Oh the braue apparrel that the English mans
 Hay broth ouer, I will tel you what
 Me ha donne, me ha prouided a hundreth trunkes,
 And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in

1 *Soul* What do thou meane by trunkea (*sic*) ?

2 *Soul* A shest man, a hundred shests

1 *Soul* Awee, awee, awee, Me wil tel you what,
 Me ha put fue children out of my house,
 And all too litle to put the fine apparel of the
 English mans in

Drum Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we
 Haue anon, but come, and you shall see what we wil
 tro

At the kings Drummer and Fife,
 Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you

3 *Soul* Faith me wil tro at y^e Earle of Northum
 berland

And my Loid a Willowby, with his great horse,
 Snorting, farting, oh braue horse

1 *Soul* Ha, bui Ladie you ha reasonable good
 lucke,

Now I wil tro at the king himselfe,
 Ha, me haue no good lucke

Enters a Captaine

Cap How now what make you here,
 So farre from the Campe ?

2. *Soul* Shal me tel our captaine, what we haue done
 here ?

Drum. Awée, awée

Exeunt Drum and one Souldier

2 *Soul* I wil tel you what whe haue doune,
We haue bene troing on shance on the Dice,
But none can win the king

Cap I thinke so, why he is left behind for me,
And I haue set thiee or foure chaire-makers a worke,
To make a new disguised chaue to set that womanly
King of England in, that all the people may laugh
And scoffe at him

2 *Soul* Oh braue Captaine

Cap I am glad, and yet with a kinde of pitie,
To see the poore king
Why, who euer saw a more flourishing armie in France
In one day, then here is ? Are not here all the Pées
of France ?
Are not here the Normans with their fine hand-
Gunnies, and slaunching Curtlexes ?
Are not here the Barbarians with their bard horses,
And lanching speares ?
Are not here Pickardes with their crosbowes & pierc-
ing Dartes
The Henues with their cutting Glaues, and sharpe
Carbuckles
Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie ?
And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs ?
Why take an English man out of his warme bed
And his stale drinke, but one moneth,
And alas what wil become of him ?
But giue the Frenchman a Reddish roote,
And he wil lue with it all the dayes of his life

Exit

2 *Soul* Oh the braue appaerl that we shall haue of
the English mans

Exit

Enters the king of England, and his Lords

Hen. V Come my Lords and fellows of armes,
What company is there of the French men ?

Oxf. And it please your Maestie,

Our Captaines haue numbied them,
And so neare as they can iudge,
They are about thréescore thousand horsemen,
And foitie thousand footemen
Hen V They thréescore thousand,
And we but two thousand
They thréescore thousand footemen,
And we twelue thousand
They are a hundred thousand,
And we fortie thousand, ten to one
My Loids and louing Countrey men,
Though we be fewer, and they many,
Feare not, your quanel is good, and God wil defend
you
Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either
haue
A valiant victorie, or a honourable death
Now my Loids, I wil that my vncke the Duke of
Yorke,
Haue the auantgard in the battell
The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,
The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,
That they may come fresh vpon them
And I my selfe with the Duke of Bedford,
The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster,
Wil be in the midst of the battell
Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,
And the Earle of Noithumberland,
With their troupes of horsemen, be cōtinually running
like Wings on both sides of the army
My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing
Then I wil that euery archei prouide him a stake of
A trée, and sharpe it at both endes,
And at the first encounter of the horsemen,
To pitch their stakes downe into the ground befoie
them,

That they may gore themselues vpon them,
And then to recoyle backe, and shoote wholly alto
gether,

And so discomfit them

Oxf And it please your Maiestie,
I wil take that in charge, if youi grace be therewith
cōtent

Hen V With all my heart, my good Lord of
Oxford

And go and prouide quickly

Oxf I thanke your highnesse *Exit*

Hen V Well my Lords, our battels are ordeined,
And the French making of bonfires, and at their
bankets,

But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them

The Trumpet soundes
Soft, here comes some other French message

Enters Herauld

Her King of England, my Lord high Constable,
And other of my Lords, considering the poore estate
of thée

And thy poore Countrey men,
Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ran-
some?

Perhaps thou maist agrée better cheape now,
Then when thou art conquered

Hen V Why then belike your high Constable,
Sends to know what I wil giue for my ransome?
Now trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of ten-
nis-bals

No not so much as one poore tennis-ball,
Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field to féed
crowes,

Then euer England shall pay one penny ransome
For my bodie

Her A kingly resolution.

Hen V No Herald, tis a kingly resolution,
 And the resolution of a king
 Here take this for thy paines *Exit Herald*
 But stay my Lords, what time is it?

All Praise my Lord

Hen V Then is it good time no doubt,
 For all England praeth for vs
 What my Lords, me thinks you looke chéerfully
 vpon me?

Why then with one voice and like true English hearts,
 With me throw vp your caps, and for England,
 Cry S George, and God and S George helpe vs

Strike Drummer, Exeunt omnes

*The Frenchmen cry within, S Dennis, S Dennis,
 Mount Ioy, S Dennis*

The Battell

Enters King of England, and his Lords

Hen V Come my Lords come, by this time our
 Swords are almost drunke with French blood,
 But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many
 of our
 Army be slaine in the battell?

Oxf And it please your Maestie,
 There are of the French armie slaine
 Aboue ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred
 Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners
 Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners
 Of your Maesties Armie, are slaine none but the
 good

Duke of Yorke, and not aboue fve or six and twentie
 Common souldiers

Hen. V For the good Duke of Yorke my vnckle,
 I am heartily some, and greatly lament his misfortune,
 Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath
 giuen vs,

Doth make me much reioyce But staie,
Here comes another French message
[*Sound Trumpet*]

Enters a Herald and kneeleth

Her God saue the life of the most mightie Con-
queror,
The honourable king of England

Hen V Now Herald, me thinks the world is
changed
With you now, what I am sure it is a great disgrace
for a

Herald to kneele to the king of England,
What is thy message?

Her My Lord & maister, the conquered king of
Fiance,

Sends thee long health, with heartie gréeting

Hen V Herald, his greetings are welcome,
But I thanke God for my health
Well Herald, say on

Her He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,
To giue him leaue to go into the field to view his
poore

Countrymen, that they may all be honourably buried

Hen V Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister
Send to me to burie the dead?

Let him bury them a Gods name.

But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord hie Con-
stable,

And those that would haue had my ransome?

Her. And it please your maiestie,
He was slaine in the battell

Hen V Why you may see, you will make your
selues

Sure before the victorie be wonne, but Herald,
What Castle is this so néere adioyning to ouir Campe?

Her And it please your Maiestie,
Tis cald the Castle of Agincourt

Hen V Well then my lords of England,
For the more honour of our English men,
I will that this be for euer cald the battell of Agin-
court

Her And it please your Maiestie,
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie

Hen V What is that Herald? say on

Her And it please your Maiestie, my Lord and
maister,

Craues to parley with your Maiestie

Hen V With a good will, so some of my Nobles
View the place for feare of trecherie and treason

Her Your grace néeds not to doubt that

Hen V Well, tell him then, I will come

Exit Herald

Now my lords, I will go into the field my selfe,
'To view my country men, and to haue them honourably
Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpasse me in
Curtesie, while I am Harry King of England
Come on my lords

Exeunt omnes

Enters Iohn Cobler and Robbin Pewterer

Robin Now Iohn Cobler,
Didst thou see how the King did behaue himselfe?

Iohn But Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie
The King had, to see how the French men were kild
With the stakes of the trées

Robin I Iohn, there was a braue pollicie

Enters an English Souldier roming

Soul What are you my maisters?

Both Why we be English men

Soul Are you English men, then change your lan-
guage

For all the Kings Tents are set a fire,
And all they that speake English will be kild

John What shall we do Robin? faith ile shift,
For I can speake broken French

Robin Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst
speak

John Commodeuales Monsieur

John Thats well, come lets be gone.

Drum and Trumpet sounds

*Enters Dericke roming After him a Frenchman, and
takes him prisoner*

Der O good Mounsei

French Come, come, you villeaco

Der O I will sir, I will

French Come quickly you pesant

Der I will sir, what shall I gieve you?

French Mary, thou shalt gieve me,
One, to, tre, foure, hundred Crownes

Der Nay sir, I will gieve you more,
I will gieve you as many crowns as will lie on your
sword

French Wilt thou gieve me as many crowns
As will lie on my sword?

Der I marrie will I, but you must lay downe your
Sword, or else they will not lie on your sworde.

*Here the Frenchman layes downe his sword, and
the downe takes it vp, and hurles him downe*

Der Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp?

French O good Mounsier comparteue
Monsieur pardon me

Der O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,
Doeest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy
short el?

O villaine, now I will strike off thy head

*Here whiles he turnes his back, the French-
man runnes his wayes.*

Der What is he gone, masse I am glad of it,
 For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd
 again,
 And then I should haue béene spilt,
 But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen

*Enters King of France, King of England, and
 attendants*

Hen V. Now my good brother of France,
 My coming into this land was not to shead blood,
 But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can
 deny,

I am content peaceably to leaue my siege,
 And to depart out of your land.

Char What is it you demand,
 My louing brother of England

Hen V My Secretary hath it written, read it

Sec Item, that immediately Henry of England
 Be crowned King of France

Char. A very hard sentence,
 My good brother of England

Hen V No more but right, my good brother of
 France

Fr King Well, read on

Sec Item, that after the death of the said Henry,
 The Crowne remaine to him and his heires for euer

Fr King Why then you do not onely meane to
 Dispossesse me, but also my sonne

Hen V Why my good brother of France,
 You haue had it long enough
 And as for Prince Dolphin,

It skils not though he sit beside the saddle
 Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be

Fr. King You are very peremptorie,
 My good brother of England

Hen V. And you as peruerse, my good brother of
 France.

Char Why then belike, all that I haue here is
yours

Hen V I euen as far as the kingdom of France
reaches

Char I for by this hote beginning,
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending

Hen V It is as you please, here is my resolution

Char Well my brother of England,
If you will, giue me a copie,
We will meet you againe to-morrow

Exit King of France, and all their attendants

Hen V With a good will my good brother of
France

Secretary deliuer him a coppie
My lords of England goe before,
And I will follow you

Exeunt Lords Speaks to himselfe

Hen V Ah Harry, thrice vnhappy Harry
Hast thou now conquered the French King,
And begins a flesh supply with his daughter,
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,
Which hast sought to win her fathers Crowne?
Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne
I but I loue hei, and must craue her,
Nay I loue her and will haue her.

Enters Lady Katherine and her Ladies.

But here she comes.
How now faire Ladie Katherine of France,
What newes?

Kathren And it please your Maestie,
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of
these

Vnreasonable demands which you require

Hen V Now trust me Kate,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,

For none in the world could sooner haue made me
debate it

If it were possible

But tell me swéete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue ?

Kate I cannot hate my good Lord,
Therefore far vnfit were it for me to loue

Hen V Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,
Canst thou loue the King of England ?

I cannot do as these Countiees do,
That spend halfe their time in wooing

Tush wench, I am none such,
But wilt thou go ouer to England ?

Kate I would to God, that I had your Maestie,
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres,
I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,
Vntill you had related all these vnreasonable de-
mands

Hen V Tush Kate, I know thou wouldst not vse
me so hardly

But tell me, canst thou loue the King of England ?

Kate How should I loue him, that hath dealt so
hardly

With my father ?

Hen V But ile deale as easily with thee,
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,
How saist thou, what will it be ?

Kate If I were of my owne direction,
I could giue you answer.
But séeing I stand at my fathers direction,
I must first know his will.

Hen V But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean
season ?

Kate. Whereas I can put your grace in no assur-
ance,

I would be loth to put you in any dispaire

Hen V Now before God, it is a sweete wench.

She goes aside, and speaks as followeth

Kat I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,
That is beloued of the mighty King of England
Hen V Well Kate, are you at hoast with me?
Swéete Kate, tel thy father from me,
That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded me to

It then thou, and so tel thy father from me
Kate God kéepe your Maiestie in good health

Exit Kat

Hen V Farwel swéet Kate, in faith it is a swéet wench,
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his eares,
That I would make him be glad to bring hei me,
Vpon his hands and knées

Exit King

Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes

Der How now? Sownes it did me good to see how
I did triumph ouer the French men

Enters Iohn Cobler rousing, with a packe full of apparell

Iohn Whoope Dericke, how doest thou?

Der. What Iohn, Comedeuales, aloue yet

Iohn. I promise thee Dericke, I scapte hardly,
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild

Der Were you so?

Iohn I trust me, I had like bene slaine

Der But once kild, why it is nothing,
I was foure or fiue times slaine

Iohn Foure or fiue times slaine

Why how couldst thou haue béene aloue now?

Der. O Iohn, neuer say so,

For I was cald the bloodie souldier amongst them all

Iohn. Why what didst thou?

Der Why, I will tell thee Iohn,

Euery day when I went into the field,
I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose,
And make my nose bléed, and then I wold go into
the field,

And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,
Peace a bloodie souldier, and bid me stand aside,
Whereof I was glad

But marke the chance Iohn

I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then
Iohn,

I thought I had béne safe, but on a sodaine,

There steps to me a lustie tall Frenchman,

Now he drew, and I drew,

Now I lay here, and he lay there,

Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward,

And skipped quite ouer a hedge,

And he saw me no more there that day,

And was not this well done Iohn?

Iohn Masse Dericke, thou hast a wittie head

Der I Iohn, thou maist sée, if thou hadst taken my
counsel,

But what hast thou there?

I thinke thou hast bene robbing the Frenchmen

Iohn I faith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell,
To carry home to my wife

Der And I haue got some shooes,
For ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead,
I would go take off all theyr shooes

Iohn I, but Dericke, how shall we get home?

Der Nay sownds and they take thée,
They wil hang thée,

O Iohn, neuer do so, if it be thy fortune to be
hangd,

Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoever thou
doest

Iohn Why Dericke the warres is done,
We may go home now

Der I but you may not go before you aske the
king leaue,
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no
leaue

Iohn How is that Dericke ?

Der Why Iohn, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes
Funerall must be carried into England, doest thou
not ?

Iohn I that I do

Der Why then thou knowest wéele go with it

Iohn I but Dericke, how shall we do for to méet
them ?

Der Sownds if I make not shift to méet them,
hang me

Sirra, thou knowst that in euery Towne there wil

Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke,

Now I wil go to the Claike and Sexton

And kéepe a talking, and say, O this fellow ings
well,

And thou shalt go and take a péece of cake, then ile
ring,

And thou shalt say, oh this fellow kéepe a good
stunt,

And then I will go drinke to thée all the way

But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come
home,

Because we haue not a French word to cast at a
Dog

By the way ?

Iohn Why what shall we do Dericke ?

Der Why Iohn, ile go before and call my dame
whore,

And thou shalt come after and set fire on the house,

We may do it Iohn, foi ile proue it,

Because we be souldiers

The Trumpets sound

Iohn Dericke helpe me to carry my shooes and
bootes

*Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exeter,
then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the
Duke of Burgondie, and attendants*

Hen V Now my good brother of France,
I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your
answeire ?

Fr King I my welbeloued brother of England,
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,
But cannot finde that you should be crowned
King of France

Hen V What not King of France, then nothing,
I must be King but my louing brother of France,
I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,
When I came last to pailey,
The French men had better a raked
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,
Then to haue fiered my Tentes,
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,
I would so rowse him, as he was neuer so rowsed

Fr King I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie
In this matter
But if this please you, that immediately you be
Proclamed and crowned heire and Regent of France,
Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King

Hen V Heire and Regent of France, that is well,
But that is not all that I must haue

Fr King The rest my Secretary hath in writing

Sec Item, that Henry King of England,
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,
The Crowne with all rights to remaine to King Henry
Of England, and to his heires for euer

Hen V Well my good brother of France,
There is one thing I must needs desire

Fr King What is that my good brother of Eng-
land ?

Hen V That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true to me

Fr King Whereas they haue not sticke with greater

Matters, I know they wil not sticke with such a trifle,
Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie

Hen V Come my Lord of Burgondie,
Take your oath vpon my sword

Burgon I Philip Duke of Burgondie,
Sweare to Henry King of England,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power
Comming to inuade the said Henry or his heires,
Then I the said Philip to send him word,
And aide him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath *He kisseth the sword*

Hen V Come Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too
He kisseth the sword

Hen V Well my brother of France,
There is one thing more I must néeds require of you,

Fr King Wherein is it that we may satisfie your
Maestie?

Hen V A trifle my good brother of France
I meane to make your daughter Quéene of England,
If she be willing, and you therewith content
How saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of
England?

Kate How should I loue thee, which is my fathers
enemy?

Hen V Tut stand not vpon these points,
Tis you must make vs friends
I know Kate, thou art not a litle proud, that I loue
thée

What wench, the King of England?

Fr King Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the
King of England and thée, agréé to it

Kate I had best while he is willing,

Least when I would, he will not
I rest at your Maesties commaund

Hen V Welcome sweet Kate, but my brother of
France

What say you to it?

Fr King With all my heart I like it,
But when shall be our wedding day?

Hen V The first Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing *Sound Trumpets Exeunt omnes*

THE SECOND PART OF KING
HENRY VI

EDITION

*The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses
of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke
Humphrey And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke,
and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester,
with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade And the Duke of
Yorkes first claime vnto the Crowne* London Printed by
Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at
his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall 1594. 4^o

MR HALLIWELL'S INTRODUCTION¹



ON the 2nd of April, 1798, Messrs Leigh and Sotheby, the well-known booksellers and auctioneers, were selling by auction the fourth day's division of the "curious and valuable" library of Dr Samuel Pegge, prebendary of Lichfield, and a distinguished antiquary. There was one particular lot in that day's sale which has rendered the auction an era in Shakespearean bibliography—a very small octavo volume, without covers, purchased by the author of "*Caledonia*" for £5, 15s 6d, and described in the sale catalogue, No 938, as "Shakespeare's true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt, Lond by P S, 1595." This little tract, so unpretendingly exhibited to competition, was no less than the *unique* copy of the play upon which the Third Part of Henry VI was founded, which fetched the enormous sum of one hundred and thirty pounds at Chalmers's sale in 1842, and concern-

¹ [To the Shakespeare Society's edition, 8°, 1843. This introduction applies to the First Sketches of the Third, as well as Second, Part of Henry VI.]

ing the nature of which so much was said in the public prints at the time of its producing the above sum, at the rate of more than three guineas for each leaf. This inestimable treasure was acquired by the Bodleian Library, and is one of the greatest rarities of the kind in that repository. It is the second tract presented to the reader in the following pages, who is indebted to the Shakespeare Society for this attempt to make it easily and generally accessible.

This celebrated "True Tragedie" was the Second Part of the play called "The Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster," on the First Part of which is founded the Second Part of Henry VI, which is now, for the first time, reprinted from an *unique* copy of the edition of 1594, also preserved in the Bodleian Library. Thus the possessor of the present volume will have the two plays upon which are founded the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI, both printed from *unique* copies—one a small octavo, the marketable value of which is one hundred and fifty pounds, the other, a very thin, small quarto, which produced £64 several years ago, and would now probably realise more than twice that sum.

These early editions of 1594 and 1595 vary very considerably from the later impression of 1619, when they were published collectively. The amended play, in the form in which we have received it as Shakespeare's, appeared for the first time in the folio of 1623. All the various editions of the earlier drama have been collated for the notes, and will be found of some importance in a question to which I shall presently draw the reader's attention. This may be considered a part of the external evidence in the dispute concerning the exact portions of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI, which may be attributed with safety to Shakespeare.

I THE FIRST PART

1 "The first part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yoike and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the Crowne London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall 1594"

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours The present copy, which is in the Bodleian Library, belonged to Heber, and is the only one known See "Bibl Heber," vol 11, No 5479. Malone had a copy of it, and he has collated it with the second edition, making the variations in his inlaid copy of the latter Why Malone's copy was not inlaid with the rest of his early editions does not any where appeare, and Dr Bandinel, who is an excellent authority, says it was obtained improperly from Malone's possessions, and that the very one he used is that now in the Bodleian At p 33, l 19, however, occurs the word "honouring," as in the Bodleian copy, which according to Malone's collation, was "thinking" in the exemplar that belonged to him Unless, therefore, Malone made a mistaken alteration, these must have been different books, and an instance of the curious differences which sometimes occurs in various copies of the same edition See p 92 It was entered at Stationers' Hall on March 12th

2 "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tra-

gicall end of the prowde Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Iacke Cade And the Duke of Yorke first clayme to the crowne London Printed by W W for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall 1600"

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours It was reprinted from the first edition, but carelessly, omitting about two dozen words necessary for the sense It possesses, however, a few important corrections This edition is very rare, and I have unwillingly used the Bodleian copy, which has a manuscript title

3 "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the prowde Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade And the Duke of Yorke first clayme to the Crowne London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder S Peters church in Cornewall 1600"

This is the same impression as the preceding, excepting a very few trifling literal variations of no importance, with a different titlepage The only copy known is in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, which is *arsl*, having only the first 25 leaves, and concluding with the first leaf of Sig. G This edition is not mentioned by Lowndes, or any bibliographer

II THE TRUE TRAGEDIE.

1 "The True Tragedie of Richard *Duke of Yorke*, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two houses Lancaster

and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruantes
 Printed at London by P S for Thomas Millington,
and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwal 1595 "

A small octavo, containing 40 leaves, A to E in eights. Owing to its being printed with a narrow page, the metre is often destroyed by the concluding words of one line being inserted in the beginning of the subsequent. This is corrected, in a great measure, in the succeeding impressions. Very few early plays are printed in this size, and so natural is it to consider nearly the whole of this class of literature as a race of small quartos, that although Mr Knight in one place very correctly describes the present volume as "a small octavo," yet he afterwards refers to it as "the *quarto* of 1595." On a fly-leaf, Chalmers has written the following note — "This very rare volume, of which no other copy is known to exist, was purchased by Mr Chalmers at Dr Pegge's sale in 1796 [?] It was then unbound, as it had been neglected by the Doctor, who was unaware of its great value. By an oversight of Mr Malone, and a singular mistake of Mr Steevens, Mr Chalmers obtained it easily for £5, 15s 6d, without much competition, and Steevens was enraged to find that it had gone for less than a fifth of what he would have given for it." On the top of the title-page some one has inscribed the name of Shakespeare, which is not of much authority in the question of authorship, if it was written, as Dr Bandinel says it was, by Dr Pegge.

2 "The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the sixt With the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruantes Printed at London by W W for Thomas

Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600"

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. Malone mentions an edition of this date printed by Valentine Simmes. See his "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii 363, 543. Malone says that Pavier's edition of 1619 was printed from this one, but I apprehend he has merely followed Capell's more general assertion that Pavier reprinted from the copies of 1600. I have not succeeded in finding any evidence of the existence of an edition of "The True Tragedie" printed by Valentine Simmes, for Malone confesses he has never seen a copy, although it is very possible that such a one may have been published.

3 "The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragical ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Diuided into two Parts. And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, for T. P."

A small quarto, containing 64 leaves, A to Q in fours. This contains the "First part of the Contention," as well as "The true Tragedie." T. P. was Thomas Pavier, the publisher of other plays. This edition has no date, but it is ascertained to have been printed in or about 1619 by the signatures. The last signature of Pavier's edition is Q, and the first signature of the text of "Pericles," 4^o Lond 1619, for the same bookseller, is R, and on the recto of sig I of this play, where the Second Part commences, is the same device as on the first page of that edition of Pericles. The Second Part has no separate title-page, but is introduced as "The Second Part. Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Good King Henrie the Sixt."

Pavier's edition was reprinted by Steevens in 1766,

and in general with accuracy,¹ although he has not considered it necessary to follow the rigid system I have pursued in the reprints now presented to the reader. Mistakes and peculiarities of all kinds I have retained as they stand in the original, capital letters, hyphens, punctuation, &c. in all these particulars I have endeavoured to give as faithful a copy of the originals as I possibly could. The collations will be found in the notes, and with these a little judgment would form as good a text as could probably be made with the materials that have descended to our use.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, we have the following entries relative to these plays

"12 March 1593-4

"Tho Millington] A booke intituled the firste parte of the contention of the twoo famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrey and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of *Suff* and the tragicall Ende of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade and the Duke of Yorks first clayme unto the Crowne

"19 April 1602

"Tho Pavier] By assignment from Tho Millington, *salvo jure cujuscunque*, the 1st and 2nd parts of Henry the VI. 1] books"

The last entry is a mistake for the First and Second Parts of the "Contention," and we accordingly find that when Blount and Jaggard, in 1623, inserted a list of Shakespeare's plays "as are not formerly entered

¹ Steevens's reprints are excellently made, and the mistakes of importance do not average more than three or four in each play. I suspect that his successors have not improved. The Percy Society's reprint of "Kind-Harts Dreame" contains above one hundred and thirty errors, some of a portentous kind, yet it is but a small tract, not so long as one of Shakespeare's plays. It is almost impossible to prevent occasional mistakes.

to other men," they omitted the first and second parts of Henry VI, and only inserted "The Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt" In the same way, we find they did not insert "King John" in the same list, although there is no reason to suppose that any copy of that play in its present form had previously been entered The probable inference is, that the list was hastily compiled from the previous entries Millington, it appears, kept possession of the "Whole Contention," as Pavier afterwards called it, till 1602 There seems something mysterious in the words, "*salvo juris cujuscunque*," and it may be asked why Pavier kept them so long without a republication, if the date of 1619 be correct The entry is, however, important, for it clearly shows that, as early as 1602, the present title of "Henry VI" had superseded the older one

I have called these plays "The First Sketches of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI," but it is a question with the critics whether Shakespeare was their author, or whether he merely borrowed from some older dramatist

The external evidence is in favour of Malone's theory, that Shakespeare was *not* the author of the two plays here reprinted They appear to have been, as I have said, in the hands of Millington till 1602, and they were then transferred to Pavier, who retained them till 1626 Millington and Pavier managed between them to monopolise nearly the whole of Shakespeare's disputed plays Thus Millington had the "First Part of the Contention," the "Chronicle History," and the "True Tragedie," which he transferred to Pavier in 1600 and 1602 In addition to these, Pavier also had "Sir John Oldcastle," "Titus Andronicus," "The Yorkshire Tragedy," "The Puritan," and "Pericles," all of which seem to be suspicious plays, to say the least of them. Again,

Millington, who published these plays in 1594, 1595, and 1600, did not put the name of Shakespeare to them, though it would have been for his advantage to have done so. After the year 1598, none of the undisputed plays of Shakespeare were published without having his name conspicuously inserted on the title,¹ and only three were ever published without his name, two in 1597, and one in 1598, although, between the years 1598 and 1655, forty-four quarto editions appeared with the authorship clearly announced. In 1600, when Millington published the *Two Parts of the "Contention"* without Shakespeare's name, six undisputed plays were published with his name, and seven disputed plays² without, but Pavier was afterwards bolder, and, out of the twenty-four editions of the disputed plays published between the years 1591 and 1635, we find eight with Shakespeare's name. This, however, was after 1609. The probability, therefore, is that the *First Part of the "Contention,"* and the *"True Tragedy,"* were published piratically, and altogether without Shakespeare's authority, if he had any share in them. In 1626, Pavier assigned to Edward Brewster and Robert Birde his right in the disputed plays, and we hear again of the two parts of the *"Contention,"* for the last time, on November 8, 1630, as "*Yorke and Lancaster,*" when they were assigned to Richard Cotes "by Mr Bird and consent of a full court."

The first edition of the *"True Tragedy"* does not

¹ I except the early editions of *"Romeo and Juliet,"* and the first edition of *"Hamlet,"* for these are not perfect copies, and, in all probability, were published piratically.

² Copies of *"Sir John Oldcastle,"* 1600, as Mr Collier informs us, are also found with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, as well as without. This would seem to show that the name of our great dramatist could not always be used indiscriminately.

appeal to have been entered at Stationers' Hall, and it is probable that there is a secret history attached to its publication that remains to be unavelled. The first thing that strikes us is its title, and the reason why it was not published as the "Second Part of the Contention" till 1619. It will be remarked that the title-page affirms it to contain "the *whole* contention." Could this have been done for the purpose of deception? We may, however, infer that the amended plays appeared after 1595, and before 1602, or it is probable that the old titles would not have been retained. Perhaps, however, the same argument holds with respect to the edition of 1600, and this would place the date of the amended plays within a very narrow compass. There are some reasons for thinking that the Third Part of Henry VI, in the form in which we now have it, was written before 1598,¹ as, in one of the stage-directions in the first folio, we have Gabriel, an actor, introduced, who, according to Mr Collier, was killed by Ben Jonson in the September of that year. The Third Part of Henry VI also introduces Sinklo, another actor, in a similar manner, who performed in Tarlton's play of the "Seven Deadly Sins,"² and who

¹ It may one day be found that the allusion to enclosures at Melford is valuable in the question of the chronology of the earlier dramas. It is not unlikely that a dramatist may have alluded to the popular dissatisfaction which enclosures generally produce. The particular allusion may, perhaps, be discovered. As early as 1549, there had been disturbances in that part of the country in consequence of enclosures, but, as I am kindly informed by Mr Almack, of Melford, there is no local tradition respecting it, nor do the parish books, although very ancient, contain anything to the purpose. Perhaps the place is not included in the satire.

² Harvey, in his, "Foure Letters," 1592, says that Nash's "Pierce Penilesse" was not "dunsically botched-vp, but right-formally conueied, according to the stile and tenour of Tarletons president, his famous play of the seauen Deadly sinnes which

probably, therefore, did not survive the year 1598. It is reasonable to suppose that the editors of the first folio used copies transcribed when those actors performed.

The constant offences against grammar which occur in these early copies may perhaps be another proof that they were not published by authority. For the reasons I have previously stated, very little doubt can be entertained of the fact that Pavier's copies of the older plays were piratically published, and Shakespeare's name was *for the first time* appended to them in 1619, and not in 1600, probably because the poet was not alive to protect his interests, and in the latter case because he did not acknowledge them for his own. I will now place before the reader certain evidences, before unnoticed, which lead me to think that neither Malone, nor Knight, nor Collier, are exactly right in the results to which they have arrived concerning the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

In a literary point of view, the first edition of the "First Part of the Contention" is far more valuable than the first edition of the "True Tragedy," and considering that both are in the same library, it seems rather strange that Mr Knight should have collated the Second Part, and left the more valuable copy

most deadly, but most liuely playe, I might haue seene in London, and was verie gently inuited thereunto at Oxford, by Tarleton himselfe." Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, angrily denies any similarity between his book and Tarlton's play. The original "platt of the second Parte of the Seven Deadlie Sinns" is given in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, in 348. The exact date of Tarlton's death is not known, but in the parish register of St Leonard, Shoreditch, for 1588, we have the following entry: "Richard Tarelton was buryed the thirde of September." It also appears from the same register that his residence was in "Hallwel Stret," so called from a famous well in the neighbourhood, but is now generally known as High Street, Shoreditch.

Perhaps, however, this remark is not necessary, nor should I have alluded to the circumstance, had not Mr Knight written so extensively concerning these plays, that a reasonable doubt might be raised as to where new evidences, properly so called, could exist. To proceed. In the two first editions of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594 and 1600, act 1, sc 2, we read—

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt that
This, my staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk"

This speech, in the edition of 1619, the only one used by Mr Knight, stands thus

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
That this my staff, mine office badge in court,
Was broke in *twain*, by whom, I cannot guess
But, as I think, by the cardinal What it bodes
God knows, and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of *Edmund Duke of Somerset*,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk"

Now let the reader carefully compare these different texts with the passage as corrected in the amended play

Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain, by whom, I have forgot,
But as I think, it was by the cardinal,
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk,
This was my dream what it doth bode God knows"

The words in italics in the second quotation are those which are common to the editions of 1619 and 1623, but are not found in the earlier impressions of 1594 and 1600. We have thus *an intermediate composition* between the edition of 1594 and the amended play. It will be at once seen that these differences

cannot be the result of emendation, in the way that we account for the differences of the second folio. I will produce another and a stronger instance. In act 1, sc. 2, the edition of 1594 has these two lines

"But ere it be long, I'll go before them all,
Despite of all that seek to cross me thus."

Instead of these two lines, we have a different speech
an elaboration of the other two—

"I'll come after you, for I cannot go before
As long as *Gloster* bears this base and numb'd mind
Were I a man, and Protector, as he is,
I'd reach to th' crown, or make some happy soldier
And being but a woman, I'll not [be] behind
For playing of my part, in spite of all
That seek to cross me thus."

Again, compare these versions with the amended play

"Follow I must I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant"

Here, perhaps, is a still stronger evidence of an intermediate composition, and others of like importance may be seen from the notes. But more than this, the genealogy in act II, sc. 2, in the edition of 1594, is entirely different from that given in the edition of 1619, and this latter very nearly corresponds with the amended play. It seems from these instances, that it will be a difficult matter to ascertain what really belongs to the first original play. I am inclined to think that there is a good deal of what may be termed the amended play in the two parts of the "Contention," and, although the evidence to my mind is so strong that Shakespeare was not the author of the whole of these plays, yet it appears little less

than absurd to form an arithmetical computation of what was written by Shakespeare, and what was the work of the author of the original dramas

There are so many passages in the two plays now reprinted, that seem almost beyond the power of any of Shakespeare's predecessors or contemporaries, perhaps even not excepting Marlowe, that as one method of explaining away the difficulties which attend a belief in Malone's theory, my conjecture that when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, *they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals*, does not seem improbable, borne out, as it is, by an examination of the early editions. If I am so far correct, we have yet to discover the originals of the two parts of the "Contention," as well as that of 1 Henry VI. The well-known passage in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" proves that Shakespeare was the author of the line

"O! tiger's heart, wiapp'd in a woman's hide,"

before September 3, 1592, and the angry allusion to the "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," may be best explained by supposing that Shakespeare had then superseded the older play, in which perhaps Greene may have had some very small share. The attempt to generalise this passage fails, for Greene is speaking of Shakespeare as a writer, not as an actor, a point which Mr Knight does not sufficiently consider. But that Greene "parodies a line of his own," as the other critics tell us, is assuming a power in Greene of penning the speech in which that line occurs, and it is only necessary to compare that speech with others in Greene's acknowledged plays, to be convinced that he was not equal to anything of the kind

When Greene calls our great dramatist "in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country," it is

scarcely possible that he could allude to Shakespeare's power of dramatic arrangement, yet the words imply something of the kind, and we may wish to believe they really do. The notice just quoted is the earliest introduction of Shakespeare in the printed literature of this country, and so valuable an authority is it, that it is unfortunate any dispute or doubt should arise relative to its meaning. That the address in which it is inserted excited much attention at the time, is told by more than one authority,¹ and it probably proved a source of considerable vexation to Shakespeare himself, for shortly after its publication we find Chettle, who edited Greene's tract, apologising for the insertion of the offensive passage. Nash also calls it, "a scald, trivial, lying, pamphlet," but there is no reason for supposing that the last epithet was applied to the part now under consideration. Chettle is enthusiastic. We may believe that he became acquainted with Shakespeare after the publication of Greene's work, and before the appearance of 'Kind-Hart's Dreame'. He tells us that Shakespeare was "excellent in the quality he professes," that is, as an actor, and had, moreover, a "facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."¹ This was in No-

¹ And by none more clearly than a curious tract, entitled "Greenes Newes both from *Heauen and Hell* Prohibited the first for writing of Bookes, and banished out of the last for displaying of *Connycatchers* Commended to the Presse By B. R. At London, Printed, Anno Domini 1593," containing 31 leaves, A to H 3, in fours. This is not by Greene, as Mr Dyce supposes, but perhaps by Barnaby Rich. As authors at that time frequently transposed their initials, if this book were by the same person who wrote "Greenes Funeralls," 1594, these two were perhaps those alluded to in Barnefield's "Cynthia," 12mo Lond. 1595. "Howsoever undeseruedly (I protest) I haue beene thought (of some) to haue beene the authour of two Books here tofore. I neede not to name them, because they are too well knowne already nor will I deny them, because they are disliked, but because they are not mine."

vember or December 1592 Shakespeare probably had written part of the "True Tragedy" before that time.

There is another passage in "Kind-Harts Dreame," which seems rather at variance with the one just quoted. Chettle, speaking of Greene, says, "of whom, *however some suppose themselves injured*, I have learned to speak, considering he is dead, *nil nisi necessarium*. He was of singular plesance, *the very supporter*, and, *to no man's disgrace be this intended*, the ONLY comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Chettle here seems to recollect the offence that the "address" had given, he exclaims, "*to no man's disgrace be this intended*," he was not wronging Shakespeare in calling Greene "the *only* comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Chettle professes to say nothing more of Greene than is requisite, this testimony to his merits is given, notwithstanding his alleged friendliness to Shakespeare. He probably alludes to Shakespeare, when he says, "*however some suppose themselves injured*"² Mr Collier think Chettle im-

¹ A copy of "Kind-Harts Dreame," in the Bodleian, which belonged to Burton, and cost him two-pence, reads, "*fatious* grace in writing, *which* approoves his art." The passage was corrected in passing through the press. A perfect copy of this rare book is preserved in the King's Library in the British Museum. The two copies in the Bodleian Library, in the Burton and Malone collections, want the concluding chapter. Burton's copy has several peculiar readings worthy of notice. Thus at p. 16 of the reprint, we have—"It were to be wished, if they will not be warned, that, as well the singers, as their supporters, were burned in the tongue, that they might rather be ever utterly mute, than the *trumpeters* of so many mischiefs." The word "*trumpeters*," which is clearly wrong, is corrected in Burton's copy to "*trumpets*." If this book be again reprinted, the editor would do well to notice this and other variations.

² In case any one may chance to read the whole in the Percy Society's reprint, it is necessary, for my own sake, to say that this passage is there erroneously given, "*however some may suppose themselves injured*."

plies that Shakespeare had acquired no reputation as an *original* dramatic poet in 1592, and it certainly goes far to prove that his *comic* pieces had not then appeared, or, if they had, had obtained little applause. Our business is now with the histories, and the "First Part of the Contention," and the "True Tragedy," may have been *refacimenti* by Shakespeare as early as 1592.

When Greene parodied the line in "The True Tragedy," and alluded to the "crow beautified with *our* feathers," it is probable he meant to insinuate that he himself had some share in the composition of the play, which in one state of its reconstruction or amendment by Shakespeare fell under his satire. This probability is considerably strengthened by the following passage in "Greene's Funeralls, By R. B. Gent," 4^o Lond. 1594, a rare tract of twelve leaves, preserved in the Bodleian Library —

"Greene is the pleasing Object of an eye,
Greene pleasse the eyes of all that lookt vpon him
Greene is the ground of euerie Painters die,
Greene gaue the ground to all that wrote vpon him
Nay more the men that so Eclipst his fame,
Parloynde his Plumes, can they deny the same."

This is "Sonnet ix" in this rare little volume, which contains the terms "sugred sonnets," afterwards appropriated by Meres to Shakespeare. R. B., whoever he was, may write somewhat in partisanship, but how Nash's indignant rejection of the authorship of the other tract can be held a sufficient reply to this plain statement seems mysterious. Yet so Mr Knight would tell us, and adds that no "great author appeared in the world who was not reputed, in the outset of his career, to be a plagiarist." Was Harriot held a plagiarist, when he promulgated his original theories? Was not his adoption of Vieta's notions discovered afterwards? The cases are nearly parallel,

though there was no Vieta alive to claim the ground-work. We may not care to know who laid the foundation, but surely Greene's words are not to be altogether divested of any intelligible meaning¹

The "True Tragedy," as originally composed, was, as we learn from the title-page, played by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, for whom Greene was in the habit of writing. None of Shakespeare's undisputed plays were played by this company. "Titus Andronicus," an earlier drama, also has this external evidence against its authenticity. Mr Collier, indeed, tells that *before* 1592, "a popular play, written for one company, and perhaps acted by that company as it was written, might be surreptitiously obtained by another, having been at best taken down from the mouths of the original performers. From the second company it might be procured by a third, and, after a succession of changes, corruptions, and omissions, it might find its way at last to the press." This, as Mr Knight thinks, entirely overthrows Malone's argument on the point. But the "True Tragedy" was not printed till 1595, and according to Mr Collier, this system probably concluded two years previously. Besides, the title-page would probably exhibit the

¹ A writer of our own day, and, strange to say, since the publication of Mr Knight's "Essay," has given a gratuitous assertion quite as much the other way. The following announcement will be read with considerable astonishment by those who have paid any attention to this branch of literature. "Shakespeare was just then [1592] rising into notice, and we know from various sources that he was employed in adapting and altering the productions of Nash, Greene, and other unpunctured companions—a circumstance which drew down upon him their hatred and abuse."—*Introduction to the Percy Society's reprint of Kind Heart's Dream*, 8^o Lond 1841, p. xiv. Where are these various sources? Who were the *other* "unpunctured" companions? Shakespeare adapting and altering the productions of Nash!

name of the original company If Malone is not right, it is very singular that the suspicious account should only appear on the titles of two suspicious dramas

Passing over Malone's conclusions from inaccuracies and anachronisms, which can hardly be considered safe guides, when we reflect how numerous they are throughout Shakespeare's plays, there is yet one other circumstance worthy of notice, that indirectly associates the name of Greene with the older dramas In "The First Part of the Contention," mention is made of "Abiadas, *the great Macedonian pirate*" Who Abradas was, does not any where appear, and the only other mention of him that has been discovered is in "Penelopes Web," 4^o Lond 1588,¹ a tract written by Greene "I remember, Ismena, that Epicurus measured euery mans dyet by his own principles, and Abradas, *the great Macedonian pirat*, thought euery one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean" These coincidences are perhaps more curious than important, but still they appear worth notice It may likewise be mentioned, as a confirmatory circumstance, that Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, mentions Greene "being chiefe agent for the companie, for hee writ more than foure other,² how well I will not say" If, therefore, Greene

¹ This book was entered, according to a MS note by Malone, on the Stationers' Registers, by E Aggas, Jan 26th, 1587-8, and the book itself, "imprinted at London for T C and E A," was published that year without a date Another edition appeared in 1601, which Mr Collier calls "the only known edition," but there is a copy of the *editio princeps* in the Bodleian See Collier's 'Shakespeare,' v 183

² "He that was wont to sollicite your mindes with many pleasant conciets, and to fit your fancies at the least euery quarter of the yere, with strange and quaint deuises, best beseeeming the season, and most answerable to your pleasures"—*Greenes Newes both from Heauen and Hell*, 1593

was so intimately connected with the Earl of Pembroke's servants, and Shakespeare not at all, the external evidence, as far as this goes, is strongly in favour of Greene's having had some share in the composition of the "True Tragedy," and, as a matter of course, "the First Part of the Contention"

I have followed Mr Hunter in saying that the allusion to Shakespeare in the "Groatsworth of Wit," entered at Stationers' Hall on September 20th, 1592, is the earliest introduction of our great dramatic poet in the printed literature of this country. If, however, the opinion of Chalmers may be relied on, Gabriel Harvey, in his "Four letters especially touching Robert Greene, and *other parties*, by him abused," 1592, alludes to Shakespeare in the third letter, dated September 9th, 1592, wherein he says "I speak generally to every springing wit, but more especially to a few and, at this instant, *singularly, to one*, whom I salute with a hundred blessings" These notices of Shakespeare are, however, digressions in this place, even if they prove that Shakespeare was not popularly known as a dramatic writer before 1592 Chettle's evidence in the same year is almost conclusive with respect to the histrionic powers of Shakespeare, and it would be a curious addition to our poet's history to ascertain whether he performed in the plays now presented to the reader, after they had been altered and amended There is a well-known epigram by Davies, in his "Scourge of Folly," 1611, p. 76, that has some theatrical anecdote connected with it, now perhaps for ever lost,¹ but which implies that Rowe was not

¹ I do not know the authority for the following anecdote, which appears to illustrate Davies' epigram "It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of the immortal Shakespeare, and used frequently, as was the custom with persons of great rank in those days, to appear upon the stage before the audience, or to sit delighted behind the scenes, when the

exactly right when he stated that "the top of his performance was the ghost of Hamlet" Another evidence may be adduced, from Davies' "Humours Heav'n on Earth," 8vo Lond 1609, p 208, which has not been yet quoted —

"Some followed her [Fortune] by acting all men's parts,
 These on a stage she iais'd, in scorn to fall,
 And made them mirrors by their acting arts,
 Wherein men saw their faults, though ne'er so small
 Yet some she guerdon'd not to theu¹ deserts,
 But otheisome were but ill action all,
 Who, while they acted ill, ill stay'd behind,
 By custom of their manneis, in theu mind "

This alludes to Shakespeare and Burbage, as appears from the marginal note, but the inference to be drawn from it is in favour of Shakespeare's capabilities as an actor Davies is often rather unintelligible, and the allusion

plays of our bard were performed One evening, when *Shakespeare himself was personating the part of a king*, the audience knew of her majesty being in the house She crossed the stage when he was performing, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it When behind the scenes, she caught his eye, and moved again, but still he could not throw off his character to notice her this made her majesty think of some means by which she might know whether he would depart or not from the dignity of his character while on the stage Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took up with these words, immediately after finishing his speech and so aptly were they delivered, that they seemed to belong to it —

'And though now bent on this high embassy,
 Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove'

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the queen, who was greatly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him upon the propriety of it"—*Dramatic Table Talk*, 8o, Lond 1825, 11, 156-7

¹ "W S, R B"—*Marg note in orig*

“ Some say, good Will, which I, in sport, do sing,
 Hadst thou not play'd some kingly parts in sport,
 Thou hadst been a companion for a king,
 And been a king among the meaner sort ”

remains to be unravelled. It clearly alludes to some circumstance which took place after the accession of James I.

This digression is not without its use, because it shows that we have good grounds for believing Chettle's testimony to Shakespeare's histrionic merits, and we can the more readily give credence to his assertion that our dramatist possessed a “ facetious grace in writing that approves his art ”. If the other passage just quoted, which relates to Greene, proves that Shakespeare was not known as a comic writer as early as 1592, it by no means sufficiently outweighs Chettle's first testimony to make us doubt that Shakespeare had then largely contributed to the two parts of the “ Contention ”. Mr Knight tells us repeatedly that if Malone's theory be adopted, Shakespeare was the most unblushing plagiarist that ever put pen to paper. Why so? Did Shakespeare adopt the labours of others as his own? If he had done so, why was his name effaced from the title-page of “ Sir John Oldcastle,” and why was it not inserted on the early editions of the present plays? He would have been essentially a dishonest plagiarist, says Mr Knight. But it was the common custom of the time for dramatists to be engaged to remodel and amplify the productions of others. A reference to Henslowe's Diary will at once establish this fact. In 1601, Decker was paid thirty shillings “ for *altering* of Fayton,” and, in the following year, we find Ben Jonson paid £10 on account, “ in earnest of a boocke called Richard Croockback, and for *new adycions* for Jeronimo.” According to Mr Knight's theory, Decker, Jonson, and every unfortunate playwright, who complied with

the custom of the time, were "unblushing plagiarists" The great probability is that the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote had become proprietor of the older plays, and that he made alterations, and added to them when necessary There was no plagiarism in the case, and perhaps one day it will be discovered that little of the original dramas now remains in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI

From Henslowe's Diary it appears that a play called Henry VI was acted thirteen times in the spring of 1592 by Lord Strange's players who, be it remembered, never performed any of Shakespeare's plays This is conjectured with great probability to be the First Part of Henry VI in some state or other of its composition, and the play whose power "embalmed" the bones of "brave Talbot" with the tears of ten thousand spectators The death-scene of Talbot is, perhaps, the most powerfully-constructed part of the play, our national sympathies have been awakened in his favour, and we pity his woful end but Nash gives like praise to the contemptible "Famous Victories" Mr Knight places great reliance on the unity of action in the First Part of the Contention and the first Part of Henry VI to prove that they were both written by one and the same person, but surely these two plays have neither unity of characterisation, nor unity of style, and the want of these outweighs the unity of action That there is considerable unity of action, I admit In some cases, nearly the same expressions occur Thus, in 1 Henry VI act iv sc 1, King Henry says

"Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France"

And in the First Part of the Contention, act 1 sc 1, he says—

"Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France"

But I suspect these coincidences, and the evidences of the unity of action, as well also as those scenes which a cursory reader might suppose to have been written for the purposes of continuation, may be attributed to the writer having adopted his incidents out of the old chronicles, where such matters are placed in not very strict chronological arrangement. Thus, in *Richard III*, the incident of the King sending the Bishop of Ely for strawberries is isolated, adopted in order with the other scenes from the chroniclers, probably *Holinshed*, and useless for the purposes of continuation. With a discussion on the supposed unity of style I will not occupy these pages. Opinion in this matter is sufficient, for the plays are accessible. Mr Hallam thinks the *First Part of Henry VI* might have been written by Greene, and the very opening of the play is in the bombastic style of the older dramatists. Again, with respect to the characterisation, is the Margaret of *1 Henry VI* the Margaret of the *First Part of the Contention*? Perhaps her character is not sufficiently developed in the first of these to enable us to judge, but, in regard to the characters that are common to both, we may safely decide that not one characteristic of importance is to be found in *1 Henry VI* not immediately derived from the chroniclers. Are we to suppose that Suffolk's instantaneous love was corresponded to by Margaret, or was she only haughty and not passionate when she quietly answers Suffolk in the speech in which she is introduced? I do not mean to assert that there is any inconsistency in her being represented merely haughty in one play, and passionate in the other, for different circumstances would render this very possible, but it is not easy to infer the strict unity of characterisation that is attempted to be established.

If the *First Part of Henry VI* were originally written by Shakespeare, and with all these scenes for

the purposes of continuation, as Mr Knight would have us believe, how does Mr Knight account for the appearance of the Second Part of Henry VI under the title of "The *First* Part of the Contention?" This is a point to which no attention has been given. Two editions of the "First Part of the Contention" were published in 1600 under the old title, but we find that in 1602 their later appellations as parts of Henry VI had been given them. It seems reasonable to infer that, when Shakespeare remodelled the old plays, and formed the two parts of the "Contention," he had had nothing to do with the old play of Henry VI mentioned by Henslowe, and had intended the play now called the Second Part of Henry VI to be the first of his own Series. Afterwards, he might have been employed to make "new adycions" to the old play of Henry VI and then the three plays may have been amalgamated into a series, and the old play rendered uniform by scenes written for continuations previously made. Take the First Part of Henry VI away, and the concluding chorus to Henry V remains equally intelligible. The "True Tragedy" may also have been called "Edward IV," and so more naturally the series would have continued with Richard III.

In vain have I looked for any identity of manner in the scene between Suffolk and Margaret in the First Part of Henry VI and the similar scene in the First Part of the Contention. But so much stress has been laid on this point, that I beg the reader will here carefully compare them together.

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI, Act v. sc. 3

"*Suf* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner

[*Gazes on her*

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly,

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands

I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side
 Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee
Mar Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
 The king of Naples, whoso'er thou art
Suf An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd
 Be not offended, nature's miracle,
 Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me
 So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
 Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings
 Yet if this servile usage once offend,
 Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend

[*She turns away as going*]

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass,
 My hand would free her, but my heart says—no
 As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
 Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
 So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes "

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, Act III sc 2

"*Queen* Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,
 For if the king do come, thou sure must die

Suf And if I go I cannot live but here to die,
 What were it else,
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 As mild and gentle as the new born babe,
 That dies with mother's dug between his lips
 Where from thy sight I should be raging mad,
 And call for thee to close mine eyes,
 Or with thy lips to stop my dying soul,
 That I might breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium
 By thee to die, were but to die in jest;
 From thee to die, were torment more than death
 Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall

Queen Oh might'st thou stay with safety of thy life,
 Then should'st thou stay, but heavens deny it,
 And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeal'd

Suf I go

Queen And take my heart with thee

[*She kisses him*]

Suf A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask,
 That ever yet contain'd a thing of worth
 Thus, like a splitted bark, so sunder we,
 This way fall I to death

Queen This way for me

[*Exit Suffolk*
Exit Queen."]

Mr Dyce could not have been far wrong, when he excluded the first of these plays from his chronology as "exhibiting no traces of Shakespeare's peculiar style, and being altogether in the manner of an older school" This judicious writer thinks that it may be attributed either to Marlowe or Kyd, and we are occasionally reminded of the former author Henslowe's "Diary" lets us a good deal into the prison-house secrets of the relative position between author and manager in those days, we there find that sometimes four writers were occasionally employed on one play, and there seems to be strong internal evidence that the First Part of Henry VI was not wholly the work of one hand

Capell, struck with the power of the death-scene of Henry VI, long since decided that it was unquestionably the work of Shakespeare It is, indeed, a composition in Shakespeare's peculiar style, and it occurs in the "True Tragedy," with only a few verbal alterations, and the omission of five unimportant lines at the commencement In the same way, the speech beginning —

"I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,"

is equal, if not superior, in smoothness and power, to a like speech in "Richard III" How can Mr Collier find it in his heart to deprive Shakespeare of these? There is nothing equal to them in the First Part of Henry VI, and little superior to them in the other historical plays It is, however, worthy of remark, that Meres in 1598 does not mention either Henry VI, or the Contention, which would seem to show that they were not highly estimated even in Shakespeare's own time

Gildon tells us of a tradition, that Shakespeare, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, said that, "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote

plays in order to instruct the people in that particular" This is absurd "Plays," says Heywood in 1612, "have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of all our English chronicles, and what man have you now of that weak capacity, that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay, from the landing of Brute, until this day?"¹ Henslowe mentions a play on the subject of William the Conqueror, and there can be little doubt that a complete series once existed, even up to Henry VIII, and perhaps even later. There was little authentic history in those days, and the researches of Cotton and Hayward were not popularly known. Most were content to take the "depraved lies" of the playwrights for truth, and, like the simpleton mentioned by Ben Jonson, prefer them to the sage chroniclers —

"No, I confess I have it from the play-books,
And think they are more authentic"

It is ridiculous to talk of Shakespeare having invented an historical drama, that had been gradually growing towards the perfection it reached in his hands from the

¹ "Thudly, he affimes that playes have taught the ignorant knowledge of many famous histories. They have indeed made many to know of those histories they never did, by reason they would never take the pames to reade them. But these that know the histories before they see them acted, are ever ashamed, when they have heard what lyes the players insert amongst them, and how greatly they deprave them. If they be too long for a play, they make them curtals, if too short, they enlarge them with many fables, and whither too long or too short, they corrupt them with a foole and his bables whereby they make them like leaden iules, which men will fit to their woike, and not frame their worke to them. So that the ignorant instead of true history shall beare away nothing but fabulous lyes"—*A Refutation of the Apology for Actors* 4^o, Lond, 1615, p 42

middle of the sixteenth century Let, therefore, Gildon's tradition be distributed with the other myths that the commencement of the seventeenth century interwove with the little that was then known of Shakespeare's authentic history

There are other opinions that require notice in this place It has been conjectured that the "First Part of the Contention" and the "True Tragedy" were not written by the same person, because the account of Clifford's death at the conclusion of the former play varies with that given of the same occurrence at the commencement of the other The reader will find this mentioned in another place On the same principle we might conclude that the Second Parts of Henry IV and Henry VI are not by the same hand, because the story of Althea is erroneously told in the first of these plays, and rightly in the second It is difficult to account for these inconsistencies, but there they are, the *ἀμαρτία κατὰ συμβεβηκός* of Shakespeare It seems paradoxical that Shakespeare should at one time remember a well-known classical story, and forget it at another, but these instances illustrate the correctness of Aristotle's definition, and can probably be explained in no other way

Dr Johnson, who often speaks at random in these matters, asserts that the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI were not written without a *dependence* on the first Malone has answered him satisfactorily, by saying, "the old play of Henry VI had been exhibited before these were written in any form, but it does not follow from this concession, either that the 'Contention' was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakespeare was the author of these two pieces, as *originally composed*" This is exactly the point to which I would draw the reader's attention I will leave the unity of action out of the question, because we are not dealing with works of imagination, and

this can be accounted for, as I have previously contended, in the sources from which the incidents are derived. Had there been two Parts to the "Tempest," and the same kind of unity of action, and similar instances of scenes written for the purposes of continuation, the argument would hold in that case, unless it could be shown that these were also to be found in the original romance or drama upon which it was founded. Here there is nothing of the kind. I believe that, with the present evidence, it is impossible to ascertain the exact portions of the two Parts of the "Contention," which were not written by Shakespeare, and belong to the older drama. There is nothing Shakesperian in this —

" These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich
The duchess she thinks now that all is well,
But I have gold comes from another place,
From one that hired me to set her on,
To plot these treasons 'gainst the king and peers,
And that is the mighty duke of Suffolk
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my means must work the duchess' fall,
Who now by conjurations thinks to rise "

This is one of the most favourable specimens of the rejections. Mr Knight would have us believe that Shakespeare wrote the following speech, and put it into the mouth of Richard, after he had slain Somerset —

" So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood
What's here, the sign of the Castle?
Then the prophecy is come to pass,
For Somerset was forewarn'd of castles,
The which he always did observe,
And now behold, under a paltry alehouse sign,
The Castle in St Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous by his death "

Is there in this one single characteristic of the language which *Shakespeare* gives to Richard? Is there

identity of manner? Is not the style comparatively puerile? Let this and similar passages be given to the author or authors of the original play, but let us retain for Shakespeare the parts, that we may fairly judge from comparison to have been beyond the power of those of his contemporaries, whose works have descended to our times

In these discussions, it ought to be recollected that the works of Shakespeare have met with a better fate than those of most of his contemporaries. There may have been "six Shakespeares in the field" at the time we have been speaking of, and the works of one only been preserved. Few had kind friends like Hemings and Condell to look to the interests of their posthumous reputation. It may be that few deserved such treatment, but we are by no means to decide conclusively, merely because the specimens of their talent which have come down to our time are so vastly inferior to the productions of the great bard. The argument of authorship, as adopted by Mr Knight, is at best but a *reductio ad absurdum*, where *possibilities* exist, that even, if the predicates be proved, two conclusions may be drawn. Supposing we are satisfied that neither Peele, nor Kyd, nor Greene, nor even Marlowe, was equal to any given performance, it does not necessarily follow that there was no one of their contemporaries who was not capable of it, though the presumptive evidence may be in favour of the first position

J O HALLIWELL.

Feb 22nd, 1843



*The First Part of the Contention of the
Two Famous Houses of Yorke & Lan-
caster, with the death of the good Duke
Humphrey*

—o—

*Enter at one doore, King HENRY the sixt, and HUM-
PHREY Duke of GLOSTER, the Duke of SOMMER-
SET, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Cardinall BEW-
FORD, and others*

*Enter at the other doore, the Duke of YORKE, and the
Marquesse of SUFFOLKE, and Queene MARGARET,
and the Earle of SALISBURY and WARWICK*

Suf AS by your high imperiall Maesties com-
mand,¹
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator for your excellence,

¹ "This noble company came to the citie of Toures in Tourayne, where they were honorably receiued, bothe of the French kyng, and of the kyng of Scicilie. Wher the Marques of Suffolke, as procurator to kyng Henry, espoused the said Ladie in the chuiche of sanct Martyns. At whiche mariage were present the father and mother of the bride, the Fienche kyng himself, which was uncle to the husbnde, and the Frenche quene also, whiche was awnte to the wife. There were also the Dukes of Oileance, of Calaber, of Alaunson, and of Brutayn, vii eiles, xij barons, xx bishoppes, beside knightes and gentlemen."
—*Hall's Chroncl.* The historical information in these plays

To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,
 So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,
 In presence of the Kings of France & Cyssile,
 The Dukes of Oileance, Calabar, Brittain, and Alon-
 son¹

Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the² reuerend
 Bishops,

I did performe my task and was espoused,
 And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
 In sight of England and her royall Peeres,
 Deliuier vp my title in the Queene,
 Vnto your gracious excellence, that are the sub-
 stance

Of that great shadow I did represent
 The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,
 The fairest Queene that euer King possesst

King Suffolke arise

Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries
 Court,

The greatest show of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
 Is this kinde kisse Oh gracious God of heauen,
 Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnessse,
 For in this beautious face thou hast bestowde
 A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule

Queene Th' excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,
 Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
 Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman
 Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,

appears to be principally taken from this work, which was published under the title of "The Union of the two noble and illustre famelies of Lancastie and Yorke," fol Lond 1548 Steevens quotes a similar passage from Holinshed, who appears to have borrowed from Hall

¹ So all the editions, but the second folio of the amended play omits "and"

² The edition of 1619 reads "twenty," as well as the amended play, which latter reading is the correct one, as readily appears from the passage in Hall's "Chronicle" given above

And nothing can make poore Maigaret miserable,
Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King

Kin Her lookes did wound, but now her speech
doth pierce,¹

Louely Queene Margaret sit down by my side
And vnckle Gloster, and you Lordly Peees,
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene

All Long lue Queene Maigaret, Englands happi-
nesse

Queene We thank you all ² [*Sound Trumpets*

Suf My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the Articles confimde of peace,
Between our Soueraigne and the French King Charles,
Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde

Hum Imprimis, It is agreed betweene the French
King Charles, and William de la Poule, Marquesse of
Suffolke, Embassador for Henry King of England,
that the said Henry shal wed and espouse the Ladie
Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples,
Cyssels, and Ierusalem, and crown her Queene of
England, ere the 30 of the next month ³

Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the
Dutches of Anioy and of Maine,⁴ shall be released
and deliuered ouer to the King her fa

[*Duke HUMPHREY lets it fall*

¹ The word "her" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored again in that of 1619 The amended play reads

"Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joy."

² The first folio reads "all kneel," an addition omitted by modern editors

³ The edition of 1619 reads "ere the thirty day of the next month"

⁴ The amended play in the first instance reads, "and the county of Maine," in accordance with the chronicled accounts, but, when the cardinal repeats this part of the agreement, we find the original form restored as in our text.

Kim. How now vnkle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly

Hum Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,¹

Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no moie ²
Vnkle of Winchester, I pray you reade on ³

Car Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of Anioy and of Mayne, shall be released and deliured ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry

King They please vs well,⁴ Lord Marquesse kneele downe, We here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, & gut thee with the sword Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your giace from being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18 months be full expude Thankes vnkle Winchester, Gloster, Yoike, and Buckingham, Somerset,⁵ Salisbury and Warwicke We thanke you all for ⁶ this great fauour done, In entertainment to my Princely Queene,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads "ore "

² The two quarto editions of 1600 read "that I can see no more," while the edition of 1619 restores the old reading "The amended play reads—

"Pardon me, gracious Lord,
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further

³ In the amended play this line is more properly given to King Henry The edition of 1619 reads very differently

"My lord of Yorke, I pray do you reade on,"

and in Pavier's copy the next speech is accordingly given to York Perhaps the fact of Henry's thanking Winchester first in order may sanction the older reading

⁴ The whole of this speech may be arranged in metrie

⁵ The first folio of the amended play entirely omits the word "and," while the second folio changes its position, and places it before "Somerset" Malone follows our text, but Collier and Knight adopt the reading of the first folio

⁶ The edition of 1619 reads, "We thanke you for all "

Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide
To see her Coronation be performde

[*Exet*¹ *King, Queene, and SUFFOLKE, and Duke*
HUMPHREY staires all the rest

Hum Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the
state,

To you Duke Humphrey must vnfold his grieſe,
What did my brother Henry toyle himſelfe,
And waſte his ſubiects for to conquere France?
And did my brother Bedford ſpend his time
To keep in awe that ſtout vnruely Realme?
And haue not I and mine vncle Bewford² here,
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
And is all our labours then ſpent in vaine,³
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the
roaſt,

Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,
The Dutcheſſe of Anioy and Mayne vnto her father
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canſelling our ſtates,
Reuering Monuments of conquered France,
Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done

Car Why how now coſin Gloſter, what needs this?
As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leaue,
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I ſee,
The big ſwoln venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares preſume⁴ gainſt that thy Soueraigne
likes

¹ The Latinity is barbarous throughout this copy of the play.

² Beaufort. The orthography in this old edition probably occaſioned Bedford and Beaufort being confuſed in ſome editions of the amended play.

³ "Is" may be a miſtake for "are." The edition of 1619 reads, "ſpent quite in vain."

⁴ The two editions of 1600 have "dare," while that of 1619 reſtores the old reading. The latter part of this ſpeech is omitted in the amended play.

Hum Nay my Lord¹ tis not my words that troubles² you,

But my presence, proud piete as thou art
But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied Fiance would be lost ere long

[*Exet Duke HUMPHREY*

Car There goes our Protector in a rage,
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see,³ if he but walke the streets,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying Iesus blesse your royall excellence,
With God preseue the good Duke Humphrey
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey

But I will after him, and if I can
Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate

[*Exet Cardinall*

Buc But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit

Som Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyned thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate

Buc Content, Come then let vs about it⁴ straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector

[*Exet BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET*

¹ The 4to of 1619 reads, "Nay, my Lords," but erroneously

² Probably "trouble"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "For you well see,"

⁴ The two editions of 1600 omit the word "then" The edition of 1619 agrees with our copy

Sal Pride went before, Ambition follows after¹
 Whilst these do seeke their owne pferments thus,
 My Loids let vs seeke for our Countreies good,
 Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall
 Sweare, and forswear himself, and braue it out,
 More like a Ruffin then a man of Church²
 Cosin Yorke,³ the victories thou hast wonne,
 In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,
 Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England
 And thou braue Warwicke, my thrice valiant sonne,
 Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,
 Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,
 The reuence of mine age, and Neuels name,
 Is of no little force if I command,
 Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
 That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,
 But wherefore weeps Warwicke my noble sonne
War For griefe that all is lost that Warwick won

¹ Perhaps in this line there is somewhat of proverbiality
 Steevens quotes the following from Wyntown's "Chronicle."

"Awld men in thare prowerbe sayis,
Pryde gais before, and schame alwayis
 Followys"

And this conjecture is proved by the following passage in Nash's
 "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed Collier, p 8, which is more similar
 to the line in our text: "It is a tūm thing when Pride, the
 sonne, goes before, and Shame, the father, followes after"

² The edition of 1619 reads—

"More like a ruffian then a man of the church"

which is worse metre than our edition, although it is adopted by
 Mr Knight The amended play reads—

"More like a soldier than a man o' th' church"

as given in the first two folios of 1623 and 1632 Modern edi-
 tors write it somewhat differently

³ The amended play reads, "brother" York married Cicely,
 the daughter of Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan,
 daughter to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third
 wife, dame Catharine Swinford Richard Nevil, Earl of Sals-
 bury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife
 Salisbury and York were, therefore, stepbrothers

Sonnes¹ Anioy and Maine, both giuen away at once
Why Warwick did win them, & must that then which
we wonne with our swords,² be giuen away with wordes

Yorke As I haue read, our Kinges of England
were woont to haue large dowries with their wiues,
but our King Henry giues away his owne

Sal Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine³

War Vnto the Maine Oh father Maine is lost,
Which Warwicke by main force did win from France,

¹ The edition of 1619 has this word in italics, as giving a separate speech to the remainder, and in this Pavier is followed by Mr Knight But if so, who were the *sonnes*? who were the speakers? Salsbuie cannot by any ingenuity be so called, and why this singular mode? The expression, "Warwick did win them," is not incompatible with the supposition that he himself is speaking I should rather be inclined to think that *sonnes* in our text is merely a misprint for *sonnes*, and then the speech would very naturally run as follows "Zounds, Anioy and Maine both given away at once! Why, Warwick did win them! and must that then which we won with our swords be given away with words?" The expression "*we won*" cannot reasonably be considered an argument for one side or the other The corresponding passage in the amended play is nearly sufficient to establish my position

"*War* For grief, that they are past recovery
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears
Anioy and Maine! Myself did win them both,
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words"
Mort Dieu!"

² In the amended play we have another jingle, as Johnson styles it, substituted

"And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words"

³ This and the next speech are thus altered in the amended play, and will, perhaps, scarcely be thought improved

"*Sal* Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main
War Unto the main, O father! Maine is lost,
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last
Main chance, father, you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain"

Maine chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from Fiance, or else be slaine

[*Exet* SALSBURY and WARWICKE

Yorke Anioy and Maine, both giuen vnto the
Fiench,

Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England
A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,
And make a show of loue to proud Duke Humphrey
And when I spie aduantage, claim the Crowne,
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits¹ not for a Crowne
Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue,
Watch thou, and wake when others be a sleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his new bride, and Englands dear bought queene,
And Humphrey with the Peeres be false at iarres,
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white Rose,
With whose sweete smell² the aire shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yoike,
To grapple³ with the House of Lancaster
And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish rule hath puld fane England downe.
[*Exet* YORKE,⁴

¹ So all the editions read It ought to be "fit"

² Grey is rather hypercritical here in saying that "this thought is not exactly just," though Spenser has given the preference to the other colour

"She bath'd with roses red, and violets blue,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew"

³ The older form of the word The edition of 1619 reads "grapple"

⁴ This and some other stage directions have been omitted by Mr Knight

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY, and Dame ELLANOR,
COBHAM his wife*

Eln Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened coine,
Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous loade,
What seeest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries
Crowne ?

Reach at it, and if thine armes be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it Art not thou a Prince,¹
Vnckle to the King, and his Protector ?
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content
thy minde

Hum My louely Nell, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne Lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to-night,
And God I pray, it do betide no ill²

Eln What dreamt my Lord Good Humphrey
tell it me,
And ile interpret it, and when thats done,
Ile tell thee then, what I did dreame to night

Hum This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
that

This my staffe mine Office badge in Court, [Sig B]
Was broke in two,³ and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester,
And Wilham de la Poule first Duke of Suffolke

Eln Tush, my Lord, this signifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a stick of Glosters groue,
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreamt,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "Art thou not a prince"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "It do betide none ill"

³ The edition of 1619 contains two additional lines and variations

"Was broke in twaine by whom I cannot gesse
But as I thinke by the Cardinall What it bodes
God knowes, and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And Wilham de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke"

Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
 At Westminster, and seated in the chaire
 Where Kings and Queenes¹ are crownde, and at my
 feete

Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold
 Stood readie to set it on my Princely head

Hum Fie Nell Ambitious woman as thou art,
 Art thou not second woman in this land,
 And the Protectois wife belou'd of him,
 And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,
 Away I say, and let me heare no more

Eln How now my Lord What angry with your
 Nell,

For telling but her dreame The next I haue
 Ile keepe to my selfe,² and not be rated thus

Hum Nay Nell, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,
 But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things

Enters a Messenger.

Mess And it please your grace, the King and
 Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to
 Saint Albones, and craues³ your company along with
 them

Hum With all my heart, I will attend his grace.
 Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs vs⁴ I am sure

[*Exet HUMPHREY*

Eln Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
 But ere it be long,⁵ Ile go before them all,

¹ The two editions of 1600 read "where *the* kings and
 queenes," an interpolation omitted in the edition of 1619

² The edition of 1619 reads "Ile keepe it to my selfe"

³ Perhaps "crave."

⁴ So in the original This evident mistake is corrected in the
 later editions

⁵ Instead of this and the following line, we have in the edition
 of 1619—

"As long as Gloster beares this base and humble munde
 Were I a man, and protector as he is,

Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,
Who is within there?

Enter Sir IOHN HUM ¹

What sir Iohn Hum, what newes with you?

Sir Iohn Iesus preserue your Maiestie

Eln My Maiestie Why man I am but grace

Sir Iohn I, but by the grace of God & Hums aduise,
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long

Eln What hast thou conferd with Margery Iordane,² the cunning Witch of Ely,³ with Roger Bul-
ingbrooke and the rest, and will they vndertake to do
me good?

Sir Iohn I haue Madame, and they haue promised
me to raise a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde,⁴
that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund

Eln Thanks good sir Iohn Some two days hence
I gesse

I'de reache to' th' crowne, or make some hop headlesse

And being but a woman, Ile not behinde

For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to cross me thus "

We should perhaps read "be behinde," a mistake that might
very easily have occurred in the printing In act iv sc 4, in
the first folio, p 140, the word "be" is omitted before "be-
traid," and is supplied in the edition of 1632

¹ Priests in Shakespeare's time frequently had the title of
"Sir" So "Sir John Evans," in the "Meiry Wives of
Windsor"

² "Nono die Maii [1432], virtute brevis regni domino Waltero
Hungerford, constabulario castri regis de Wyndesore directi,
conduxit *Margeniam Fourdemayn*, Johannem Virley clericum, et
fratrem Johannem Ashewell, ordinis Sanctæ Crucis Londoniæ,
nuper custodiæ suæ pro *sorcerye* in dicto castro commissos, usque
Concilium regis apud Westmonasterium, et ibidem, de mandato
Dominorum de Concilio, deliberavit dictam Margeniam, Johan-
nem, et fratrem Johannem domino cancellario, et exoneratus est
de cætero de eorum custodia"—Rymer's "Fædera," vol x. p 505

³ The edition of 1619 reads "Rye," while Mr Knight follows
history in reading "Eye"

⁴ The two editions of 1600 read "from the depth of vnder-
grounde."

Will fit our time, then see that they be here
 For now the King is ryding to Saint Albones,
 And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,
 When they be gone, then safely they may come,¹
 And on the backside of my Orchard heere,
 There cast then Spelles in silence of the night,
 And so resolute vs² of the thing we wish,
 Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell
[Exet ELNOR
Sir Iohn Now sir Iohn Hum,³ No words but mum
 Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "then safely may they come"

² The word "vs" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, and restored in that of 1619

³ This seems to be intended to rhyme with the first part of the line, although in the amended play we have "Hume" instead of "Hum," an alteration which Mr Knight has inadvertently admitted in his "Library Shakespeare," vol vi p 124.

⁴ The following account by Hall of the detection of the Duchess of Gloucester is nearer the description given in the text than that related by any other chronicler "Thys yere, dame Elyanor Cobham, wyfe to the sayd duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery, and enchauntment, intended to destroy the kyng, to the intent to advaunce and promote her husbände to the crowne upon this she was examined in sanct Stephens chappell, before the Bishop of Canterbury, and there by examinacion convict and judged, to do open penance, in iii open places within the cite of London, and after that adjudged to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man, under the keying of sir Ihon Stanley, knight. At the same season wer arrested as ayders and counsaylers to the sayde Duchesse, Thomas Southwell, priest and chanon of sancte Stephens in Westmynster, Jhon Hum preest, Roger Bolyngbroke, a conyng nycromancer, and Margerie Jourdayne, surnamed the witch of Eye, to whose charge it was layed, that thei, at the request of the duchesse, had devised an image of waxe presenting the kyng, whiche by then sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, intending thei by in conclusion to waiste and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym to death, for the which treason, they wer adjudged to dye, and so Margery Jourdayne was brent in Smithfelde, and Roger Bolyngbroke was drawen and quartered at Tyborne, taying upon his death, that there was never no suche thyng by them ymagened, Jhon Hum

These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,
 The Duches she thinkes now that all is well,
 But I haue gold comes from another place,
 From one that hyred me to set her on,
 To plot these 'I reasons gainst the King and Peeres,
 And that is the mightie Duke of Suffolke
 For he it is, but I must not say so,
 That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,
 Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise ¹
 But whist sh Iohn, no more of that I know,
 For feare you lose your head before you goe [*Exet*

Enter two Petitioners, and PETER the Amouurers man

¹ *Pet* Come shs let vs² linger here abouts³ a
 while,
 Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
 That we may show his grace our seuerall causes
² *Pet* I pray God saue the good Duke Humphries
 life,⁴
 For but for him a many were vndone,

had his paidon, and Southwell dyed in the toure before execution " Southwell is introduced by the author of the amended play, so it is probable that he may have referred again to this chronicle as well as to the original drama Gifford (p 587) gives the same information as Hall See also Higden's "Polychronicon," translated by Ievisr, lib ult cap 27 With respect to the "image of waxe," it is observed by King James I, in his "Daemonology," that "the devil teacheth how to make pictures of wax or clay, that, by roasting thereof, the persons that they beare the name of may be continually melted, or dried away by continual sickness"—See Dr Grey's "Notes upon Shakespeare," vol ii p 18

¹ The two editions of 1600 read "raise" The edition of 1619 agrees with our text

² The edition of 1619 reads "lets"

³ The genuine old form of the word Mr Knight alters it to "hereabout"

⁴ The word "Duke" is accidentally omitted in the two editions of 1600

That cannot get¹ no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the Queene

Enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE with the Queene, and they take him for Duke HUMPHREY, and giues² him their writings

1 *Pet* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke

Queene Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?

2. *Pet* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors Grace

Queene Are your sute to his grace Let vs see them first,

Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke

Suf A complaint against the Cardinals man
What hath he done?

2 *Pet* Marry my Lord, he hath stole³ away my wife,
And th' are gone together, and I know not where to finde them

Suf Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed

But what say you?

*Peter Thump*⁴ Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire vnto the Crowne,⁵ and that the King was an vsurer

¹ The two editions of 1600 read "That can get no succour," and the quarto of 1619 reads "They cannot get."

² Probably "giue"

³ In this, and Suffolk's next speech, the two editions of 1600 read "stolne"

⁴ Mr Collier calls him "Hump," but, if so written in the early copies to which he has referred, it is an error, for that "Thumpe" is correct may be seen from the pun that Salisbury makes on his name Mr Collier's reading was probably occasioned by one of the prefixes of Gloster's speeches, as where "Hump" occurs for "Humpley."

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, "true heire to the crown"

Queene An vsurper thou woulds say

Peter I forsooth an vsurper

Queene Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

Peter No forsooth, I saide my maister¹ saide so,
th' other day when we were scowring the Duke of
Yorks Armour in our garret

Suf I marry this is something like,
Whose within there?

Enter one or two

Sirra take in this fellow² and keepe him close,
And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight,
Weele here more³ of this⁴ before the king

[Exet with the Armourers man

Now sir what yours?⁴ Let me see it,
Whats here?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for enclosing
the commons of long Melford
How now sir knaue

1 Pet I beseech your grace to pardon me, me,⁵ I
am but a Messenger for the whole town-ship

[He teares the papers⁶

¹ The folio reads "mistress," with other alterations. Tyr-whitt's emendation of "master" is confirmed by this edition of the sketch. The error was probably occasioned by "master" having been denoted in the MS from which the amended play was printed merely by the letter M.

² The two editions of 1600 read, "Sirra take this fellow."

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "Weele heere more of this thing."

⁴ The two editions of 1600 and the edition of 1619 read, "Now, sir, what's yours?"

⁵ This repetition is probably an error of the press. It does not occur in the edition of 1619.

⁶ In the amended play this is as follows: "Teare the Supplication." Modern editors alter this, but it is a matter of very little consequence.

Suf So now show your petitions¹ to Duke Humphrey
 Villaines get you gone² and come not neare the Court,
 Dare the peasants write against me thus

[*Exet Petitioners*

Queene My Lord of Suffolke, you may see by this,
 The Commons loues³ vnto that haughtie Duke,
 That seekes to him more then to King Henry
 Whose eyes are alwaies poing on his booke,
 And nere regards the honour of his name,
 But still must be protected like a childe,
 And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
 That scarce will moue his cap nor speake to vs,⁴
 And his proud wife, high minded Eleanor,
 That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,
 As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene⁵
 The other day she wanted to her maides,
 That the very taine of her worst gowne,
 Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
 Can any grieve of minde be like to this
 I tell thee Poull, when thou didst runne at Tilt,
 And stolst away our Ladaies heart in France,
 I thought King Henry had bene like to thee,
 Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France
Suf Madame content your selfe a little while,

¹ The two editions of 1600 read, "Show your petition." The edition of 1619 follows our text

² The two editions of 1600 read, "Villaines get ye gone," and the same alteration occurs in other instances

³ Probably "loue," as we have "seekes" in the next line for the verb

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "to speake to vs"

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, "take her for queene" The same edition has the following line immediately following this, which is not in the earlier copies—

"She beeres a dukes whole reuennewes on her backe."

which line, with the omission of the word "whole," occurs in the amended play

As I was the cause of your comming to England,¹
 So will I in England worke your full content
 And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,
 I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,
 As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand
 But staie Madame, here comes the King

*Enter King HENRY, and the Duke of YORKE and the
 Duke of SOMERSET on both sides of the King,
 whispering with him, and enter² Duke HUMPHREY,
 Dame ELNOR, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the
 Earle of SALSBURY, the Earle of WARWICKE, and
 the Cardinall of WINCHESTER*

King My Lords I care not who be Regent in France,
 or Yoik, or Somerset, alls wonne to me³

Yorke My Lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande him-
 selfe,

Let Somerset enioy his place and go to France

Som Then whom your grace thinke⁴ worthie, let
 him go,

And there be made Regent ouer the French

War Whom soeuer you account worthie,
 Yorke is the worthiest

Car Pease Warwicke Giue thy betters leaue to
 speake

War The Cardinals not my better in the field

Buc All in this place are thy betters farre

War And Warwicke may lue to be the best of all,⁵

Queene My Lord in mine opmion, it were best that
 Somerset were Regent ouer France

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "your comming into England"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "then entereth"

³ This of course means "all's one to me" This extraordinary instance of Henry's apathy and indifference is repeated in the amended play

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "thinke's"

⁵ The word "the" is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is found in the amended play

Hum Madame our King is old enough¹ himselfe,
To giue his answere without your consent

Queene If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be Protector ouer him so long

Hum Madame I am but Protector ouer² the land,
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge

Suf Resigne it then, for since that thou wast king,³
As who is King but thee The common state
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,
And Millions of treasure hath bene spent,
And as for the Regentship of France

I say Somerset is more worthie then Yorke

Yorke Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthie,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst

War And yet the worthie deeds that York hath
done,

Should make him worthie to be honoured here

Suf Peace headstrong Warwicke

War Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suf Because here is a man accusde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man

¹ "Our" is a misprint in the original for "our" The two editions of 1600 read, "bold enough" instead of "old enough," which is a mistaken alteration Hall thus describes the Queen's impatience under the authority of the Protector "This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to deprime and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man's estate, like a young scholar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man"

² The edition of 1619 reads "ore"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "thou wast a king."

Enter the Armourer and his man

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of high Treason, And his words were these

That the Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper

Yorke I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the law will afford, for his villany

Kin Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?

Arm Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accused by this villain here

Peter Tis no matter for that, you did say so

Yorke I beseech your grace, let him haue the law

Arm Alasse my Lord,¹ hang me if euer I spake² the words, my accuser is my prentise, & when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your Maiestie³ do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation

Kin Vncle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

Hum The law my Lord is this by case,⁴ it rests suspitious,

'That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,⁵

¹ The edition of 1600 reads, "master"

² The two editions of 1600 read, "If euer I spake these words"
The edition of 1619 corresponds with our text

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "I beseech your worship"

⁴ The comma ought to be inserted after "this," and left out after "case" The passage is obscure Mr Knight reads "because," a sufficiently plausible conjecture

⁵ This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight The period of action of this and the first scene of

With Eben staues, and Standbags¹ combatting
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maestie

[*Exit HUMPHREY*

Am And I accept the Combat willingly

Peter Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight²

Suf You must either fight sirra or else be hangde,
Go take them hence againe to prison

[*Exit with them*

[*The Queene lets fall her gloue,³ and hits the
Duches of GLOSTER a bove on the eare,*

Queene Giue me my gloue My Minion can you
not see? [*She strikes her*

I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had bene you

Elm Did you not proud Fiench-woman
Could I come neare 'your daintie vissage with my
nayles,

Ide set my ten commandments⁴ in your face

Kin Be patient gentle Aunt

It was against hei will

Elm Againsthei will Good King sheele dandlethee!

the amended play differ The month alluded to in the present passage is April, for when Gloster reads the agreement, he says, "ere the 30 of the next month," meaning May, as we learn from the amended play The first three scenes of the Second Part of Henry VI are supposed to take place in March, for King Henry, alluding to the same circumstance, says—

"Away with them to prison and the day
Of combat shall be *the last of the next month*
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away"

¹ Probably "sandbags"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "I am not able for to fight". The amended play reads, "I cannot fight"

³ In the amended play the Queen drops a *fan*, not a *glove*.

⁴ The nails So in "Westward Hoe," 1607, "your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back" Quoted by Steevens, together with another quotation to the same effect The amended play reads, "I could set," but modern editors adopt the reading of our text.

If thou wilt alwaies thus be iulde by hei
 But let it rest As sure as I do liue,
 She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde,
[Exet Elnor

Kin Beleeue me my loue, thou wait much to blame
 I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
 My noble vnckle had bene here in place

Enter Duke HUMPHREY

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not
 Vnckle Gloster, what answer makes your grace
 Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,
 Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send

Hum My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,
 For that these words the Armourer should speake,¹
 Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke,
 Let Somerset be Regent ouer ² the French,
 Till trialls made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe

Kin Then be it so ³ my Lord of Somerset
 We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
 And to defend our rights ⁴ gainst foraine foes,

¹ The two editions of 1600 read

"For that these words the Armourer doth speake"

² The edition of 1619 reads "oie"

³ This and the next line are introduced by Theobald into the amended play, but unnecessarily. He says that, "without them the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion," but the same may be said of the armourer's reply, which is introduced immediately afterwards from an earlier part of the old play. Mr Collier and Mr Knight reject Theobald's addition. Indeed, as Mr Knight justly observes, "the scene as it stands [in the amended play] is an exhibition of the almost kingly authority of Gloster immediately before his fall." Something, however, may be wanting, unless we suppose that Henry is treated even with less deference than usual. Malone supposes that Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 129.

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "right"

And so do good vnto the Realme of France
 Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
 The time of Truse I thinke is ¹ full expirde,

Som I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
 And take my leaue to poste with speed to Fiance

[*Exet SOMERSLT*

Kin Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our
 horse,

For we will to Saint Albones presently,
 Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,
 And we will try how she will flie to day

[*Exet omnes*

*Enter Elnor, with sir IOHN HUM, ROGER ² BULLEN
 BROKE a Coniurer and MARGERY IOURDAINE a
 Witch*

Eln Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of papei here,
 Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
 And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
 And here the spirit what it saies to you,
 And to my questions, write the answeres downe

[*She goes vp to the Tower.*

Sir Iohn Now sirs begin and cast your spels
 about,

And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
 And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes

Witch Then Roger Bullenbrooke about thy taske,
 And frame a Circle here vpon the earth,
 Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
 Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,
 And coniuie them for to obey my will.

*She lies downe vpon her face.
 BULLENBROOKE makes a Circle.*

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "as I thinke."

² A mistake in the original copy for "Roger"

Bul Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the
Night ¹

Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from Sosetus lake,²
The spirit Askalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda ³

*[It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit
riseth vp]*

Spirit Now Bullenbrooke what wouldst thou haue
me do?

Bul First of the King, what shall become of
him?

Spirit The Duke yet liues that Henry shall de-
pose,
But him out lue,⁴ and dye a violent death

Bul What fate awayt ⁵ the Duke of Suffolke

Spirit By water shall he die ⁶ and take his ende

¹ The amended play reads

"Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night "

in which place the word *silent* is a noun Fletcher, in the
"Faithfull Shepherdess," writes—

"Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light "

² Sosetus, or rather Cocytus, is one of the rivers in the king-
dom of his Satanic majesty In Nash's "Pierce Penilesse,"
the devil is called "Marquesse of Cocytus " See Mr Collier's
edition, p 13

³ The two editions of 1600 read "Askalon, ascenda, ascenda"
Askalon is mentioned by Scott as one of the inferior devils It
may be a question whether these words are corruptions of Latin
or English

⁴ The two editions of 1600 read "Yet him out lue "

⁵ The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, "What
fate awaits" The first folio reads, "What fates await "

⁶ The two editions of 1600 read, "By water he shall die "

Bul What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be
vpon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted
stand¹

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe²

[*He sinks downe againe*]

Bul Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule
Where Pluto in his fire Waggon sits
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of Dytas by the Riuer Stykes,³
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise Iordaine rise, and staie thy charming Spels
Sonnes,⁴ we are betraide

*Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Duke of BUCKING
HAM, and others*

Yorke Come sus, laie hands on them, and bind
them sure,

¹ The word, "then," is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored in that of 1619. Steevens quotes, without reference, the following prophecy from an old chronicle, which is very similar to this

"Safer shall he be on sand,
Than where castles mounted stand"

² It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground only for a limited time, and answered questions with reluctance. In the amended play, the spirit says, after the same answer

"Have done, for more I hardly can endure"

The same observations may be made with regard to the prophecies told to Macbeth

³ *Dytas* is written by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive case of *Diu*, which is occasionally used instead of the nominative by writers of the time. The genitive would, however, have been required in the Latin construction of the sentence. It is almost unnecessary to say that it means Pluto. So in Drant's *Horace*, 1567;

"Made manye soules lord *Ditis* hall to seeke"

⁴ A mistake in the original copy for "sounes." It is corrected in the later impressions.

This time was well watcht¹ What Madame are you there?

This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are² plotting Treasons³ thus with Coun-
surers,

The King shall haue notice⁴ of this thing

[*Exet ELNOR about*

Buc See here my Lord what the duell hath
writ

Yorke Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the
King

Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison

[*Exet with them*

Buc My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the
King,

Vnto S Albones, to tell this newes

Yorke Content Away then, about straight

Buc Farewell my Lord [*Exet BUCKINGHAM*

Yorke Whose within there?

Enter one

One My Lord

Yorke Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury⁵ and
Waiwicke, to sup with me to night [*Exet YORKE*

One I will my Lord [*Exet*

¹ A similar expression occurs in the "Meiry Wives of Windsor," act v sc 5

² So in the original, but corrected in the later impressions to "that you are"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "Treason"

⁴ The two editions of 1600 read, "The King shall haue a notice," which addition is omitted in the edition of 1619

⁵ The two editions of 1600 read, "go will the Earle of Salsbury" I scarcely understand the meaning of the conversation as it here stands, and think there is some error Perhaps we should read "invite" for "go will," or else we must suppose the servant to understand an unusual phraseology

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist,¹
and Duke HUMPHREY and SUFFOLKE, and the
Cardinall, as if they came from hawking*

Queene My Lord, how did your grace like this
last flight?

But as I cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone
out ²

Kim How wonderful the Lords workes are on
earth,

Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?
And on a sodaine soust the Partidge downe

Suf No maruell if it please your Maiestie
My Lord Protectoris Hawke done towre so
well ³

He knowes his maister loues to be aloft

Hum Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

¹ This minute stage direction, as Mr Collier observes, is omitted in the amended play. It shows the particularity with which such matters were sometimes attended to on our old stage, and as an ocular proof to the audience that the royal party were engaged in hawking (Collier's "Shakespeare," vol v p 133)

² See Boswell's Malone, vol xviii p 203 "Out of sight," I suppose, is understood, but Percy explains it thus, "the wind was so high, it was ten to one that old Ione would not have taken her flight at the game"

³ The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, "doe towre so well" The amended play also agrees with this emendation. The three next lines are thus given in the edition of 1619

"They know their master sores a faulcon's pitch
Hum Faith my lord, it s but a base minde,
That sores no higher than a bird can sore"

There seems to be some strange confusion in the differences between these two readings and the text of the amended play. but see the "Introduction" to this volume.

Car I thought your grace would be about the cloudes¹

Hum I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen

Car Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on a Crowne,² proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and common-wealth

Hum How now my Lord, why this is more then needs,
Church-men so hote Good vnckle can you doate³

Suf Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad a cause

Hum As how, my Lord?

Suf As you my Lord And it like⁴ your Lordly Lords Protectorship

Hum Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence

Queene And thy ambition Gloster

Kin Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these

¹ The first folio thus reads "I thought as much, hee would bee about the clouds" Modern editors generally read "he'd," but Mr Knight restores the old reading

² An image taken from falconry A hawk was said to *bate* when it fluttered with his wings A similar phrase, without the comparison, occurs in Lyly's "Maid's Metamorphosis," 1600, as quoted by Stevens

"With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee"

The words, "bate" and "abate," as applied to this diversion, are more particularly explained in "The Booke of Hawking," MS Harl 2340 In the "Tempest," act 1 sc 2, Miranda uses a somewhat similar expression, and Prospero also in act v sc 1

³ This is intelligible enough, though the edition of 1619 alters "doate" to "do't," in which it is followed by Mr Knight See the notes of the commentators on the corresponding passage of the amended play

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "and t'like"

furious Loides¹ to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth²

Car Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword

Hum Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to
that

Car Euen when thou darest

Hum Dare I tell thee³ Priest, Plantagenets
could neuer brooke the daie

Car I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne
to Iohn of Gaunt

Hum In Bastardie

Car I scoine thy words

Hum Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in
thine own person meete me at the East end of the
groue⁴

Car Heres my hand, I will

Kin Why how now my Lords?

Car Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast

¹ This speech may be arranged as verse The first folio of
the amended play reads

"I prythee peace, good queene,
And whet not on these furious peeres,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth "

But the second folio of 1632 reads

"I prethee peace, good queene,
And whet not on these too too furious peeres,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth "

² See St Matthew, v 9, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for
they shall be called the children of God "

³ A mistake in the original copy for "thee" It is corrected
in the later impressions

⁴ In the amended play the place of meeting is first appointed
by the cardinal, and afterwards repeated by Gloucester The
present passage shows that there is no necessity for Theobald's
emendation, who would give the repetition of the appointment
to the cardinal

off so soone we had had more sport to day, Come
with thy swoord and buckler

Hum Faith Priest,¹ Ile shaue your Crowne

Car Protector, protect thy selfe well

King The wind growes high, so doth your chollour
Lords

*Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle*²

How now, now sirrha, what miracle is it ?

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "God's mother, priest," which agrees with the amended play. This is singular, these two editions having been published after the prohibitory statute, and the other before.

² This repetition does not occur in the two editions of 1600. This scene is founded on the following story, related by Sir Thomas More, and which he says was communicated to him by his father. "I remember me that I have heard my father tell of a begger that, in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, cam with his wife to saint Albons. And there was walking about the towne begging a five or six dayes before the kinges commynge thither, saiege that he was boine blinde, and never sawe in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys dreame that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seek saynt Albon, and that he had ben at his shryne, and had not bene holpen. And therefore he woulde go seke hym at some other place, for he had hard some say sins he came, that saint Albonys body shold be at Colon, and indee such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, saving some reliques of him, which ther there shew shrined. But to tell you soith, whan the kyng was comen, and the towne full, sodainly thys blind man at Saint Albonis shone had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply songen, and *te Deum* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne but this myracle. So happened it than that Duke Humfry of Gloccster, a great wyse man and very wel lerned, having great joy to see such a myracle, called the pore man unto hym. And first shewing himselfe joyouse of Goddes glory as shewed in the gettinge of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekenes, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to himselfe, nor to be proved of the peoples prayse, which would call hym a good and a godly man therby. At last he loked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could never see nothing at al in al his life before. And whan as well his wyfe as him self affirmed falsely no, than he loked advisedly upon his eyen

One And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde to S Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine ¹

again, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet Yes, sir, quoth he, I thanke God and his holy marter, I can se nowe as well as any man Ye can, quoth the duke, what colour is my gowne? Than anone the begger tolde him What colour, quoth he, is this mans gowne? He told him also, and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulede bee shewed him And when my lord saw that, he had him walke fytoure, and made him be set openly in the stockes For though he could have sene soudenly by miracle, the dyfference betweene divers colours, yet coulede he not by the sight so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knowen them before, no more than the names of al the men that he should sodenly se"—*The Worke of Sir Thomas Moore*, 1557, p 134 The similarity between the last part of this account, and that in our text, will be immediately perceived The following account is given in Grafton's "Chronicle," p 597-8 "In the time of King Henry VI, as he rode in progress, there came to the towne of Saint Albons a certain beggar with his wyfe, and there was walking about the town, begging five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was borne blind, and never saw in all his life, and was warned in his dream that he should come out of Berwicke, where, he said, that he had ever dwelled, to seke Saint Albon When the king was come, and the town full of people, sodainly this blind man at Saint Albon's shryne had his sight, and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Te Deum* songen, so that nothing was talked of in all the towne but this miracle So happened it then, that Duke Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the poore man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything in all his life before? and when, as well his wife as himselfe, affirmed fastly, No, than he looked advysedly upon his eyen again, and sayde, I beleve you may well, for methinketh that ye cannot see well yet Yes, sir, quoth he, I thank God and his holy martir, I can see now as well as any man Ye can, quod the duke, what colour is this gowne? This anone the beggar tolde him What colour, quod he, is this man's gowne? He told him also, without staying or stumbling, and told him the names of all the colours that could be shewed him And when the Duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks" So much for the plagiarisms of the sixteenth century!

¹ The edition of 1619 reads "at the shrine"

King Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glomfy
the Lord with him

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his breth en with
Musicke,¹ bearing the man that had bene blind, be-
tweene two in a chaire*

King Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is, that thus hath helped thee

Hum Where wast thou boine?²

Poore man At Barwicke sh, in the North

Hum At Barwicke, and come thus far for helpe

Poore man I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight
again

Hum What are thou³ lame too?

Poore man I indeed sir, God helpe me

Hum How cam'st thou lame?

Poore man With falling off on a plum-tree⁴

Hum Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?

Poore man Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plums

Hum But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

Poore man I truly sir

Woman I indeed sir, he was born blinde

Hum What art thou his mother?

Woman His wife sir

Hum Hadst thou bene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better told

Why let me see, I thinke thou cant not see yet

Poore man Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

¹ This part of the stage direction is omitted in the amended ay.

² This line forms part of the king's speech in the edition of 1619, which also reads, "please your majesty" instead of "sir" in the following line. The context is in favour of the old arrangement

³ Omitted in the edition of 1619

⁴ The word "on" is omitted in the edition of 1619

Hum Saist thou so What colours his cloake?

Poore man Why¹ red maister, as red as blood

Hum And his cloake?

Poore man Why thats greene

Hum And what colours his hose?

Poore man Yellow maister, yellow as gold

Hum And what colours my gowne?

Poore man Black sir, as black as Ieat

King Then belike he knows what colour Ieat is on.

Suf And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see²

Hum But cloakes and gownes ere this day many
a one

But tell me surha, whats my name?

Poore man Alasse maister I know not

Hum What his name?

Poore man I know not

Hum Nor his?

Poore man No truly sir

Hum Nor his name?

Poore man No indeed maister

Hum Whats thine owne name?

Poore man Sander, and it please you maister

Hum Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in
Chustendom If thou hadst bene born blind, thou
mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thou³
to name the seuerall colours we doo weare Sight
may distinguish of colours,³ but sodeinly to nominate
them all, it is impossible My Lords, saint Albones
here hath done a Muacle, and would you not thinke
his cunning⁴ to be great, that could restore this Cripple
to his legs againe

¹ This word is omitted in the edition of 1619

² The word "yet" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but is found in that of 1619

³ This speech is printed metrically in the amended play. The word "of" is omitted in the second folio

⁴ This whole speech is adopted nearly verbatim in the amended play The two first folios, however, read, "it cunning" instead of

Poore man Oh maister I would you could
Hum My Maisters of saint Albones,
 Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
 And things called whippes?¹
Mayor Yes my Lord, if it please youi gráce
Hum Then send for one presently
Mayor Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight
[Exit one]
Hum Now fetch me a stoole² hither by and by,
 Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from
 whipping,
 Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away

Enter Beadle

Poore man Alasse maister I am not able to stand
 alone,
 You go about to torture me in vaine
Hum Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges
 Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that sam
 stoole
Beadle I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with
 your doublet quickly,

"hiscunning," which last reading is the right one Rowe suggested
 "that cunning," which has been followed by all modern editors

¹ A humorous method of expression, occasionally used satirically at the present day Armin, in his "Nest of Ninnies," 1608, says "Ther are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips* in store" Now, according to Mr Collier, no such passage is to be found in any edition of Shakespeare's Hamlet, and he thinks it unlikely that Armin refers to the old Hamlet which preceded Shakespeare's, because he was an actor in the same theatie as that for which Shakespeare wrote It is not impossible that Armin may have confused the two plays together, and wrote incorrectly "as Hamlet saies," instead of "as Gloster saies"

² The second folio prints this, "New fetch me a stoole" I mention this minute difference because it appears to confirm Rowe's emendation of the well-known passage at the commencement of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in opposition to the opinion of Mr Collier

Poore man Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand

[*After the Beadle had hit him one groke, he leapes over the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle*

Hum A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt at euey Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he was boine

Mayor It shall be done my Lord [*Exet Mayor*

Suf My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go¹

Hum I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole Dukedomes fle in a day
Witnesse France

King Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM

What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham?

Buck Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,
'That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
By wichcrafts, sorceries, and cunurings,
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,
To tell her what hap should betide the state
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,
And heres the answere the duel did make to them

King First of the King, what shall become of him
(*Reads*) The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death
Gods will be done in all
What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By water shall he die and take his end

¹ The two editions of 1600 read "and the halt to go"

Suf By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?
It must be so, or else the duel doth lie

King Let Somerset shun Castles,
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,
'Then where Castles mounted stand

Car Heres good stuffe, how now my Loid Protector
This newes I thinke hath tuinde you weapons point,
I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise

Hum Forbear ambitious Prelate to vige my griefe,
And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,
For here I sweaie vnto your Maiestie,
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes
Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done,
And for she would betraie her soueraigne Loid,
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,
And leaue her open for the law to iudge,
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed

King Come my Lords this night wee le lodge in S
Albones,
And to morrow we will ride to London,
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,
Come vnckle Gloster along with vs,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent [*Exet omnes.*

*Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Earles of SALSBURY
and WARWICKE*

Yorke My Loids our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,
The right and title of the house of Yorke,¹
To Englands Crowne by lineall desent

War Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuils are thy subiects to command

¹ The edition of 1619 gives the whole pedigree very differently from this edition. It is necessary to transcribe the whole

"Edward the third had seven sonnes,
The first was Edward the blacke prince,
Prince of Wales

Yorke Then thus my Lords
 Edward the third had seven sonnes,
 The first was Edward the blacke Prince,
 Prince of Wales
 The second was Edmund of Langley,
 Duke of Yorke
 The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence
 The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,
 The Duke of Lancaster
 The fifth was Roger Mortemor,¹ Earle of March
 The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke
 William of Winsore was the seventh and last
 Now, Edward the blacke Prince he died before his father,

The second was William of Hatfield,
 Who dyed young
 The third was Lyonell, duke of Clarence
 The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,
 The duke of Lancaster,
 The fit was Edmund of Langley,
 Duke of Yorke
 The sixt was William of Windsore,
 Who dyed young

The seventh and last was sir Thomas of Woodstocke, duke of Yorke
 "Now Edward the blacke prince dyed before his father, leaving behinde
 him two sonnes Edward, borne at Angouleme who died young, and Rich-
 ard, that was after crowned king by the name of Richard the second, who
 dyed without an heyre

"Lyonell, duke of Clarence, dyed, and left him one only daughter,
 named Phillip, who was married to Edmund Mortimer, earle of March and
 Ulster and so by her I claime the crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell,
 duke of Clarence, third sonne to Edward the third Now, sir, in time of
 Richard's reigne, Henry of Bullingbroke, sonne and heir to Iohn of Gaunt,
 the duke of Lancaster, fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimed the
 crowne, depoyed the merthfull king, and as both, you know, in Pomfret
 castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murdered, and so by Richard's
 death came the house of Lancaster vnto the crowne"

The historical truth of these matters is of little importance in
 the present question, which rather depends upon the chronicles
 of the sixteenth century, notoriously inaccurate, and history
 must be made to accommodate itself to Shakespeare The
 differences in this instance between the impressions of 1600 and
 1619, compared with the amended play, give us good arguments
 for certain points connected with the history of the various edi-
 tions, which the reader will find more fully investigated in the
 introduction to the present play

¹ This, as well as the name of Edward's second son, is an
 error Both mistakes are corrected in the amended play

and left behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King, Crownde by the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heire

Edmund of Langly, Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him two daughteis, Anne and Elnor

Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne, and Elnor, that was after married to my father, and by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the thirde sonne to Edward the third Now, sir In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth soone to Edward the thud, he claimde the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murdered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne

Sal Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King

Yorke. True But so it fortunéd then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Gaunt have possessed the Crowne But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

War What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne So that till Lyonels issue fails, his should not raigne It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee & in thy sons, biae slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both together, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown

Both Long liue Richard Englands royall King

Yorke I thanke you both But Loids I am not
you King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the
hart blood of the house of Lancaster

War Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,
And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,
And then to gaid it, will I rouse the Beare,¹
Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,
Maugie the proudest Loid² of Henries blood,
That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,
For why my minde presageth I shall lue
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a king

Yorke Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth
hope to see, The Earle of Warwicke lue, to be the
greatest man in England, but the King Come lets
goe [Exet omnes.

*Enter King HENRY, and the Queene, Duke HUMPHREY,
the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and the Duke of BUCKING-
HAM, the Cardinall, and Dame ELMOR COBHAM,
led with the Officers, and then enter to them the
Duke of YORKE, and the Earles of SALSBURY and
WARWICKE*

Kin Stand forth Dame Elnor Cobham³ Duches
of Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against
thee for these Treasons, that thou hast committed
gainst⁴ us, our States and Peeres

¹ The two editions of 1600 read, "I wil rouse the Beare,"
The edition of 1619 agrees with our text

² The two editions of 1600 read, "Maugre the proudest
lords."

³ This trial is an historical anachronism, having actually taken
place some time before Henry's marriage. The same may, of
couse, be said of the angry scene between the queen and the
Duchess of Gloster.

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "against."

First for thy hainous crimes,¹ thou shalt two daies
in London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with
a white sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper
burning in thy hand That done, thou shalt be ban-
ished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to ende thy
daies, and this is our sentence eireuocable Away
with her

Elm Euen to my death, for I have lived too long
[Exet some with ELNOR]

Kim Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad,
In that these Treasons thus are come to light,
Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldst so deare

Hum Oh gracious Henry, giue me leaue awhile,
To leave your grace, and to depart away,
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes² the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart

Kim With all my hart good vnkle, when you please,
Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe,
For Henry will be no more protected,
The Lord shall be my guide³ both for my land and me

Hum My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all
My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,⁴
As erst thy noble father made it mine,⁵
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it,
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "crime"

² Probably "make"

³ Perhaps "guide"

⁴ This line is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads,—

"As ere thy noble father made it mine"

And this alteration, which is far from being either an improvement, or in any way necessary for the sense, is adopted by Mr Knight.

Kin Vncle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,
 No lesse beloued of vs, then when
 Thou weait Protector ouer my land ¹ [*Exct* GLOSTER
Queene Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,
 Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?
York Please it your Maiestie, this is the day
 That was appointed for the combating
 Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
 And they are readie when your grace doth please
Kin Then call them forth, that they may trie their
 rightes

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours,
 drinking to him so much that he is drunken,² and
 he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe
 with a sandbag fastened to it,³ and at the other
 doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge and
 Prentises drinking to him*

1 *Neigh* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you
 in a cup of Sacke
 And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough

¹ The edition of 1619 reads "ouer this my land"

² "This yeai [1445] an armourer's servant in London appeled his maister of treason, which offered to be tried by battle. At the day assigned, the friends of the master brought him malmsye and *agua vite* to comfort him withall for it was the cause of his and their discomfort, for he poured in so much, that when he came into the place in Smithfildes where he should fight, both his witte and strength failed him, and so he being a tall and hardy personage, overloaded with hote drink, was vanquished of his servant being but a coward, and a wretch, whose body was diawen to Tyburn, and he hanged and beheaded" — Grafton's "Chronicle," p. 594

³ According to the old law of duels, persons of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. Butler alludes to this when he says —

"Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
 As men with sand-bags did of old"

2 *Neigh* And here, neighbor, heres a cup of Char-
neco¹

3 *Neigh* Heres a pot of good double beere, neigh-
bor drinke

And be merry, and feale not your man

Arm Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,
And a figge for Peter

1 *Pren* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not
affeaid

2 *Pren* Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret-wine
for thee

3 *Pren* And heres a quart for me, and be merry
Peter,

And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Pren-
tises

Peter I thank you all, but ile drink no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I give thee my ham-
mer,

And Will, thou shalt haue my aterne, and here Tom,
Take all the mony that I haue²

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able

¹ A sweet wine, so called from Charneco, a village near Lis-
bon, where it is made. Allusions to it are common in writers of
the period. In "The Discovery of a London Monster called the
Black Dog of Newgate," 1612, we have the following mention of
it amongst several other wines "Room for a customer, quoth
I So in I went, where I found English, Scottish, Welch, Irish,
Dutch, and French, in several rooms some drinking the neat
wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux, there
wanted neither sherry, sack, nor charnoco, maligo, nor peeter
seemine, amber-colour'd candy, nor liquorish Ipocras, brown
belov'd bastard, fat aligant, or any quick spirited liquor that
might draw their wits into a cucle to see the devil by imagina-
tion" Part of this curious quotation is given in the variorum
Shakespeare under Warburton's name, but it was communicated
to him by Theobald. See Nichol's "Illustrations of Litera-
ture," vol II p 437

² The two editions of 1600 read, "Take all my money that I
have" It may be worthy of observation, that the later editions
of our play read *Hoier* instead of *Honor*

to deal with my maister, he hath learnt so much fence
alreadie

Sal Come leave you drinke, and fall to blowes
Sirrha, whats thy name?

Peter Peter forsooth¹

Sal Peter, what more?

Peter Thumpe

Sal Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy
maister

Arm Heres to thee¹ neigbbour, fill all the pots
agaïne, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you
my minde, for I am come hithe as it were of my
mans instigation,² to proue my selfe an honest man,
and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with
downright blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell
vpon Askapart³

¹ The two editions of 1600 reads "Here to thee"

² The two editions of 1600 reads "as it were of man's instiga-
tion," while that of 1619 returns to our text, which is also fol-
lowed by the amended play

³ This allusion to the well known old romance is not in the
amended play, though frequently inserted from the sketch by
modern editors. The giant alluded to is thus described —

"They had not ridden but a while,
Not the mountenance of a mile,
But they met with a giunt,
With a full sorry semblant
He was both mighty and strong
He was full thurte feet long,
He was bristled like a sow,
A foot there was betweene each brow
His lips wer great, thcy hanged aside,
His eyes were hollow, his mouth wide
He was lothly to looke on,
He was lyker a devil than a man
His stiffe was a yong oake
He would give a greit stroke
Bevis woudrod, I you plight,
And asked him what he hight,
My name, sayde he, is Ascapart,
Sir Grissy sent me hetherward"

An account of the combat between Sir Bevis and this giant
follows the above, but I cannot find any allusion to the particular
method of striking mentioned in the text. I quote from an

Peter Law you now, I told you hees in his fence
alreadie

[*Alar mes,*¹ and *PETER* hits him on the head
and fels him

Arm Hold Peter,² I confesse, Treason, treason,
[*He dies*

Peter O God I giue thee praise [He kneeles downe

Pren Ho well done Peter God saue the King

Kin Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,

For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,³

And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,

The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

Which he had thought to haue murdered wrongfully

Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. [*Exet omnis*

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY and his men in mourning
cloakes*

Hum Sirrha, whats a clocke?

undated black letter edition, "imprinted at London by Thomas East, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, at the signe of the black horse" According to Steevens, the figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton, and there certainly is some uncouth looking sculpture that may perhaps have its subject so interpreted

¹ The word "and" is omitted in the edition of 1819

² The real names of these combatants, says Douce, were John Daveys and William Catoui, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for the combat. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Boloyne and Robert Horne, and the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian's "Chronicle" that records the duel might have suggested the name of *Horner* to Shakespeare. See more on this subject in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare," vol ii p 8.

³ According to the ancient opinion of duelling, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. Bowle adduces a similar instance in a duel in 1380, related by Murimuth, which concludes with the following apposite quotation "Magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur"

Seruing Almost ten my Lord

Hum Then is that wofull houre haide at hand,
That my poore Lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abooke,
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,¹
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheelles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.

Enter Dame ELNOR COBHAM bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe and pinned on,² and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir JOHN STANDLY, and Officers with billes and holbards

Seruing My gracious Lord, see where my Lady comes,

Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

¹ This was adopted without alteration in the first folio edition of the amended play, but in the folio of 1632 we have, "*still* laughing at thy shame," the reason of which interpolation is not very obvious, nor does the addition appear necessary. Mr Knight follows Malone in his choice of the text of the second folio, but Mr Collier has restored the reading of the first folio and the old editions of the sketch.

² Modern editors generally put "with papers pinned upon her back," as the above part of the stage direction is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play. Mr Collier says that modern editors, by substituting "papers" for "verses," have left it doubtful what kind of papers were fixed upon the dress of the duchess, and he accordingly partially restores the old direction. I say "partially," for Mr Collier inadvertently adds that no existing authority states that they were *pinned on*. It seems to me that the stage direction of the first folio may remain with propriety unaltered in any future edition of the amended play, for the addition is no more required on account of the allusion to the "papers" in the speech of the duchess, than another interpolation is needed because she was "follow'd with a rabble." Such allusions cannot surely demand a stage direction to assist the capacity of the reader.

Hum I charge you for your lues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should

Elu Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,
See how the giddie people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp studie rue thy shame,
And ban thine enemies Ah mine and thine

Hum Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
And bear it patiently to ease thy heart

Elu Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
Then thought of this,¹ doth kill my wofull heart
The ruthlesse flints doth cut my tender feete,
And when I start the cruell people laugh,
And bids² me aduised how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame³ with papers on my backe,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and lue
Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a Punce he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches
Was led with shame, and was made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascald follower⁴

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "the thought of this"

² Perhaps "bid"

³ The amended play reads, "mayl'd vp in shame," while modern editions have "maul'd up in shame," but, from the spelling of the word in our text, it seems to be a question whether *maul'd* is not the true reading, at least of the old play. The emendation would perhaps express *wrapped up in a rough manner*, so that Johnson's explanation would still hold good. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol v p 148

⁴ The two editions of 1600 read, "To euery idle rascall follower," and the amended play adopts their reading. It was merely an older form of the word

Hum My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?

Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I shoulde incurie the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so

Elm Be thou milde, and stiu not at my disgrace,¹
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer² thy head,
As shortly it will be For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest,
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,
And flie thee how thou can³ they will intangle thee

Enter a Herald of Armes

Mer I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse
Parlament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of
the next month

Hum A Parliament and our consent neuer craude
Therein before 'This is sodeine⁴
Well, we will be there [*Exet Herald.*
Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against
my

Lady, then the course of law extendes.

Sher. Please it your grace, my office here doth
end,

And I must deliuer her to Sir Iohn Standly,
To be conducted into the Ile of Man

¹ This is intended to be a question According to Hall "the duke of Gloucester toke all these thynges paciently, and sayd little"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "ore"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "canst," instead of "can"

⁴ The word "sodeine" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and this part of the speech breaks off suddenly This astonishment of Gloster is expressed apparently before he recollects he had resigned "his staffe," or it would be inconsistent with the previous scene.

Hum Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?

Stan I my gracious Lord, for so it is decee'de,
And I am so commanded by the King

Hum I pray you Su Iohn, vse hei neare the worse,
In that I intreat¹ you vse hei well
The world may smile againe² and I may lue,
To do you fauour if you do it her,
And so sir Iohn farewell

Eln What gone my Lord, and bid me not³ fai well?

Hum Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay
to speake [*Exet HUMPHREY and his men*]

Eln Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,
And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes,
Come Standly come, and let vs haste away

Stan Madam lets go vnto some house hereby,
Where you may shift your selfe before we go

Eln Ah good sir Iohn my shame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with casting off my sheete
But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell,
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst

[*Exet omnes*]

Enter to the Parliament

Enter two Herald before, then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and then the Duke of YORKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHESTER, and then the King and the Queene,⁴ and then the Earle of SALISBURY, and the Earle of WARWICKE

Kin I wonder our vnkle Gloster staies so long

¹ This word is rather curiously transposed in the amended play

² In other words, as Johnson observes, the world may again look favourably upon me

³ So also the amended play, but the edition of 1619 reads, "and bid not me"

⁴ The two editions of 1600 read "the king and queene"

Queene Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,

How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?
 The time hath bene, but now that time is past,¹
 That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was
 But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
 When euery one will giue the time of day,
 And he will neither moue² nor speake to vs
 See you not how the Commons follow him³
 In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,

And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace,⁴
 Honouring him as if he were then King⁵
 Gloster is no litle man in England,
 And if he list to stir commotions,
 Tys likely that the people will follow him
 My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
 Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare
 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
 Disproue my Alligations if you can,
 And by your speeches, if you can disproue me,
 I will subscribe and say, I wronged the Duke

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "but now the time is past"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet he will neither moue"

³ The word "how" is omitted in the two editions of 1600

⁴ This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619, and accordingly we do not find it in Mr Knight's edition

⁵ The two editions of 1600 read "a king," instead of "their king" Malone, who has collated his copy of the edition of 1600, "printed by W W," with a copy of the 1594 edition formerly in his possession, distinctly writes—

"*Thinking* him as if he were their king,"

as the reading of his copy of the first edition. If so, it must have been a different copy from that now in the Bodleian, from which the present text is reprinted, and another instance of the curious variations in different copies of the same editions, which were first discovered by Steevens (Boswell's "*Malone*," vol. x, p 73), and recently applied to good use by Mr Collier

Suf Well hath your giace foireseen into that Duke,
 And if I had bene licenst first to speake,
 I thinke I should haue told your graces tale
 Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is
 deepest

No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man
 Vnsounded yet and full of deepe deceit

Enter the Duke of SOMERSET

Kin Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from
 France?

Som Cold newes, my Lord, and this it is,
 That all your holds and Townes within those Terri-
 tores

Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost ¹

Kin Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset,
 But Gods will be done

Yorke Cold newes for me,² for I had hope of
 France,
 Euen as I haue of fertill England

Enter Duke HUMPHREY

Hum Pardon my liege, that I haue staied so long

Suf Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too
 soone,

Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,
 We do arrest thee on high treason here

Hum Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt³ not see me
 blush

¹ The two editions of 1600 read, "and all is lost"

² This and the next line are identically the same with the first two lines of York's former speech at p 420 of this volume. The author of our play is apparently fond of the expression, "cold newes"

³ The 1623 edition of the amended play reads, "Well, Suffolk, thou shalt," and the 1632 edition, "Well Suffolk, yet thou shalt" Malone and Knight read, "Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt," while Collier follows the reading of the second folio.

Not change mine countenance for thine arrest,
Whereof am I guiltie,¹ who are my accusers?

Yorke Tis thought my Lord, your grace tooke
bribes from France,
And stopt the soldiers of their paie,
By which² his Maiestie hath lost all France

Hum Is it but thought so, and who are they that
thinke so?

So God helpe me,³ as I haue watcht the night
Euer intending good for England still,
That penie that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought against me at the iudgement day
I neuer robd the souldiers of their paie,
Many a pound of mine owne proper cost
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,
Because I would not racke the needie Commons

Car In your Protectorship you did deuise
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie

Hum. Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was pro-
tector

Pitie was all the fault that was in me,
A murtherer or foule felonous⁴ theefe,
That robs and murthers silly passengers,
I tortoid aboue the rate of common law

Suf Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arrest thee on high treason here,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntil such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "Whereof I am guilty," a change for the worse, though retained by Mr Knight,

² The edition of 1619 reads, "Through which"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "So God me helpe"

⁴ For "felonious," as in the two editions of 1600 and that of 1619. "Felonious" was the older form of the word, and occurs in "Maundeville's Travels," edit 1839, p. 291.

Kin Good vnkle obey to his arrest,
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,
My conscience tels me thou art innocent

Hum Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end these miseries,
And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,
And thousands moie must follow after me,
That dreads¹ not yet their lues destruction
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,
Bewfords fire eyes showes² his enuious minde,
Buckinghamsproud lookes bewraies³ his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone⁴
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe
All you haue ioyned to betraie me thus
And you my gracious Lady and soueraigne mistresse,
Causelesse haue laide complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnesses inough,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,⁵
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog

Suf Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,
As if that she with ignomious⁶ wrong,

¹ Probably "dread"

² Probably "showe"

³ Probably "bewraie"

⁴ That is, *aims*, meaning to express York's great ambition
So in the "Tempest," act ii sc 1, Gonzalo says, "You are
gentlemen of blave mettle, you would lift the moon out of her
sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing"
In Rider's Latin Dictionary, 1640, we have "aune or leuell."
In "Titus Andronicus," act iv sc. 3, Marcus says

"My Lord, I am a mile beyond the moon,
Your letter is with Jupiter by this"

⁵ The word "well" is omitted in the edition of 1619, though
found in the amended play, which reads, "affected" for "per-
formed"

⁶ For "ignominious," as in the two editions of 1600, that of
1619, and the amended play

Had sobornde or hired some to sweaie against his
life

Queene I but I can giue the loser leaue to speake¹

Hum Far truer spoke than ment, I loose indeed.

Beshrow the winneis hearts, they plaie me false

Buc. Hele wiest the sence and keep vs here all day,
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

Car Who's within there? Take in Duke Humphrey,
And see him garded sure within my house

Hum. O! thus King Heny casts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beaie his bodie vp,
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first,
Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enjoy,
Thy fathais happie daies free from annoy²

[*Exet HUMPHREY, with the Cardinals men.*

Kin My Lords, what to your wisdoms shal seem
best,

E] Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

Queene What will your highnesse leaue the Parla-
ment?

Kin I Margaret My heart is kild with griefe,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none

[*Exet King, SALSBURY, and WARWICKE.*

Queene Then sit we downe againe my Lord Car-
dinall,

¹ In Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p 8, nearly the same expression occurs "I, I, well giue looseis leaue to talke," so that it may perhaps be a proverb. It is repeated in the amended play. It is almost unnecessary to observe that "I" always stands for "ay" in works of this period. In the editions of 1600 the "I" is changed to "Yea," but that of 1619 generally retains the old form. The edition of 1619 here omits the first "I"

² That is, *annoyance*. The older form of the word, occurring also in "Piers Plowman," The still older word, *any*, occurs in MS. Harl. 2277, fol. 46

Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset
 Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall
 In mine opinion it were good he dide,
 For safetie of our King and Common-wealth

Suf And so thinke I Madame, foi as you know,
 If our King Heniy had shooke hands with death,
 Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King
 And it may be by pollicie he workes,
 To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
 The Foxe barks not when he would steale the Lambe,
 But if we take him ere he do the deed,
 We should not question if that he should lue
 No Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,¹
 Least that in liuing he offend vs more

Car Then let him die before the Commons know,
 For feare that they do rise in Armes for him

Yorke Then do it sodainly my Lords

Suf Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine

Car Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

*Enter a Messenger*²

Queene How now, sirrha, what news?

Mess Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,

¹ This and the next line are given to York in the edition of 1619, but, although this is sanctioned by the authority of Mr Knight, the arrangement in our text seems the right one. The next speech that York makes does not lead the reader to suppose that he had taken any part in the previous conversation, and, in the amended play, it will be found that the first line is in Suffolk's speech. The commentators are somewhat confused in their explanations of the speech as it stands in the amended play; but, if they had carefully read the present sketch, no difficulties would have been found.

² The first folio alters this to, "Enter a poste," which shows that he was specially sent, and, as many of the directions do, illustrates the next line.

"Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain"

Modern editors have unnecessarily returned to the older reading.

The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,
 With troupes of Irish Keines that vncontrold,
 Doth plant themselues¹ within the English pale

Queene What rediesse shal we haue for this my
 Lords?

Yorke Twere very good² that my Lord of Somerset
 That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,
 And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe³
 To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,
 He did so much good when he was in France

Som Had Yorke bene there with all his far fecht
 Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I

Yorke I, for Yorke would haue lost his lue before
 That France⁴ should haue reuolted from Englands
 rule

Som I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouerned worst
 then I

Yorke What worse then nought, then a shame
 take all

Som Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame

Queene Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient
 And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
 With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride
 Of those ambitious Irish that rebell

Yorke Well Madame sith your grace is so content,

¹ The two editions of 1600 read, "Do plant themselues"

² The edition of 1619 omits the word "very"

³ This line is in the wrong place. It ought properly to be at the end of the messenger's speech, four lines above, and it is so arranged in the two editions of 1600, and in that of 1619. The end of that speech would then be as follows

"Doth plant themselues within the English pale,
 And burnes and spoiles the country as they goe"

We should of course read "burne and spoil," the bad grammar having probably crept in owing to its erroneous position in York's speech

⁴ "The word "France" is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600, but supplied in that of 1619

Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those
kernes¹

Queene Yorke thou shalt My Lord of Buckingham
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres

Buc Madame I will, and leaue such a band
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for
thee?

Yorke At Bristow, I wil² expect them ten daies
hence

Buc Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM]

Yorke Adieu my Lord of Buckingham

Queene Suffolke remember what you haue to
do

And you Loid Cardmall concerning Duke Humphrey,
'Twere good that you did see to it in time,
Come let vs go, that it may be performde
[*Exit omnis, Manet* YORKE]

¹ "Tertius ordo comprehendit alios etiam pedites, ac levis armaturæ Machæiophores, ab Hybeinis *Kain* dicuntur.—" *Ricardi Stanhursti De rebus in Hibernia gestis libri*, Antwerp, 1584, lib 1 p 42 In a passage quoted by Bowle, from an early English translation of the same book, we have the following account "The kerne is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen Kerne signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake hell, or the devils blacke-garde" See also another description of them in Dymoke's "Treatise on Ireland," in an Harleian MS, which I passed through the press for the Irish Archaeological Society, with an introduction by Mr Butler The two editions of 1600 read "gainst those kernes," while in that of 1619 we have—

"And Yorke shall trie his fortunes 'gainst those kernes."

² The edition of 1619 reads, "I'll"

York Now Yorke bethink thy self and iowse thee
vp,

Take time whilst it is offered thee so faue,
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not
attaine,¹

'Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,
I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,
Iohn Cade of Ashford,

Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,²
To raise commotion, and by that meanes
I shall perceiue how the common people
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reape the haruest which that coystill sowed,
Now if he should be taken and condemd,
Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,
And therefore ere I go ile send him word,
To put in practise and to gather head,
That so soone as I am gone he may begin
To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,
To helpe him to performe this enterprise
And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,
But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe

[*Exit* YORKE,

¹ The two editions of 1600 read, "thou canst not it attaine"

² The two editions of 1600 read,

"Vnder the title of Sir Iohn Mortimer,"

which addition does not agree with the scene where Cade
knights himself The edition of 1619 here adds the following
line

"For he is like him euery kinde of way,"

which is neither in the earlier editions, nor does it occur in the
amended play This of itself is nearly sufficient to show that
the edition of 1619 must have been printed from another copy

Then the Curtaines being drawne,¹ Duke HUMPHREY is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed And then enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE to them

Suf How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

One I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you

Suf Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still, That when the King comes, he may perceiue No other, but that he dide of his owne accord

2 All things is hansome² now my Lord

Suf Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,
And you shall haue your fime reward anon

[Exit murderers]

Then enter³ the King and Queene, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SOMERSET, and the Cardinall

King My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle Gloster,

¹ In the simplicity of our old stage, the different apartments were only separated by a curtain. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v p. 168. The curtain which hangs in the front of the present stage, drawn up by lines and pulleys, which was the invention of Inigo Jones, and used in his masques, was an apparatus not then known. At the time our play was acted, the curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod. In "Lady Alimony," 1659, quoted by Malone's "Be your stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly shrowded, that the squint-eyed groundling may not peep in." There is also an old book, called "The Curtam-Drawer of the World," 1612, which is in its very title an illustration of Jacques's celebrated comparison. See also Boastuau's "Theatre, or Rule of the World," translated by Alday, 1581.

² This bad English may have been intentionally put into the mouth of the murderer, but it is erroneously put in Suffolk's speech in the first folio of the amended play. The second folio corrects it.

³ The word "then" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe
Suf I will my Lord [*Exit SUFFOLKE*]
King And good my Lords proceed no further
 against our vnkle Gloster,¹
 Then by iust prooffe you can affirme,
 For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,
 So is he innocent of treason to our state

Enter SUFFOLKE

How now Suttolke, where's our vnkle ?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead,²

[*The King falls in a sound*
Queen Ay—me, the King is dead help, help, my
 Lords

Suf Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry comfort.

King What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort ?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
 And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
 By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
 Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart
 Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,
 For euen in thine eye-bals³ murther sits,
 Yet do not goe Come Basalske
 And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes ⁴

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "proceed no further 'gaunst our vnckle "

² The two editions of 1600 punctuate this line rather differently

"Dead in his bed, my lord, Gloster is dead,"

while the edition of 1619 reads, "My lord of Gloster's dead," which apparently confirms the punctuation of the first edition. Each of the three readings is perfectly consonant with sense and metre

³ The two editions of 1600 read "thy" instead of thine "

⁴ The word "silly" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and also by Mr Knight "Plinius sayth there is a wilde beast called Catobletas great noyeng to mankinde, for all that see his eyes

Queene Why do you rate my Lord of Suftolke thus,
As if that he had caufde Duke Humphreys death?
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,
And you had¹ best say that I did murther him

King Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death

Queene Be woe for me more wretched then he was²
What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,
And thrise by aukward winds³ driuen back from Eng-
lands bounds,
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds, said, seeke not a scorpions neast

Enter the Earles of WARWICKE and SALISBURY

War My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hieue
of bees,⁴

should dye anone, and the same kinde hath the cockatrice"—
"Bartholomæus de prop rerum," lib xviii cap 16 The same
property is also mentioned by Pliny of the basilisk So, in
"Albion's England," as quoted by Reed,

"As Æsculap an herdsman did espie,
That did with easy sight enforce a *basilisk* to flye,
Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye"

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, 'and y'had'

² Johnson explains this, "Let not woe be to thee for Gloster,
but for me" The amended play reads "is" instead of "was,"
but our reading appears better, because the Queen is alluding to
the former misery of Gloster, which she now wishes the king to
believe has fallen upon himself on account of his death

³ Some editors have changed "aukward" to "adverse" in
the corresponding passage in the amended play, which reads
"twice" instead of "thrise" In "Cymbeline" we have the
expression, "rudest wind" Malone quotes the following ap-
posite passage from Dryden

"And undertook to trauaile d'rangeous waies,
Driven by awkward winds and boisterous seas"

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "an hungry hieue of bees," the
reading adopted by Mr Knight, though, perhaps, few readers
will think it an improvement

Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good Duke Humphreys death,¹ whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall
here

King That he is dead good Waiwick, is too true,
But how he died God knowes, not Henry²

War Enter his priue chamber my Lord and view
the bodie

Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I
returne

Salb I will sonne [*Exit* SALBURY
[WARWICKE *drawes the curtaines and shoves*
Duke HUMPHREY in his bed

King Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receiue thy soule
farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone

War Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon
him,

To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,
Vpon the life of this thirise famous Duke³

Suf A dreadfull oth sworn with a solemne toong,
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

War Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,⁴

¹ The word "duke" is omitted in the two editions of 1600

² Johnson says that "Henry" is here used as a word of three syllables

³ The word "thirise" is omitted in the two editions of 1600

⁴ The following passage in Porter's "Two Angry Women of Abingdon," 1599, appears almost a parody

"Oft haue I heard a timely married girl
That newly left to call her mother man"

Timely-parted means *recently* in this instance, though some of the commentators explain it by "in proper time" The commentators give us long notes on the incorrect application of the word *ghost*, but it is again used in the same sense in this volume

"Sweet father, to thy *murdered ghost* I swear,"

and it appears to have been used somewhat indiscriminately by our early writers

Of ashie semblance,¹ pale and bloodlesse,
 But loe the blood is setled in his face,²
 More better coloured then when he liu'd,
 His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
 His fingers spred abroad³ as one that graspt for life,
 Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these aie
 probable,

It cannot chuse but he was murthered ⁴

Queene Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in
 charge,

And they I trust sir, aie no murthereirs

War I, but twas well knowne⁵ they were not his
 friends,

And tis well seene he found some enemies

Car But haue you⁶ no greater proofes then these ?

War Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh,
 And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe,
 But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter ?
 Who findes the partridge in the puttocks⁷ nest,

¹ So Spenser—

“Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashy ghosts !”

² The two editions of 1600 read, “in the face”

³ That is, widely distended So in Peacham’s “Complete Gentleman,” 1627 “Herein was the Empeior Domitian so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers *abroad*, he would shoot through the spaces without touching the boy’s hand, or any finger”—See Malone’s Shakespeare by Boswell, vol xviii 264

⁴ So in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” Hermia says to Demetrius,

“It cannot be but thou hast murder’d him.”

The passage in the amended play (act iii sc 2) is very nearly the same with the line just given

“It cannot be but he was murder’d here”

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, “but tis well knowne”

⁶ The edition of 1619 reads “ye”

⁷ A kite See Bewick’s “History of British Birds,” edit 1797, vol 1 p 21 In a later edition of this work, the same provincial expression is given to the buzzard.

But will imagine how the bird came there.
 Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake¹
 Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie

Queene Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your
 talants²

Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife³

Suf I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
 But heies a vengefull sword iusted with case,⁴
 That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,
 That slanders me with murtherers crimson badge,
 Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death

[*Exet Cardinall*

War What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke
 dare him⁵

Queene He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
 Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundreth times

War Madame be still,⁴ with reuerence may I say it,
 That euery word you speake in his defence,
 Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie

Suf Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
 If euer Lady wronged hei Lord so much,
 Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
 Some steine vntutred churle, and noble stocke
 Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou ait,
 And neuer of the Neuels noble race

War But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
 And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,
 I would false murtherous coward on thy knees

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "with the vnbloody beake"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "where's his talants"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet here's a" The word
 "case" is altered to "case" in the three other editions

⁴ The two editions of 1600 read, "Madame, be ye still"

Make thee craue pайдon for thy passed speech,
 And say it was thy mother that thou meants,
 That thou thy selfe was boine in bastardie,
 And after all this fearefull homage done,
 Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,¹
 Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men

Suf Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy
 blood,

If from this presence thou dare go with me

War Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence

[WARWICKE *puls him out*

[*Exet* WARWICKE and SUFFOLKE, and then all the
 Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe
 with Suffolke And then enter againe, the Duke of
 SUFFOLKE and WARWICKE, with their weapons
 drawne

Kin Why how now Lords?

Suf The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of
 Berry,

Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne!²

[*The commons againe cries,*³ downe with Suffolke, downe
 with Suffolke And then enter from them, the
 Earle of SALBURY

Sal My Lord, the Commons made you word by me,
 The vnlesse false Suffolke⁴ here be done to death,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads,

"Giue thee thy hire, and send thee downe to hell,"

which alteration implies a change of authorship, which the reader will find more fully exemplified in the introduction to the present play

² This last isolated letter is found in the original, but, as it is omitted in the later editions, it is most probably merely an error of the press for a full stop

³ This grammatical error is repeated several times

⁴ The edition of 1619 more intelligibly reads, "That vnlesse false Suffolke."

Or banished faire Englands Territories,
 That they will eue from your highnesse person,
 They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
 They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme,
 And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
 They wish you to banish him from forth the land
Suf Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht
 hinds

Would send such message to their soueraigne,
 But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,
 To trie how quaint an Orator you were,¹
 But all the honour Salisbury hath got,
 Is, that he was the Lord Embassador
 Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King²

[*The Commons cries, an answer from the King,
 my Lord of Salisbury*]

Kin Good Salisbury go backe againe to them,
 Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care;³
 And had I not bene⁴ cited thus by their meanes,
 My selfe had done it Therefore here I sweare,
 If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
 Where I haue rule, but thiee daies more, he dies.

[*Exet SALISBURY.*]

Queene Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle
 Suffolkes banishment.

Kin Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,
 Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,

¹ It is, perhaps, necessary to observe that "quaint" here means *skilful, dexterous*. So Prospero says, "My quaint Ariel"

² A company or body of tinkers. So in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," act iii sc 2,

"The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort"

³ The two editions of 1600 read,

"Tell them we thanke them for all their louing care,"
 and the edition of 1619 reads "kind" instead of "louing"

⁴ The two editions of 1600 read, "And had not I bene"

If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is neuocable
Come good Warwicke¹ and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee

[*Exit King and WARWICKE, Manet Queene
and SUFFOLKE*

Queene Hell fire and vengeance go along with
you,

Theres two of you, the diuell make the thud
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suf A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse
them?

Could curses kill as do the Mandiakes groanes,²

I would inuent as many bitter termes

Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,

With twise so many signes of deadly hate,

As leaue fast enuy³ in hei loathsome caue,

My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,

¹ The word "good" is omitted in the two editions of 1600

² Bullein, speaking of Mandragora, says "They doe affyrme that this heibe commeth of the seede of some convicted dead men, and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be diawen out of the earth to man's use Therefore they did tie some dogge or some other lyving beast unto the roote thereof wyth a coide, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this mandrack In which cry it doth not onely dye itselfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth"—"Bulwarke of Defence against Sicknesse," fol 1579, p 41 This quotation was first made by Reed, and has been inserted by most of the editors The fabulous accounts, says Johnson, of the plant called a mandrake, give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being fatal to the person who attempts the violence, the practice of those who gather them is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity

³ The three other editions read, "as leane facde enuy"

My haue be fixt on end,¹ as one distraught,
 And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
 And now me-thinks my buithened hart would breake,
 Should I not curse them Poison be their drinke,²
 Gall worse than gall, the dauntiest thing they taste³
 'I hen sweetest shade a gioue of sypris trees,
 Their softest tuch as smart as lyzards stings
 Their musicke fightfull, like the serpens hys
 And boding scrike-oules make the comsoit full
 All the foule terrors in darke seated hell

Queene Inough sweete Suffolke, thou toiments thy
 selte

Suf You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?
 Now by this giound that I am banisht from,
 Well could I curse away a winters night,
 And standing naked on a mountaine top,

¹ So the modern editors write but the folios of the amended play read, "Mine haue be fixt an end"

² Steevens has remarked that part of this speech has been copied by Lee in his tragedy of "Cæsar Borgia, 4^o Lond 1680, As Steevens has not given the passage to which he refers, it may be as well to insert it here

"*Mach* Nay, since you urge, sir, my heart will break
 Unless I curse 'em! Poyson be their drink

Borg Gall, gall and wormwood! Hemlock! hemlock! quench 'em

Mach Their sweetest shade a dell of duskish adders

Borg Their fairest prospect, fields of basilisks,
 Their softest touch, as smart as viper's teeth

Mach Their musick horrid as the hiss of dragons,

All the foul terrors of dark-seated hell

Borg No more, thou art one piece with me thyself
 And now I take a pride in my revenge"

³ The amended play reads, "the dauntiest *that* they taste," and Theobald wishes to read, "the daunties *that*," or "the dauntiest meat," because there is a substantive subjoined to every epithet in the verses that follow. See Nichols' "Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," vol II p 439, where will be found a letter from Theobald to Warburton, suggesting the above readings. But surely, if any alteration is necessary, it would be safer to return to the reading of the old edition

Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport

Queene No more Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence
to Fiance,

Or lue where thou wilt within this woildes globe,
Ile haue an Irish¹ that shall finde thee out,
And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee
repelde,

Or venture to be banished my selfe
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou maist think on me
Away, I say, that I may feele my grieve,
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here

Suf Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee

Enter VAWSE

Queene How now, whither goes Vawse so fast? [Sig F]

Vawse To signifie vnto his Maestie,
That Cardinal Bewford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were madde,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him,
And sometime² he calles to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euen now he cald aloude for him

Queene Go then good Vawse and certifie the
King

[*Exit VAWSE*]

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,
And woe am I for Bewfords heauie ende
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art here?

¹ 2c 1115 See the amended play, act iii sc 2, and Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol xviii p 275 The edition of 1619 corrects "shall," which occurs in the same line, to "shalt."

² The edition of 1619 reads, "sometimes"

Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to Fiance,
 For if the King do come, thou sure must die
Suf And if I go I cannot lue but here to
 die,
 What were it else but like a pleasant slumber
 In thy lap?¹
 Here could I, could I,² breathe my soule into the
 aire,
 As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
 That dies with motheis dugge between his
 lips,
 Where from thy sight³ I should be raging madde,
 And call for thee to close mine eyes,
 Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,
 That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,
 And then it lu'd in sweete Elyziam,
 By thee to die, were but to die in ieast,
 From thee to die, were torment more then death,
 O let me staie, befall, what may befall.

Queene. Oh mightst thou staie with safetie of thy
 life,

Then shouldst thou staie, but heanens deny it,
 And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde

Suf I goe

Queene And take my heart with thee

[*She kisseth him*]

Suf A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,
 That euer yet containde a thing of woorth,
 Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we

This way fall I to deathe

[*Exet SUFFOLKE.*]

Queene This way for me

[*Exet Queene.*]

¹ This line forms part of the previous one in the edition of 1619

² This repetition does not occur in the edition of 1619

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "from my sight," which is clearly an error

Enter King and SALSURY,¹ and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.

Car Oh death, if thou wilt let me lue² but one whole yeare,³

Ile gie thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland

Kim O see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,

¹ This stage direction is as follows in the amended play "Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinall in bed"

² This was probably suggested by the following account in Hall's "Chronicle" "During these doynges, Henry Beauford, byshop of Wynchester, and called the ryche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde, and was buried at Wynchester This man was sonne to Jhon of Gaunte, duke of Lancaster, discended on an honoiabie lignage, but borne in Baste, more noble of bloud, then notable in leauiyng, haut in stomacke, and hygh in countenance, ryche aboue measure of all men, and to fewe liberal, disdaynfull to his kynne, and deeadfull to his lovers, preferrynge money before frendshippe, many thinges begynning, and nothing perfourmyng His covetous insaciable, and hope of long lyfe, made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe in his latter daies for Doctor Jhon Baker, his pryvie counsailer, and hys chapellayn, wrote that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes Why should I dye, having so much ryches, if the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to buy it Fye, wyll not death be hyered, nor will money do nothyng? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myselfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester disceased, then I thought myself able to be equale with kunges, and so thought to encrease my treasure in hoope to have worn a tryple croune But I se nowe the woulde fayleth me, and so I am deceyved, praying you all to pray for me"

³ This is altered in the amended play to "and feel no pain." Theobald thinks the old edition supplies the best reading, as the Cardinal here labours more under the dreadful apprehensions in his mind of the result of approaching death than bodily pain King Henry adds immediately afterwards, "how he is troubled," and wishes him to remember his Redeemer

*Alar mes*¹ *withun, and the chambers be discharged, like as
it were a fight at sea And then enter the Capitaine
of the ship*² *and the Maister, and the Maisters
Mate, & the Duke of SUFFOLKE disguised, and
others with him, and WATER WHICKMORE*³

Cap BING forward these prisoners that scorn'd to
yeeld,

Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,
Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you
This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,
And let them paie their ransomes⁴ ere they passe

Suf Water! [He starteth

Water How now, what doest feare me?⁵

Thou shalt haue better cause anon

Suf It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,
That by Water I should die⁶

¹ This word, so frequently occurring in old stage directions, and, having two distinct meanings, is frequently misinterpreted by the general reader. Perhaps the following is as good an explanation of the word as could be given. "*Classicum*, a trumpet for the warres, a sound or peale of trumpets or belles to call men together or to go to warre, alarme"—Rider's "*Latin Dictionary*," 4^o, London, 1640

² In the amended play we have "Lieutenant" throughout the scene. Modern editors return to the old edition.

³ In the two editions of 1600 his name is spelt "Walter Whickemore."

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "ransome."

⁵ The two editions of 1600 read, "what doest thou feare me." This appears to be a necessary addition, although the edition of 1619 follows our text.

⁶ So, in Queen Margaret's letter to the duke, in Drayton's "*Epistles*," we have—

"I pray thee, Poole, haue care how thou dost pass,
Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,
And one foretold by *water* thou should'st die,
Ah! foul befall that foul tongue's prophecy."

See Malone's "*Shakespeare*," by Boswell, vol. xviii, p. 283

Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded
 Thy name being rightly sounded,
 Is Gualter, not Water

Water Gualter or Water, als one to me,
 I am the man must bring thee to thy death¹

Suf I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
 Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shal be paid

Water I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
 And therefore ere I merchantlike sell blood for gold,
 Then cast me headlong downe into the sea

² *Pris* But what shall our ransomes be?

Mai A hundred pounds a piece, either paie that
 or die

² *Pris* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid,

Water Come sirrha, thy life shall be the ransome
 I will haue

This prophecy and its accomplishment are differently stated. The note upon these lines is "The witch of Eye receiv'd an swer from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water*" The two editions of 1600 print *Water* instead of water, and it is probably one of those that Mr Collier refers to in his edition of "Shakespeare," vol v p 181

¹ This scene is thus related in Hall's "Chronicle" "But fortune wold not that this fatigious person shoulde so escape, for when he shipped in Suffolke, entendinge to be transported into Fraunce, he was encounterd with a shippe of warre apperteynyng to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called the Nicholas of the Towre The capitayne of the same barke with small fight entered into the duke's shippe, and perceyving his person present, brought hym to Dover Rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the heade upon the sandes, of Dover, which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfelde College in Suffolke, and there buried This ende had William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke, as men rudge, by God's punyshment, for above all thinges he was noted to be the very organ, engine, and devisor of the destruction of Humfrey the good duke of Gloucester, and so the bloudd of the innocente man was with his dolorous death recompensed and punished" See Holinshed's "Chronicle," p 632, and Grafton's "Chronicle," p 610.

Suf Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull

Cap The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags

Suf I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I? ¹

Cap I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be

Suf Base Iadie groome,² King Henries blood
The honourable blood of Lancaster,³

Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,
I am sent Ambassadors for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe

Cap Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him
hence,

And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

Suf Thou darste not for thine owne

Cap Yes Poull.

Suf Poull ⁴

Cap I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the
Queene,⁵ shall sweepe the ground, and thou that
Smildste at good Duke Humphreys death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth

Suf This villan being but Captain of a Pinnais,
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,

¹ This line is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, though completely necessary to the sense of what follows.

² A groom who attends upon inferior horses. Here, a term of reproach. See "Henry VIII," act iii. sc. 2.

³ Blakeway says that this is a mistake, and that Suffolk's great grandfather was a merchant at Hull. But we learn from Hall that Suffolk assumed a good ancestry, and therefore this line was a natural ebullition of his vanity.

⁴ This and the next line are omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, but are introduced by modern editors as necessary to the sense.

⁵ This word is placed at the end of the preceding line in the two editions of 1600.

The great Masadonian Pyrate,¹

Thy words addes² fury and not remorse in me

Cap I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone

Suf Has not thou waited at my Trencher,

When we haue feasted with Queene Margaret?

Hast not thou kist thy hand³ and held my sturope?

And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,

And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?

This hand hath writ in thy defence,

Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong

Cap Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his
hed

1 Pris Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your
life

Suf First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,

Before this knee do bow to any,

Saue to the God of heauen and to my King

Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade

To such a ladie gloome

Water Come, come, why do we let him speake,

I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye

Suf A Swordar and bandeto slaue,

Murthered sweete Tully

¹ In the amended play we have—

“Small things make base men proud, this villan here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate”

Bargulus, or Βαρδύλλης, as Plutarch writes it in the life of Pyrrhus, is mentioned by Cicero, *Bargulus Illyrius latro*. The change was perhaps made for the sake of the metre, “Macedonian” not well suiting the new construction of Suffolk’s speech. Greene, in “Penelope’s Web” [1588], mentions “Abradas, the great Macedonian priat,” who “thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean.” See Malone’s “Shake speake,” by Boswell, vol. xviii p. 289. The second folio reads, “threats” instead of “threatens.”

² Probably “adde”

³ The two editions of 1600 read, “Hast not thou kist thine hand”

Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar,
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas

[*Exet* SUFFOLKE, and WATER

Cap Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,
And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,
To see it saue deliuered vnto her
Come lets goe [*Exet omnes*

Enter two of the Rebels with long staves

George Come away Nick and put a long staffe in
thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee,
they haue bene vp this two daies

Nicke Then they had more need to go to bed now
But sirrha George whats the matter?

George Why sirrha, Iack Cake the Dial of Ashford
here,
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap
on it

Nicke I mary he had need so, for tis growne threed-
bare,

Twas neuer meriy world with vs,¹ since these gentle
men came vp ²

George I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord
weare a leather aperne now a-daies

Nicke But suiha, who comes more³ beside Iacke
Cade?

George Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin
the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan

¹ A proverbial expression "Then stept forth the Duke of Suffolke from the King, and spake with a hault countenance these words It was never merry in England, quoth hee, while we had any Cardinals among us." Stowe's "Chronicles," by Howes, fol 1631, p. 546 See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xviii p 294. The reading of the amended play renders this quotation still more apposite.

² The word "these" is judiciously omitted in the amended play

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "else"

last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be¹ Lords or squires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King

Nicke Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming

Enter IACKE CADE, DICKE Butcher, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY, and the rest, with long staves

Cade Proclaime silence

All Silence

Cade I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie²

Dicke Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats³

Cade My father was a Mortemer

Nicke He was an honest man⁴ and a good Bruck-laiier.

Cade My mother came of the Brases⁵

Will She was a Pedlers daughter⁶ indeed, and sold many lases.

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "be al"

² This passage is very obscure, unless he derives his name from the Latin *cado*, which is partially confirmed by the amended play, where he says, "our enemies shall *fall* before us" It would appear that something is omitted

³ A measure less than a barrel The quantity a cade should contain is ascertained by Malone by the following extract from the accounts of the celeress of the abbey of Beiking "Memorandum that a barrel of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a cade of herryng six hundreth, six score to the hundreth" Nash, in his "Lenten Stuffe," 1599, says, "the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in cades, and from him they have their name" Nash's account was, perhaps, borrowed from this play

⁴ In the edition of 1619 and the amended play, this speech is given to Dick Butcher.

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads,

"My mother was come of the *Lacies*"

⁶ In the edition of 1619 this speech is given by Nicke.

Robin And now being not able to occupie her furd
 packe,¹
She washeth buckes vp and downe the country
Cade Therefore I am honourably borne ²
Harry I for³ the field is honourable, for he was
 borne
Vnder a hedge, for his father ⁴ had no house but the
 Cage
Cade I am able to endure much
George Thats true, I know he can endure anything,
 For I haue seen him whipt two market daies together
Cade I feare neither sword nor fire
Will He need not feare the sword, for his coate is
 of prooffe ⁵
Dicke But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, be-
 ing so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe
Cade Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue,
 and vowes reformation you shall haue seuen half-
 penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot,
 shall haue ten hoopes,⁶ and it shall be felony to

¹ A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xviii p 296

² The two editions of 1600 read, "Therefore I am honourable borne" Thus in the "Third Part of Henry VI," edit. 1623, p 160, we have,

"Widow, goe you along Lords, vse her honourable."

This word "honourable" is altered to "honourably" in the second edition of that play

³ The word "for" is omitted in the edition of 1619 and in the amended play

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "because his father"

⁵ Perhaps an exit ought to be marked here, as Will so soon afterwards enters "with the Clarke of Chattam"

⁶ The old drinking-pots, being of wood, were bound together, as barrels are, with *hoops*, and in "The Gul's Horn-Booke," 1609, they are mentioned among other drinking-measures See also Nash's "Pierce Penlesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p 103 Cade, says Douce, promises that every can which now had three hoops shall be increased in size so as to require ten

drinke small beere, and if I be king,¹ as king I will be

All God saue your maiestie

Cade I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my luerne, and weelee haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes² from my mouth

Dicke We shall haue sore lawes then,³ for he was thrust into the mouth the other day

George I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it

*Enter WILL with the Clarke of Chattam*⁴

Will Oh Captaine a pryze

Cade Whose that Will?

Will. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters

Cade Sonnes,⁵ hees a coniuurer bring him hither
Now, sir, what your name?

Clarke. Emanuell sir, and it shall please you

¹ The edition of 1619 leaves out the word "and," and the two editions of 1600 read, "And if be the king"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "But such as come"

³ Stephano makes a similar pun in the "Tempest," act v sc. 1

⁴ Ritson supposes him to have been Thomas Bayly, a necromancer at Whitechapel, and formerly a bosom friend of Cade. See W. Wyrcestre, p 471 But Douce considers the character to have been invented by the writer of the play, and there certainly does not appear to be any evidence in favour of Ritson's conjecture

⁵ A misprint for "sounes." It is corrected in the later impressions.

Dicke It will go hard with you, I can tell you,¹
For they vse to write that oth top of letters²

Cade And what do you vse³ to write your name?
Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,
Vse the score and the Tally?

Clarke Nay, true sir,⁴ I praise God I haue bene so
well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name

Cade Oh hes confest,⁵ go hang him with his penny-
inckhorne about his necke

[*Exit one with the Clarke*]

Enter TOM

Tom Captaine Newes, newes, sir Humphrey
Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings
power, and mean to kil vs all

Cade Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

Tom No, no, hees but a knight

Cade Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe
knight

Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer

Is there any more of them that be Knights?

Tom I his brother [*He Knights DICKE Butcher*]⁶

Cade Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "I tell ye"

² Of letters missive, and public acts In the "Famous Victories of Henry V," 1598, the Archbishop of Bruges says to King Henry

"I beseech your grace to deliver mee your safe
Conduct, under your broad seale *Emanuel*"

The edition of 1619 reads, "ore the top of letters," and, in the previous line, "I tell ye," instead of "I can tell you"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "What do ye vse"

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "Nay, truly sir"

⁵ The edition of 1619 has this speech as follows. "Oh he has confest, go and hang him with his pen and inkehorne about his necke"

⁶ The edition of 1619 reads, "He knights him," and places this direction at the end of the next line

Rise vp sin Dicke Butcher

[*Now sound vp the Drumme*¹

*Enter sir HUMPHREY SLAFORD and his brother, with
Drumme and souldiers*

Cade As for these silken coated slaues I passe not a
pinne,²

Tis to you good people that I speake

Slaf Why country-men, what meane you thus in
troopes,

To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?

Why his father was but a Brick-laiier³

Cade Well, and Adam was a Gardner,⁴ what then?
But I come of the Mortemers

Slaf I the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that

Cade The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe,
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter

Slaf Well, thats true But what then?

Cade And by her he had two children at a birth,

Slaf Thats false

Cade I, but I say, tis true

All. Why then tis true

Cade And one of them was stolne away by a
begger-woman,

And that was my father,⁵ and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can

Nicke Nay looke you, I know twas true,⁶

¹ This forms part of Cade's speech in the edition of 1619

² An idiomatic phrase of the time for I care not, or, I pay them no regard "I care not a pin for you," is a common expression at the present day

³ The word "but" is omitted in the edition of 1619

⁴ The word "and" is omitted in the two editions of 1600

⁵ The word "that" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

⁶ The edition of 1619 reads, 'I know was true,' which Mr Knight has corrected to "I know 'tis true"

For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the bricke are alive at this day to testifie ¹

Cade But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King,
that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide
at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes,² I am con-
tent that he shall be King as long as he lues Marry
alwaies prouided, ile be Protector ouer him

Staf O monstrous simplicitie

Cade And tell him, wee le have the Lord Sayes
head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp
the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling
the Townes in France, by which meanes England

¹ The edition of 1619 reads "to testifie it"

² The amended play reads, "in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns" The earlier commentators do not give any note on the game of span counter, which Strutt and Nares suppose to have been thus played one throws a counter, or piece of money, which the other wins if he can throw another so as to hit it, or lie within a span of it It is alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher

"And what I now pull shall no more afflict me,
Than if I play'd at span-counter"

Dr Simon Forman, and his companion and "bedfellow," Henry Gird, used to play at this game about 1570, as we learn from his diary in MS Ashm 208, but this curious document does not give us any information relative to the manner in which the game was played A few leaves onwards, in the same volume, Forman gives us the following account, which is so good an illustration of the fact of deer-stealing being a fashionable amusement in the time of Shakespeare, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it here, especially, too, as it also affords an example of the ancient method of styling members of the university by the title of "sir," already alluded to Forman is speaking of his college life when he tells us "Nowe ther were too Bachelors of Arte that were too of his shife benefactors, the one of them was Sir Thornbuuy, that after was bishope of Lutterike, and he was of Magdalen College, the other was Sir Pinckney, his cossine of St Mary Halle Thes too lovyd hym [Forman] nyng welle, and many tymes wold make Simon to goo forth tho Loes the keper of Shottofer for his houndes to go on huntunge from morninge to nighte, and they never studied nor gave them-

hath bene maimde¹ euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance² held it vp And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors

Staf As how I prethie?

Cade Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?

Answeire me to that

Staf Well surha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings meicy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long

Staf Go Herald proclaime in all the Kings Townes. That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade, Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie

[*Exet STAFFORD and his men*

Cade Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

[*Exet omnes*

selves to their bookes, but to goe to scolles of defence, to the dauncing scolles, *to steall dear and conyes*, and to hunte the hare and to wounge of wenches, to goe to Doctor Lawrence of Cowly, for he had too fair daughters, Besse and Martha. Sir Thoinbury he wooed Besse, and Sir Pinckney he wooed Martha, and in the end he married her; but Thornbury he deceyved Besse as the mayor's daughter of Biacly, of which Ephues writes, deceyved him. But ther was then ordinary haunt alwaies, and thethere muste Symon rone with the bottell and the bage erly and late." Thus if a bishop could steal deer when he was at college, surely Shakespeare could do so in his early career without his respectability being impeached by his editors, a sport then attended with as little loss of reputation as stealing knockers would be at the present day.

¹ The amended play reads, "maim'd," so that this may be a pun on the word "Mayne," in the previous line. Daniel has a similar conceit in his "Civil Wais," 1595.

"Anjou and Maine, the *main* that foul appears"

² The two editions of 1600 read, "but that the puissance."

*Alarums to the battaile, and sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD¹
and his brother is slaine Then enter IACKE CADF
agaïne and the rest*

. Cade Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day
most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou
hadst bin in thy slaughter house And thus I will
reward thee The Lent shall be as long agaïne as it
was Thou² shalt haue licence to kill for foure score
& one a week Drumme strike vp, for now wee le
march to London, for to morrow³ I meane to sit in
the Kings seate at Westminster [*Exet omnes*

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene,
with the Duke of SUFFOLKES head, and the Lord
SAY, with others*

King Sir Humphrey Stamford and his brother is[s]
slaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London,
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their generall

Reade⁴ Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one⁵ agaïne
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowde to haue
thy head

¹ "A detachment was made against Jack Cade under the command of Sir Humphry and Sir William Stafford, to oppose those of Cade's men that remained in a body, imagining that most of them were retired to their several dwellings: but Cade having placed his troops in ambuscade in the woods about Sevenoke, the forces commanded by the Staffords were surrounded, and most of them either killed or taken prisoners, the two brothers who commanded them being killed on the spot"—Hollinshed's "Chronicle, Henry IV," p. 364. The edition of 1619 reads, "where Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both slaine"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "and thou"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "and to morrow"

⁴ This stage direction is omitted in the edition of 1619.

⁵ Perhaps "once"

Say I but I hope your highnesse shall haue his

Kim How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue,¹ if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not haue mournde² so much for me

Queene No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee

Enter a Messenger.

Mes Oh fie my Lord, the Rebels are entered Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge, Calling your grace an vsuper, And that monstious Rebelle Cade, hath sworne To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster, Therefore fie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth³

Kim Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs, For feare the Rebelle Cade do find thee out

Say My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me And therefore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind

Kim Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say Come Madame, let vs go

[*Exet omnes*]

¹ Malone prefers this reading to the "I fear me, love" of the folio editions of the amended play. The difference is one which might easily occur in printing.

² The second folio reads, "Thou would'st not half haue mourn'd."

³ "The king and court were so terrified at the approach of these rebels to Blackheath, that they retired to Kenelworth Castle in Warwickshire"—Holinshead's "Chronicle," p. 366. Killingworth is the old name for Kenilworth, and Sir William Blackstone says it was the common pronunciation in his time. In Lancham's letter, we find "the castle hath name of Kyle Ingworth, but of truth, grounded upon faythfull story, Kenel woorth."

*Enter the Lord SKAYLES upon the Tower Walles walking
Enter three or foure Citizens below*¹

Lord Scayles How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

i Cit No my Lord, noi likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honour from
the Tower,
To defend the Citie from the Rebels

Lord Scayles Such aide as I can spare, you shall
command,
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smythfield² and gather head,
And thither I will³ send you Mathew Goffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your lues
And so farewell, for I must hence againe

[*Exet omnes*

*Enter IACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his sword
upon London Stone*

Cade Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,
That the first year of our raigne,
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine
And now hence forward,⁴ it shall be treason
For any that calles me any otherwise then
Lord Mortemer

¹ This necessary stage direction is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619

² The second folio reads, "But get you into Smithfield."

³ These words are transposed in the edition of 1619

⁴ This and the next line are thus given in the two editions of 1600:—

"And now henceforth, it shall be treason
For any that calls me otherwise then"

The amended play agrees with our text

Enter a souldier

Sould Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade

Cade Souldes, knocke him downe [*They kill him*

Duke My Lords,¹ theus an Army gathered to gether

Into Smythfield

Cade Come then, lets go fight with them,
But first go on and set London Bridge a fire,²

And if you can, burne downe the Tower too

Come lets away [*Exet omnes*

*Alarms, and then MATHEW GOFFE is slaine,³ and all
the rest with him Then enter IACK CADE again,
and his company*

Cade So sirs, now go some and pull down the
Sauoy,⁴

Others to the Innes of the Court,⁵ downe with them all.

Dicke I haue a sute vnto your Lordship

Cade Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
For that word

Dicke That we burne all the Records,⁶

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "My lord"

² The two editions of 1600 read, "set London Bridge on fire." At that time the bridge was made of wood

³ This of course means in the course of the scene, and not necessarily before the arrival of Cade and his followers. He is described by Holinshed, p. 635, as "a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in seirving of the king and his father"

⁴ The word "some" is omitted in the edition of 1619. According to Ritson, this trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor, Wat Tyler, and was not rebuilt till the time of Henry VII

⁵ The word "the" is omitted in the edition of 1619

⁶ Reed says that a similar proposal was actually made in parliament in the time of the Commonwealth. But the objects were different. In that instance it was to settle the nation on a new foundation, whereas all Dicke appears to desire is the destruction of every thing connected with education and learning.

And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vnde but the score and the Full

Cade Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things¹ shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palphrey go to graspe

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment² be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should vn do himselfe

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis theif waxe, for I am sure I neuer scald to anything but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since ³

Nicke But when shall we take vp those commodities Which you told vs of

Cade Marry he that will⁴ lustily stand to it Shall go with me, and⁵ take vp these commodities following

Item, a gowne, a kittle, a petticoate, and a smocke

Enter GEORGE

George My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,

Which sold the Townes in France

Cade Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,⁶

¹ The edition of 1600, printed by W W, reads, "al thing"

² These words are transposed in the edition of 1619 This speech occurs in act iv sc 2, of the amended play Here it is act iv sc 7

³ The second folio reads, "my" for mine"

⁴ This speech is printed as prose in the edition of 1619

⁵ These words are omitted in the edition of 1619

⁶ Cade here makes a pun on the word "say," which is explained by Minshew to be a kind of woollen stuff Spenser uses the word—

"All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was,"

There seems also to be a play on the word George and *seige*, as it is spelt in the amended drama

What answer canst thou make vnto my mightnesse,
For deliuering vp the townes in Fiance to Mounsier
bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected
a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme,
and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie,¹ thou hast
built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be saide to thy face,
that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reade² of
bookes with red letters, and talke³ of a Nowne and
a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian
eare is able to endure it And besides all that,⁴ thou
hast appointed certaine Iustises⁵ of peace in euery
shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing,
and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them
vp Onely for which cause they were most worthy to
liue Thou ridest on a footcloth doest thou not?⁶

Say Yes, what of that?

Cade Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy
horse weare a cloake, when an honest man then thy
selfe, goes in his hose and doublet

Say You men of Kent

All Kent, what of Kent?

¹ "Against the peace of the said lord the king, his crown, and dignity," was the regular language of indictments

² Perhaps "reade."

³ Probably "talke"

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "And besides all this"

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, "Iustices of the peace"

⁶ This passage, though completely necessary for the sense, is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight This shows the value of the old copies The first folio reads, "in a footcloth," but the edition of 1632 restores the old reading A footcloth was a kind of housing which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. Bulleyn, in his "Dialogue," 1564, says: "He gave me my mule also with a velvet footcloth." See "Richard III," act iii. sc 4, and "2 Henry VI," act iv sc 1.

Say Nothing but *bona, terra*¹

Cade Bonum terum, sounds whats that²

Duke He speakes French

Mill No tis Dutch

Nicke No tis outtahan, I know it well inough

Say Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,

Termde it the cruel'st place of all this land,³

Then Noble country-men, heare me but speake,

I sold not Fiance, I lost not⁴ Normandie

Cade But wherefore doest thou shake thy head
so?

Say It is the palsie and not feare that makes me⁴

¹ The edition of 1600, printed by W W, reads, "Nothing but *terra bona*"

² So all the editions The amended play reads—

"Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civill st place of all this isle
Sweet is the country, because full of riches,
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity."

The first folio reads, "you are" I have printed from the second edition of 1632 The passage, as given in our text, cannot be correct, but Mr Knight reads,

"Term'd as the civillest place of all this land"

I would rather read, 'is term'd,' the line running so much better, and transpositions frequently occur in these old copies. The passage in Cæsar which is referred to is as follows — "Ei his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt" — "Comment de bello Gallico," v 14 The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1565 "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the *civilest* are the Kentishfolke," a sentence which occurs nearly word for word in Lyly's "Euphues and his England," 1580: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentish-men are the civilest." Shakespeare, or rather the author of the "Contention," had probably seen this last-mentioned book, the passage I have given being quoted by Malone It may be mentioned that there was an edition of Golding's translation published in 1590, as Mr Collier does not seem to be aware of this See his "Shakespeare," vol. v p 198

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "nor lost I."

⁴ Peck thinks that this speech originates in a charm for an ague, which, however, I suspect he has altered to bring it

Cade Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say,¹ thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I haue thee Go take him to the standerd in Cheapeside and chop of his head, and then go to milende-greene, to sir Iamés Cromer his sonne in law, and cut off his head too,² and bring them to me vpon two poles presently Away with him

[*Exet one or two with the Lord SAY*

There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,

But he shall paie me tribute for it

Not there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal see³ to me for her

Mavdenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,

neare the present passage Blagrave, in his "Astrological Practise of Physick," p 135, prescribes a cure of agues by a certain writing which the patient weareth, as follows "When Jesus went up to the cross to be crucified, the Jews asked him, saying, 'Art thou afraid? or hast thou the ague?' Jesus answered, and said, 'I am not afraid, neither have I the ague. All those which bea the name of Jesus about them shall not be afraid, nor yet have the ague' Amen, sweet Jesus, amen, sweet Jehovah, amen"—See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," by Hazlitt, iii 236

¹ The edition of 1619 reads,

"Nay, thou noddst thy head at vs, as who wouldst say

² "Cade ordered the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to assemble in Guildhall, in order to sit in judgement upon Lord Say, but, his lordship insisting to be tried by his peers, Cade hurried him from the bar, and struck off his head at the Standard in Cheapside. And afterwards meeting with Sir J Cromer, who had married Lord Say's daughter, he cut off his head, ordering that and Lord Say's to be carried before him on spears"—Holinshed, p 364. See also Grey's "Notes upon Shakespeare," vol ii p 28 According to the contemporary chronicles, it was William Cromer whom Cade put to death Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason at Cade's mock commission at Guildhall

³ Read 'fee'

Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capite,¹

And that theu wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke,
or toong can tell ²

Enter Robin

Robin O Captaine, London bidge is a fine

Cade Runne to Billingsgate, and feche pitch and flaxe and squench ³ it

Enter Dicke and a Sargiant

Sar Iustice, Iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this fellow here

Cade Why what has he done ?

Sar Alasse sir he has rausht my wife

Dicke Why my Lord he would haue rested me,
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper house

Cade Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,
You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,

¹ A tenure *in capite* This is an equivoque on the pieceding line

There are several ancient grants from our early kings to their subjects, written in rude verse, and empowering them to enjoy their lands as "free as heart can wish or tongue can tell" Nearly the precise words occur in the Year Book of Henry VII See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xviii p 321 The disgusting custom of the *Mucheta Mulierum*, alluded to by Cade, is thus described by Skene, and affords us a very apposite illustration of the whole of this speech: "Maichequum significat prisca Scotorum lingua hinc deducta metaphora ab equitando, Maicheta mulieris, dicitur virginalis pudicitie prima violatio et delibatio, quae, ab Eveno rege, dominis capitalibus fuit imple permissa de omnibus novis nuptis prima nuptiarum nocte, sed et pie a Malcomio tertio sublata fuit, et in hoc capite certo vaccarum numero et quasi pretio redimitur" Dalrymple, however, denies the existence of such a custom, and Blackstone is of opinion that it never prevailed in England

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "quench" The other is still a provincial expression, and the older form of the word

Take any man by the thoroate for twelue pence,
 And rest a man when hees¹ at dinner,
 And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his²
 mouth

Go Dicke take him hence, cut out³ his toong for cog
 ging

Hough him for running, and to conclude,
 Biane⁴ him with his own mace

[*Exet with the Sargiant*

*Enter two with the Lord SAYES head, and sr IAMES
 CROMERS, vpon two poles*

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes
 ende, let them kisse together⁵

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord CLIFFORD
 the Earle of COMBERLAND*

Clif Why country-men and warlike friends of
 Kent,

What meanes this mutinous rebellions,⁶
 That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,
 Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
 To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,
 Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "he is"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "on's"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "and cut out"

⁴ That is, "braue" The edition of 1619 reads "braue"

⁵ "And as it were in a spite caused them in every street to
 kisse together"—Holinshed, p 634 See also Hall's "Chron
 icles," sig a Farmer gives another parallel passage from the
 "Mirroure of Magistrates" Hall says, "to the great detesta
 tion of all the beholders" See Malone's "Shakespeare," by
 Boswell, vol xviii. p 322

⁶ The edition of 1600, printed by W W, reads,

"What meanes this mutinous rebellion?"

while the edition of 1619 reads,

"What meanes these mutinous rebellions?"

If you forsake this monstrous Rebelle here?
 If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
 Then hast to France that your forefathers wonne,
 And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
 And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow

All A Clifford, a Clifford [*They forsake Cade*

Cade Why, how now, will you forsake your generall,

And ancient freedome which you haue possest?
 To bend your neckes vnder¹ their seruile yokes,
 Who if you stir, will straightwaies² hang you vp,
 But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
 And make them yeeld their liuing to your hands

All A Cade, a Cade

[*They runne to Cade againe*

Clif Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a word,³

Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,
 The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
 And I myself will go along with you,
 To Winsoie Castle whereas the King abides,
 And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt

All A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King

Cade How like a feather is this rascall company
 Blowne euery way,
 But that they may see there want no valiancy⁴ in
 me,

My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
 And so a poxe take you all

[*He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away*⁵

¹ The edition of 1600, printed by W W, reads "vnto" instead of "vnder"

² The edition of 1619 reads "straight way"

³ These words are omitted in the edition of 1619

⁴ The edition printed by W W in 1600, and that of 1619, read "there wants no valiancy"

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, "and then flies away"

But Go some and make after him, and pro-
claime,
'That those that bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour
Come march away [Exet omnes]

Enter King HENRY and the QUEENE, and SOMERSET

Kin Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the
Rebell Cade?

Som This, my gracious Lord, that the Lord Say is
don to death,

And the Citie is almost sackt

Kin Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede,
so must it be ¹

And be it as he please,² to stop the pride of those
rebellious men

Queene Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene
aliue,

The Rebell Cade had bene suppiest ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, with
the Rebels, with halters about their necks*

Clif Long lue King Henry, Englands lawfull
King,

Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,
And offer their lues before your highnesse feete

Kin But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine here.

Clif No, my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but
proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but
bring his head, shall haue a thousand crownes But

¹ The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads, "so it must
be"

² The word "it" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and by
Mr Knight, though it seems necessary in the construction of the
sentence.

may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes ¹ were thus misled

Kin Stand vp you simple men, and giue God
praise,

For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English
Crowne

All God saue the King, God saue the King

Kin Come let vs haste to London now with
speed,
That solemne prosessions may be sung,
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happie victorie

[*Exet omnes*

Enter IACKE CADE at one doore, and at the other maister
ALEXANDER EYDEN and his men, and IACKE
CADE lies downe picking of hearbes and eating
them

Eyden Good Loid how pleasant is this country
life,

This litle land my father left me here,
With my contented minde serues me as well,
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court

Cade Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand
villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a
thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest,
Ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge,² and swallow
my sword like a great pinne

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "by these traitors meanes"

² It may be worth while to observe that the edition of 1610 reads "estrirage," alluding of course to the old myth of ostriches eating and digesting iron, concerning the truth of which Sir

Eyden Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?

Ist not enough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And entered into my ground¹ without the leaue of me
the owner,

But thou wilt braue me too

Cade Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fīue dayes, yet and I do not² leaue thee and thy fīue men as dead as a doore nayle,³ I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more

Eyden Nay, it neuer shall⁴ be saide whilst the world doth stand,⁵ that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee⁶ Sirrah fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside

Cade Now sword, if thou doest not hew⁷ this burly-bond churle into chīnes of beefe, I beseech God thou

Thomas Browne and Alexander Ross fought a [paper] battle some two centuries ago. The word "estrīge" occurs twice in Shakespeare, "1 Henry IV," act iv sc 1, and "Antony and Cleopatra," act iii sc 2, meaning a kind of hawk, while the early editions of the amended play read "ostridge" in the corresponding passage to this. This affords an argument in favour of the early composition of the old play, if difference of orthography is ever any argument in works of Shakespeare's time.

¹ The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads, "into the ground"

² The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet if I do not."

³ This proverb is used by Pistol in "2 Henry VI," act v. sc 3. The *door nail* was the nail, on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. See Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol xvii p 225

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "it shall never"

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, "whilst the world stands"

⁶ The edition of 1619 reads, "Ile combat with thee"

⁷ The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads, 'if thou hewst not."

maist fal¹ into some smiths hand,² and be tuned to hob-nailes

Eyden Come on thy way

[*They fight, and Cade falls downe*

, *Cade* Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chivalrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand duels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fūe daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iack Cade must die. [*He dies*

Eyden Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebcll³ which I haue slaine Oh sword ile honour thee for this,⁴ and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and beare it⁵ [*Exit*

Enter the Duke of YORKE with Drum and souldiers

Yorke In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "I would thou mightst fall," while the amended play has, "I beseech Jove" The difference between the editions of 1619 and 1594 was, perhaps, occasioned by the statute of 3 James I, but the alteration in the folio may have been intentional, and is judiciously restored by Mr Collier

² The edition of 1619 reads, "into some smiths hands"

³ Hall gives the following account of Cade's death "After a proclamacion made that whosoever could apprehende the saied Jac Cade should have for his pain a m markes, many sought for hym, but few espied hym, til one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found hym in a garden, and there in his defence manfully slewe the cutife Cade, and brought his ded body to London, whose hed was set on London bridge" The edition of 1619 reads, "was this that monstrous rebel"

⁴ The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads, "O sword I honor thee for this" The edition of 1619 prints this speech as verse

⁵ The edition of 1619 reads, "and beare it to the king," these three words having dropped out in the Bodleian copy of our edition

To entertaine faire Englands royall King
 Ah *Santa Mausta*,¹ who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes
 with him?

Buc Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so
Yorke Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare
 What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?

Buc I come as a Messenger from our deead Lord
 and soueraign,
 Henry To know the reason of these Armes in peace?
 Or that thou being a subject as I am,
 Shouldst thus appoach so neare with colours spred,
 Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

Yorke A subject as he is
 Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect termes,
 But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,
 Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight,
 And not farre hence I know they cannot be.²
 Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
 That I answearde not at first, my mind was troubled,
 I came to remoue that monstrous Rebelle Cade,
 And heaue proud Somerset³ from out the Court,
 That basely yeelded vp the Townes in France

Buc Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,
 But if it be no otherwise but so,⁴

¹ For "majestas"

² The edition printed by W W in 1600 omits the word
 "not," and it will be at once seen that this omission is neces-
 sary for the sense of the passage, although again inserted in the
 edition of 1619 and in Mr Knight's This part of York's speech
 is of course spoken aside.

³ The same expression is used by Buckingham soon after-
 wards. In the amended play this line is altered, the other
 remaining as it was.

⁴ The edition of 1619 reads, "no otherwise then so"

The King doth pardon thee, and grant¹ to thy request,

And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

Yorke Vpon thine honour is it so?

Buc Yorke, he is vpon mine honour

Yorke Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troops,

Sirs, meete me to-morrow in saint Georges fields,

And there you shall receiue your paie of me

[*Exit soldiers*]

Buc Come Yorke, thou shalt go speake² vnto the King,

But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs

Enter King HENRY

[*Sig*]

King How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with us,

That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

Buc He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troops

Which came with him, but as your grace did say,

To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,

And to subdue the Rebels that were vp

King Then welcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,

And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,

Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld

Enter maister EYDEN with IACKE CADES head

Eyden Long lue Henry³ in triumphant peace,
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,

¹ Perhaps, "grants"

² Malone thinks that the omission of this line in the amended play is an error, but the entrance of King Henry is an accidental incident, and the scene does not require Buckingham's assumption of authority

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "Long lue King Henry"

I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
 That hand to hand in single fight I slue
Kim First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my
 friend,
 That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus
 Oh let me see that head that in his life,
 Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,
 A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,
 Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,
 Presageth warlike humors in his life
 Here take it hence and thou for thy reward,
 Shalt be immediately created Knight
 Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name?
Eyden Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,
 A poore Esquire of Kent
Kim Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,
 And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
 A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,¹
 Beside the firme reward that was proclaime,
 For those that could performe this worthie act,
 And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king
Eyden I humbly thank your grace,² and I no
 longer lue,
 Then I proue iust and loyall to the King³ [*Exet*

*Enter the Queene with the Duke of SOMERSET.*⁴

Kim O Buckingham see where Somerset comes,
 Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone

¹ The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads —

"A thousand markes a yeere for to maintaine thee"

² This speech is rather ambiguously worded, but seems to imply Iden's ready acceptance of Henry's bounty. The author, if this be the case, must have forgotten Iden's previous commendation of a country life, and his low idea of the value of court advantages.

³ The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads —

"Then I proue iust and loyall vnto my king"

⁴ This direction is found in the same place in the folio

Queene He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

Yorke Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?
Base fearefull Henry that thou dishonoi'st me,
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,
That thou vsuiped hast so long by force,
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane

Somer Proud Traitor, I aiest thee on high treason,
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king

Yorke Thou art deceued, my sonnes shalbe my
baile,¹

And send thee there in dispiht of him,
Hoe, where are you boyes?

Queene Call Clifford hither presently

*Enter the Duke of YORKES sonnes, EDWARD the Earle
of MARCH, and crook-backe RICHARD, at the one
doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other
doore, enter CLIFFORD and his sonne, with Drumme
and souldiers, and CLIFFORD kneeles to HENRY,
and speakes.*

Clif Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

editions of the amended play. Modern editors place it three lines lower. The original position does not involve any absurdity, for Somerset must at all events be within sight of the king, and we have only to suppose him just entering a large room.

¹ The second folio reads the corresponding passage as follows

"Sirrah, call in my sonnes to be my baile
I know ere they will let me goe to Ward,
They'l payne their Swords for my infranchisement,"

Yorke We thank thee Clifford
 Nay, do not affright vs¹ with thy lookes,
 If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele
 againe
Clif Why, I did no way mistake, this is my
 King
 What is he mad? to Bedlam with him²
Kim I, a bedlam frantike humor drues him thus
 To leauy Armes against his lawfull King
Clif Why doth not³ your grace send him to the
 Tower?
Queene He is aiested, but will not obey,
 His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile⁴
Yorke How say you boyes, will you not?
Ed Yes noble father, if our words will serue
Rich And if our words will not, our swords shall
Yorke Call hither to the stake, my two rough
 beaes
Kim Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme him-
 selfe.
Yorke Call Buckingham and all the fiends thou
 hast,
 Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

which contains *three* variations from the first, and all improve-
 ments, though modern editors have only adopted two of them
 In the edition of 1619 this speech is erroneously given to the
 king

¹ The second folio reads, "do not affright me," but York is
 now speaking as a soveraign

² This is generally considered an anachronism, but Ritson
 quotes Stowe to prove that there was "an hospitall for distracted
 people" called St Mary's of Bethlehem, as early as the
 thirteenth century See "Survey of London," 1598, p 127,
 and Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xviii p 344

³ The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads, "Why do
 not"

⁴ The edition printed by W W. in 1600 reads, "shall be his
 suretie," an alteration which is partially adopted in the amended
 play.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of SALSBURY and WARWICKE, with Drumme and souldiers And at the other,¹ the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, with Drumme and souldiers

Clif Are these thy beares? weel bayte them soone,
Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

War You had best go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field

Clif I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,²
Might I but know thee by thy household badge³

War. Now by my fathers age,⁴ old Neuels crest,
The Rampant Beare chained to the ragged staffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,
That keepe his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.

Clif And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so

Yoong Clif And so renowned soueraigne to Armes,⁵
To quell these Traitors and their compleases

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "and at the other doore"

² A helmet See "Antony and Cleopatra," act 1. sc. 5.

³ The first folio reads "housed" and the second "house's" instead of "household" The reading in our text is the correct one The speech is exactly the same in the amended play with this exception See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 216.

⁴ Perhaps "badge," though the alteration does not seem to be absolutely necessary

⁵ The first folio reads —

"And so to armes victorious Father,"

while the second folio has —

"And so, to Armes victorious noble Father"

This difference is not noticed by any of the earlier editors of Shakespeare, although of some importance.

Rich Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in
spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to-night
Yoong Clif Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell
Rich No, for if not in heauen, youle sueliy sup in
hell [Exet omnes]

Alar mes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of Somerset and RICHARD fighting, and RICHARD kils him vnder the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones

Rich So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last¹
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,²
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue
And now, behold, vnder a paltiy Ale-house signe
The Castle in saint Albones,
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death
[Exet.]

Alar me again, and enter the Earle of WARWICKE alone

War Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alar mes,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes

Clif speaks within Warwicke stand still, and view
the way that Clifford hewes with his murdering Curtel-

¹ This is omitted in the amended play The edition of 1619 inelegantly reads —

“So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood”

² “There died under the sygne of the Castle, Edmond duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles, and besyde hym lay Henry the Second erle of Northumberland, Humfrey eile of Stafford,” &c — Hall’s “Chronicle”

axe, through the fainting troopes to finde thee out
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come

Enter YORKE

War How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horse?

Yorke The deadly hand of Clifford Noble Lord,
Five horse this day slaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,
The bonniest gray that ere was bred in North.

*Enter CLIFFORD, and WARWICKE offers to fight
with him*

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,
My selfe will hunt this deare to death

War Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper well to-day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild

[Exet WARWICK]

Yorke Now Clifford, since we are singled here
alone,

Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster

Chf And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I haue spoild the hatefull house of Yoike.

*[Alarmes, and they fight, and YORKE kils
CLIFFORD¹*

Yorke Now Lancaster sit sure, thy snowes shrinke,

¹ This is a departure from the truth of history, but it is very remarkable that a different account should be given by the author of "The True Tragedie," if both these plays were, as is generally supposed, written by the same hand

Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of York

[*Exet YORKE*

Alarmes, then enter yong CLIFFORD alone

Yong Clifford. Father of Comberland,
Where may I¹ seeke my aged father soith?
O! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warne blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breath on earth

[*He takes him vp on his backe*

And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,
Euen so will I But staie, heres one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter RICHARD, and then CLIFFORD laies downe his
father, fights with him,² and RICHARD flies away
again*

Out crookbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,
But I will after thee, and once againe
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.³

[*Exet yong CLIFFORD with his father*

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing
the Duke of BUCKINGHAM wounded to his Tent*

*Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene
Queene Away my Lord, and fle to London straight,*

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "Where I may."

² The word "with" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

³ The word "yet," is omitted in the edition printed by W. W. in 1600, but it is found in the edition of 1619

Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them,
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go

Kin Come then faire Queene, to London let vs
hast,
And sommon a Parliament¹ with speede,
'To stop the fury of these dyre euent

[*Exet King and Queene*

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke
of YORKE² and RICHARD*

Yorke How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath
bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And ou great honour, that so long we lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights
But did you see old Salisbury, since we
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the losse of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man

Rich. My Lord, I saw him 'in the thickest throng,
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest sprited³ man that ere mine eyes beheld

Enter SALSBURY and WARWICKE

Ed See noble father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

Sal. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant
Duke,

¹ The edition of 1619 reads, "And summon vp a parliament."

² The edition of 1619 adds "Edward"

³ The edition of 1619 reads, "spirited."

And thou braue bud of Yorkes entreasing house,
 The small remainder of my weary life,
 I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
 Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life
Yorke What say you Lords, the King is fled to
 London?

There as I here to hold a Parliament
 What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them, nay before them if we can
 Now by my faith¹ Lords, twas a glorious day,
 Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,
 Shall be eternest² in all age to come
 Sound Drummes and Trumpets,³ and to London all,
 And more such daies as these to vs befall

[*Exet omnes*]

¹ The amended play reads, "by my hand"

² This reading is peculiar to the present edition. The other reads, "eterniz'd," which is also found in the amended play

³ The first folio of the amended play reads, "Sound Drumme and Trumpets"

